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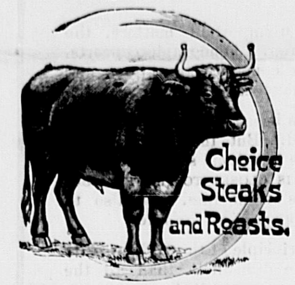

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Notice To Patrons,

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington, and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington. Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect June 22, 1908

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON —†5.55, †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8.21, †8.55, §9.23, †10.21, †10.53, §11.01, †11.38 a. m., §12.05, †12.59, †1.54, §2.00, †2.04, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.22, †5.02, †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.

LOWELL—†6.24, †8.20, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, †4.42, §5.28, †6.42, §9.27, †10.59, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA —†p6.24, †p8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26 †p4.42, §5.28, †p6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H.—†p6.24, †p8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †p4.42, §5.28, †p6.42, p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell. a Saturdays only.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, Pas. Traf. Mgr. C. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Agt.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m., 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 4.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m., 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.30 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m., 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.30, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p. m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mails closes at 5 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville)
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
45	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
46	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
47	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
48	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
49	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
51	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
52	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
53	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
54	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
55	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
56	Main Street near Ash street.
57	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
58	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
59	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
61	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
62	Main St., opp. Salem St.
63	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
64	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
65	Winn street, near Cainan's Shop.
66	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
67	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
68	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
69	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
71	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
312	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Bush's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 a. m., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 a. m. and 12.45 p. m. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

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Wilmer's Escape.

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

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Lake Hammond penitentiary had been built on an island in the lake from which it took its name long before the campers discovered what a lovely place the lake was. At the time of its building Hammond had been fifty miles from the nearest town of any size, and only a spur track ran down to the shore of the lake, connecting with the flat bottomed boat that ferried the freight cars over to the island. Now the south shore fairly bristled with camps and huge hotels. Even on the north the beach and the numerous little islands were dotted with white tents and weather stained log huts.

The campers objected to the presence of the penitentiary, with its great gray barracks and its forbidding iron bars across the windows. That the penitentiary was there first did not alter the situation. The permanent campers wished the prison removed that they might enjoy their three months in camp unterrified by the thought of a possible jail delivery.

No stone walls surrounded the island. Only here and there a guard hut dotted the white expanse of the stone pier, which had been built entirely about the island, ready to shoot at any prisoner who might rashly try to escape. Few tried. It was a good two miles to the nearest shore, and in the winter the white expanse of ice made a background against which a convict would become a fair target for the guns.

Nancy Barlow liked to run her boat in close to the wall and wave her hand to the prisoners sullenly working on the new wing. They could not wave back, she knew, but she liked to believe that this sign from the world outside cheered them in their work. The guards all came to know her and the trim little racing motor boat. They presented arms with a grin as she sped past the wall, and Nancy had the feeling that they answered for the prisoners.

Her little motor was the fastest boat on the lake, and she spent her days speeding up and down the placid surface. She consumed vast quantities of petrol, but the outdoor life was bringing back the roses to her cheeks, and James Barlow would have run a pipe line to the lake if necessary to bring about that result. He had refused his consent to the marriage of Nancy and Fred Wilmer, but he felt vaguely troubled when he saw how the girl had drooped. She was all he had left in the world, and he could not lose her too. It was as much this as a tendency to wildness on Wilmer's part that had led to his refusal, and could he have found Wilmer he would have reconsidered his determination.

But Wilmer had dropped from sight, and none of his old acquaintances knew what had become of him.

Nancy had learned to handle a motor under his guidance on the lake the year before, and her devotion to the boat was in part due to that fact. As she guided the little craft among the channels he had shown her, she liked to dream day dreams of the time when they two should share a boat again. So real was the imagined presence at times that now, as Nancy puffed past the prison island and looked on the parade ground, she rubbed her eyes as she noticed the leader of a file of convicts making their way along the edge of the wall.

It did not seem possible that it could be Wilmer, but, as the little file came nearer, she was certain. Wilmer had never worn a mustache, and there was no mistaking the face. She even fancied that she caught a gleam of recognition in his eyes, as he passed with firm tread. She shut off the power and turned to look after the men in the striped suits. It came as a shock to her that Wilmer was wearing the stripes. She was certain that he had done nothing to deserve imprisonment. It must have been all a mistake, and he had been too proud to call upon his friends for aid. She turned her boat, determined to visit the prison office and find out something about the causes which had led to his incarceration.

As she did so there was a sudden commotion in the line. The even tread of the lockstep was broken, and Wilmer, with a sudden dash, had knocked down the keeper and sprung into the water.

A score of keepers rushed to the water wall and emptied their rifles after the escaping convict, while two of the prison boats which happened to be close at hand started in pursuit. Nancy was quicker yet. Throwing on full speed, she faced the fire from the shore and from the first of the two boats. In a moment she was beside Wilmer, helping him into the launch. Then she sprang to the wheel again and headed for the mainland.

"Why didn't you let us know that you were in trouble?" she demanded as the boat, once more under control, hummed toward the shore. "We would have helped you out. You know that, Fred."

"Only got here yesterday," he explained. "I was going to look you up after my escape, but it is a case of business first."

"You know the little cave up on the mountain?" she asked. "Make for that, and I will bring you other clothes this afternoon."

"Your father might object to loaning his clothes to a convict," suggested Wilmer, with a laugh.

"I don't care whether he does or not," said Nancy bravely. "You are in trouble, and he will have to see you out of it. He has a lot of political influence, and he can get you a pardon."

"Then you do care?" asked Wilmer eargerly. "He told me that you said that you no longer cared for me; that you had asked him to dismiss me."

"And that was why you stayed away?" she cried.

Wilmer nodded an assent. Nancy's pretty lips made a white line where they were compressed together. She had not a little of the Barlow stubbornness.

"I don't care if you are a convict," she said bravely. "I love you, and I am going to marry you. I didn't want a man who ran away from a negative and didn't hold on to fight for the girl he wanted, but this puts things in a different light. I don't care what you did."

The boat had reached the shore, and, without pausing to make reply, Wilmer leaped from the bow to the sand and rushed into the thicket. There was no word of farewell. Nancy's lips quivered in hurt surprise, but her face blanched as, a moment later, Wilmer strolled out of the thicket again just as the prison boats steamed up.

To Nancy's surprise men from the boats rushed toward Wilmer and began to talk excitedly. However, they made no effort to seize him, and the prison guards remained contentedly in the boat smoking cigarettes and joking among themselves. Wilmer detached himself from the group and came toward Nancy.

"I am afraid you will scold me for not explaining the trick, but I didn't want to waste a film and—I did want to be assured of your love. I am a convict only for today. Your father, among other pleasant things, reminded me of my idle life. To show that I could do something I put my abilities as an amateur actor to use as the stage manager for a motion picture concern."

"And this was all one of those plays that are reproduced?" demanded Nancy in disgust.

"All except the part in the boat," was his reply. "That was not a part of the film as written. I did not dare dream of such an addition to the plot."

"To think of me trying to save you, and all the time you were laughing at me!"

"I was not laughing," assured Wilmer as he took her hand. "It was the bravest thing a woman ever did for the man she loved. You are not angry at me, are you, Nancy?"

Nancy looked into the earnest, pleading eyes.

"Did I act as though I were?" she demanded. "You play the rest of your little play and then we'll have a chat with father. I'll be present to see that he gets things right this time, but you mustn't make a motion picture of it," she added playfully.

"I should say not," assented Wilmer. "We'll let Cupid manage the stage this time. I'll just play my part."

Labor Saving Style.

Mr. Perkins did not often comment on his wife's dress or make suggestions, but one day he looked at her so long and thoughtfully that she inquired if there was anything he did not like about her new gown.

"No, my dear," said Mr. Perkins hastily, "certainly not. I was only thinking. That waist of yours seems to be so elaborate, with the lace and all. Why not have a simpler mode of dress?"

"Why not, indeed?" said Mrs. Perkins sweetly. "I suppose you've seen one that just pleased you. What was it like?"

"It was white," said her husband, "all white and perfectly plain, my dear; not a particle of lace or ruffling or what I think I have heard you call tucks, nothing of the sort. All there was, my dear, was a simple little braid in flower patterns of some sort. It covered the entire waist.

"I sat beside the lady for half an hour in the car, and I can assure you it was quite neat and attractive. Simmons and I spoke of it on the way up from the train. He said he should mention it to his wife."

"You poor ignorant creatures!" said Mrs. Perkins tenderly. "The days and days it must have taken to make that 'neat, simple, plain little waist!'"—Youth's Companion.

International Hens.

The advantages that people who live exactly on the line between two countries have in escaping the customs and other regulations of both countries have often been recounted. Probably the most picturesque instance of this kind of evasion occurred in the town of Nogales, which lies exactly on the boundary between Mexico and Arizona.

On the United States side of the line in this town eggs were at one time made costly by the revision of the tariff schedule pertaining to that product, inasmuch as the hens in that region were chiefly owned on the Mexican side and were fed by the peasants on cheap Mexican grain.

One year a Maine Yankee arrived in Nogales with an eye to business. He was convinced that his opportunity lay in the high price of eggs. Accordingly he put up a long henhouse exactly across the boundary line. At the Mexican end he regularly fed his hens with low priced Mexican grain.

The fowls ate their grain in Mexico and then walked across the line into the United States to lay their eggs. The transaction was, of course, perfectly legitimate, for the proprietor of the hennery smuggled neither grain nor eggs. But he availed himself of high prices on one side and low prices on the other.—New York Tribune.

The Tender Moonlight.

"Wonder why moonlight is so conducive to tender sentiments?"

"That's easy. Most any girl looks well by moonlight."

Qualified to Do It.

"Did you know," said the tooth carpenter, looking up from his paper, "that the Indians practiced dentistry in the earliest times?"

"I didn't know it," replied the man who had once sat in a dentist's chair, "but I am not at all surprised. The Indians have always been a brutal and cruel race."

Then he laughed gleefully, forgetful of the fact that there was still time for the dentist to add $15 or $20 to his bill.—Chicago Post.

Not His Heart.

Parson—Good morning, Mrs. Stubbins. Is your husband home? Mrs. Stubbins—'E's home, sir, but 'e's abed. Parson—How is it that he didn't come to church on Sunday? You know we must have our hearts in the right place. Mrs. Stubbins—Lor', sir, 'is 'eart's all right. It's 's trousers.—London Truth.

A LECTURE FOR HIM.

Why the Bright Little Woman Scored Her Thoughtless Husband.

A bright little woman was recently overheard lecturing her husband as follows:

"Now I'll tell you why I wouldn't go into the restaurant and have a cup of coffee with you while we were waiting for the train. I didn't like the way you asked me. Not half an hour before you said to Mr. Puffer, 'Come, let's get a cigar,' and away you went, holding his arm and not giving him a chance to decline.

"When we met John Howdy on our way to luncheon you said: 'Just in time, John. Come take lunch with us.' And then tonight, when we had to wait an hour for the train, you looked at your watch, turned on me and said in a questioning way, 'Would you like a cup of coffee?' And I did want it. I was tired and a little hungry, but I would have fainted before I would have accepted such an invitation. And you went away a little bit vexed with me and had your coffee and bread and butter by yourself and didn't enjoy them very much. In effect you said to me, 'If you want a cup of coffee, if you really want it, I will buy it for you.'

"You are the best husband in the world, but do as nearly as all the best husbands do.

"Why do you men seem to dole out things to your wives when you fairly throw them to the men you know? Why didn't you invite me heartily as you invite men? Why didn't you say, 'Come, let's get a little coffee and something,' and take me straight away with you?

"You wouldn't say to a man, 'Would you like me to go and buy you a cigar?' Then why do you always issue your little invitations to treats in that way to me?

"Indeed, if men would only act toward their wives as heartily, cordially and frankly as they do toward the men whom they meet they would find cheerier companions at home than they could at the club."—San Francisco Chronicle.

PRICE OF A THRONE.

Luxury Expenditures at the Court of Napoleon.

One of the oldest Paris firms for gold and silk embroideries, a house which had already served Louis XVI. and his court with highly artistic needlework, is still in possession of its accounts of former centuries. An inspection of these books reveals a good summary of the luxury expenditures of the French court, the Bonapartistic as well as the legitimistic. Napoleon I., who for his own wants was, in contrast to the spendthrifty Josephine, very economical, went, though, to a large expense when it was for representative gala dresses. The 10,000 francs which he had to pay for the embroidery on his coronation robe he did not consider too high a price. But his embroidered frock coat that had cost him 3,500 francs and which became too tight for him not long after its first year he ordered to be widened by pieces of cloth and the new seams to be covered with embroideries. The bill for his throne, however, foots up to a pretty considerable amount. The outer drapery of purple velvet, trimmed with gold lace, was 10,200 francs. The red velvet panels were strewn with inworked golden bees at 5 francs apiece, and above the fauteuil the emperor's coat-of-arms was seen in raised embroidery; total cost, 16,200 francs. The inner drapery consisted of blue satin with gold lace at 9,600 francs. Gold embroidered stripes for the inner trimming cost 8,500 francs. Embroidery on the blue velvet fauteuil amounted to 3,020 francs, the foot cushion to 1,200. In addition there were 1,050 bees on the unembroidered panels of the baldachin at the price of 5,250 francs. Altogether the price of Napoleon's throne was 53,970 francs.—Harper's.

Delightful Gift.

Little Miss Hamlin is a grateful soul, and her many relations find it a pleasure to do her kindnesses and present her with appropriate gifts.

"You certainly were well remembered on your birthday," said a friend. "What did your uncle, Dr. Grantham, give you?"

"He hasn't given it to me yet," said little Miss Hamlin, "but next month, when he isn't quite so busy, he's going to give me my appendicitis operation. Isn't that good of him?"—Youth's Companion.

Weary Widowhood.

The death of the husband not only blights the life of a Bengali widow, but makes the rest of her existence a state of unmitigated misery and privations. She is required to fast on every eleventh day of the moon, when she is debarred from all sorts of food and drink for twenty-four hours. Her sufferings from thirst on hot days of summer are extremely painful, but she must go through them. The widow must live on one meal a day and eschew meat and fish. She must renounce ornaments and all sorts of luxuries. The idea of such a state of misery of his widow keeps a man from hazardous enterprises, not because he is afraid to die, but because his death means so much misery to his wife.—East Indian Mirror.

Naming the Picture.

The artist was of the impressionist school. He had just given the last touches to a purple and blue canvas when his wife came into the studio.

"My dear," said he, "this is the landscape I wanted you to suggest a title for."

"Why not call it 'Home?'" she said after a long look.

"'Home?' Why?"

"Because there's no place like it," she replied meekly.—Glasgow Times.

The Same Medicine.

"Doctor, do you remember three years ago that you predicted positively that I would be a dead man in six weeks?"

"Why, yes, I"—

"Well, I've got a friend in the next room who is despondent about himself. Just tell him there is no hope for him, will you?"

FIRST CHEAP WATCH

The Story of the Famous Old Long Winding Waterbury.

SCHEME OF AN OLD COBBLER

How the Connecticut Shoemaker's Idea Was Taken Up and Worked Out—A Timepiece That Came to Be Known All Over the World.

In a small country town in Connecticut lived a cobbler. He was a poor man and a peculiar one. The boys called him a "gene," and some thought him crazy. But he kept on in the even tenor of his way, living his own life and thinking his own thoughts. One of these thoughts was that he could make a watch that would have only three wheels.

A watchmaker out of a job heard of the cobbler and called at his little shop. This was the beginning of the famous Waterbury watch, which was the first cheap watch to be manufactured. It is now a thing of the past. But its cheap price and its remarkably long "wind" (it was a stem winder) were known around the world.

The Waterbury was named for the town where it was made. It had more than the three wheels that the cobbler had planned, but the little old shoemaker's idea was the original germ from which was evolved the successful cheap watch.

Having got the idea, the purchaser of the cobbler's rights found that the first difficulty in his path was lack of money. He looked about for a man with money enough, nerve enough and imagination enough to lead him to render the financial aid without which no first step could be taken. He was found, because it was a Yankee with an indomitable will that was looking for him.

"How much money will it take and how long a time do you want before you can begin to make your watches in sufficient quantities to make the thing a success," he inquired.

"I will be frank with you," replied the inventor. "It will require $25,000, and I shall need eight months for preparation."

"Go ahead," said the daring capitalist.

He went ahead. He met unexpected difficulties and had spent $250,000 and used up twenty-eight months before he turned out a single watch. But the capitalist never faltered. Then the factory, for which every piece of machinery had to be invented and specially made, turned out its first thousand watches.

Not one of them would go! Among other things, it was found that the sheets of brass out of which were stamped the wheels of the watch had a grain somewhat like wood. The wheels cut out round would not stay round.

This difficulty being remedied, a second thousand watches were made. A large number of these went, but the percentage of "stoppers" (watches that refused to go) was still too large.

New study, new experiments, however, finally perfected the cheap little timekeepers to the point of perfection that only about 10 per cent were stoppers. The good watches were tested in six positions—lying on the face, on the back and in four positions on the edge. The maker of each part stamped his mark on the part he made, so that if fault was found in that part he must make it right.

Then came the question of selling the watches, and over $800,000 was spent in the years of its vogue in advertising the Waterbury watch. Some of the methods used were interesting.

A negro minstrel troupe were paid to open their show by saying, "We have come from Waterbury, the land of eternal spring," referring to the long time required to wind the Waterbury watch.

One day the owner of one of these timepieces was winding it on the train. Across the aisle a traveler noted that his neighbor was winding his watch. It caused no thought until a second look and then a third showed the winding still under way. Then the astonished man spoke. "Excuse me, sir, but are you winding a watch?"

"Yes," said the winding owner, "and I'm tired of it. You wind awhile, will you?" This led to explanations and resulted in the ordering by the stranger, who had never before seen a Waterbury, of 50,000 watches for the use of his business house in its China trade.

The great business went on, and large sums of money were made in it. All over the world people were buying these watches, so cheap were they. All over the world people laughed at the "long wind." The old backer of the enterprise had died, and one of his successors felt indignant because his son in traveling in some remote part of Hungary was asked if the Waterbury he came from was the place where the watch with a long wind was made.

"And," said the man, "I don't want the product of my factory laughed about all over the earth." But his ambition led him to try to make a good watch. The new field he soon found was by this time occupied by most successful competitors, and after getting into hopeless indebtedness the old Waterbury Watch company died in the house of those who should have been its friends.—John F. Simmons in New York Tribune.

Had Him.

Cynical Man—Nature must have been dreaming when she made woman. New Woman—She must have had a Welsh rabbit nightmare when she made man.—Bohemian Magazine.

Scientific.

Briggs—Is there such a thing as a scientific kiss? Griggs—Surely; one in which you succeed in breaking away from the girl without becoming engaged to her.—Kansas City Independent.

The beginning of excellence is to be free from error.—Quintillian.

Black care sits behind the rich man on horseback.—Horace.

THE PARTY OF YOUTH

Why Young Men Vote the Republican Ticket.

IT STANDS FOR PROGRESS.

New Voters Proud to Ally Themselves With the Party of Lincoln—Its Past Performances Presage a Still More Glorious Future.

It is not without significance that young men who have just attained their majority are found, as a rule, voting the Republican ticket. The reason is plain. Those young men look on the Republican party as the party of hope, the party of promise and of performance, the party for whose candidates they will be proud to say in later years that they cast their first ballot, the party whose past needs no apology, no balm of oblivion for blunders and for crimes, no record of slavery, rebellion and attempted repudiation, each stamped out in its turn by American freemen under Republican leadership.

The Republican party is eminently the party of youth. With Republicans the memory of the glorious past is but an incentive to make the future still more glorious. To the Democracy is left the congenial occupation of floundering in the marsh of bygone Democratic vagaries, lured on by some new and delusive will-o'-the-wisp to the quagmire of quadrennial failure.

The youthful voter finds no attraction in such company. He prefers to march forward on firm ground, with the party of Lincoln, of Grant, McKinley and Roosevelt, of Taft and Sherman and Hughes—of nearly every great American, living and dead, whose career has added luster to the closing half of the old century and the beginning of the new. The young man prefers the Republican party because it holds out a prospect for his own advancement, because in building up the nation as a whole it offers fresh opportunities to the individual, because under Republican administration there is a fair field for every one, and every citizen is protected in the enjoyment of that which he has rightfully acquired.

The new voter who takes his place in the Republican ranks and casts his ballot for Taft and Sherman will have the satisfaction not only of sharing in the Republican victory, but also of knowing that he has helped to assure prosperity for the country at large and an immeasurably better chance in life for himself and those in whom he is interested than if the harpies of Bryanism had been permitted to befoul the feast.

LABOR TURNS TO TAFT.

Toilers Scent Danger In the Fallacies of Mr. Bryan.

Convincing evidence was furnished by the conference at Cincinnati last week by Judge Taft with Oscar Straus, secretary of commerce and labor, and T. V. Powderly, formerly general master workman of the Knights of Labor, that the attitude of labor is growing each day more friendly to Taft. The campaign of education which the Republicans have been carrying on has been effective, and the laboring man, so Mr. Powderly told the candidate, is beginning to appreciate the fact that a restoration of business confidence through the election of Mr. Taft means more work and prosperous times for him.

Secretary Straus announces his intention to go out on the stump for the specific purpose of exposing some of the Bryan fallacies in regard to labor. Said Mr. Straus: "The most dangerous of these fallacies is presented in Bryan's slogan, 'Shall the people rule?' and well may he ask it, for every one of his leading doctrines is a denial of that rule."

Mr. Straus classes Mr. Bryan's government guarantee of bank deposits as next in point of danger to his plan for the government ownership of railroads. Mr. Straus believes this guarantee proposition is as great menace as the old 16 to 1 hobby. "To guarantee deposits," said Secretary Straus, "is to guarantee the loans of the banks, for, as a matter of fact, a large part of the bank's deposits is made up of credits extended by the bank to borrowers and by them deposited or placed on the books of the banks as deposits."

Mr. Powderly said among other things after his talk with Taft: "Labor never was better organized, better paid, more independent or more respected than it is today. Never was it more secure in its share of the outcome of the commodity or the good will and confidence of employers. All this is due to the effort of nonpartisan, well officered unions. What labor organizations now enjoy, and they enjoy more than they ever enjoyed in the civilized world before, came as the result of intelligent, co-operative effort exerted in a nonpartisan way through their unions.

"Of course there are many men out of employment as the result of the recent depression, but to my knowledge men are returning to their old occupations all over the country and at their old rates of pay. I recall the awful panic of 1873 and that of 1893, and in neither case did men go back to work at their old wages. The case is different now, and to my mind it would be suicidal for labor to vote in such a way as to imperil the return of full prosperity, so rapidly manifesting itself."

An Impossibility.

Jones (at side of friend killed in train wreck)—What were his last words, doc? Doctor (attending the victims)—There were none. His wife was present.—Bohemian Magazine.

Had Time Enough.

Barber—Hair's going gray, sir. Little Binks—Expect it is. Haven't you nearly finished?

The worship that is most acceptable comes from a cheerful and thankful heart.—Plutarch.

POWDER ON PEANUTS

Used to Make the Goobers Look Clean and Pretty.

LONG AND CAREFUL TOILET.

Besides Being Powdered, the Nuts Are Brushed and Polished and Sized Before They Are Roasted—Cooked at the Mill by Experts.

There is not much to a peanut, to look at it. It grows on a farm and is ready to eat after it has been roasted. A careless deduction would link up the farmer, the commission merchant, then the grocer or Michelangelo. That would be a mighty careless deduction, though. The first time a lot of unroasted peanuts are encountered rub one on a piece of dark cloth and observe the white mark it leaves. That is talcum powder. They powder peanuts to make them look pretty, which is just why sister powders her face, and in that particular peanuts and girls are both alike.

Any farmer can grow peanuts, but no farmer can sell them to the consumer. The peanut he grows is not fit to put on a stand, at least not until it has been touched up. Look at the peanuts on the next push cart and see how even they run as to size. They have all been sorted. Observe how clean they are and how white this lot is, how gray that lot is and how uniform all the different lots are. They have been sorted.

When the peanut is grown it is gathered and carried to a miller, who puts it in a great bin and later carries it over to his mill, where he has a contrivance just chock full of brushes. These brushes get almost every fleck of sand and dirt out of the peanuts, which is more than the farmer could have done if he had spent the summer trying. Then the brushed peanuts go on to another sort of mill, and by being tossed about they get their hulls polished, and while that is being done they are peppered with talcum powder, so that by the time they come out of this machine they are as white as they are to appear in public.

But the peanut is not ready for market yet. It is alongside a lot of larger or smaller ones, hurting the appearance of the larger ones, while it does not enhance the value of the smaller ones. To even up matters the output of the talcum powder polishing machine is run out on to a great canvas belt, which travels for fifty feet or more slowly. On either side of this belt are boys and girls. These sort the peanuts as they pass; this squad picking out the biggest, that squad taking the next largest, and so on down till the smallest are left. Shells that have dodged the powder rag are thrown back into the mill, and broken hulls are thrown away.

That is about all for the peanut now, excepting the roasting. It has to be roasted. There is a popular superstition that the Italian vender roasts the peanuts in his little push cart. All he does is keep them hot. They are roasted at the mill, tons at a time, cooked to a nicety by experienced men, who have thermometers and all sorts of appliances to show them when a peanut is "done." This roasted product is the one that the Italian buys, and when he gets it he pops it into his little fake roaster and warms it over. It takes a long time and a lot of work and hosts of boys and girls to get the nickel's worth of hot roasted peanuts in the red and blue striped bag, but there is a reason for it all, and the reason is that a sack of even run small sized peanuts will find a buyer quicker than a sack of big and little ones all mixed up together. The stomach likes the eye to make a good report, and the peanut commission merchant understands that a shining shell, with indentations filled with talcum, pleases the eyes, and he has no compunctions about the powder box, because he has found out that in roasting the heat drives off the surplus talcum, so that is why if one wants to find out for true about this trick of the trade it will be necessary to get hold of an unroasted and not a roasted peanut.

By way of good measure it might be added that the shelled peanuts, generally sold salted, have been run through a thrashing machine, which breaks the hull and blows it out of the way. Only "Spanish shell" nuts can be so treated. The tougher hulls have to go to Signor Italiano.—Kansas City Journal.

The Long Lived Pear.

The pear is really more hardy than the apple and needs less cosseting. There are trees still standing near Monroe, in the state of Michigan, which were planted by the French settlers before Penn founded Philadelphia. Pear trees can be kept in good bearing condition for 300 years and apples for at least 150 years. I have an apple tree 115 years old and its annual fruitage is as perfect as it was sixty years ago.—E. P. Powell in Outing Magazine.

The Comparison.

Towne—Yes, my wife is able to dress on comparatively little money. Browne—Oh, come now! Comparatively little? Towne—I mean a little compared with what she thinks she ought to have.—Exchange.

On a Big Liner.

"Let's go forward to the main deck."

"All right. Steward, call us a taxicab."—Washington Herald.

Nothing is farther from earth than heaven; nothing is nearer than heaven to earth.—Hare.

Not Quite the Thing.

Matrimonial Agent—I have found for you, my friend, a veritable pearl—a wealthy widow of seventy-five. The Count—I like the pearl, but I'm afraid I shan't care for the shell!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

So far as honorary degrees are concerned, Mr. Bryan is a doctor of laws. Measured by his profession and practice, he is simply a would be tinker of statutes.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY OCT. 2, 1908

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

Tomorrow the Republican Party of this Commonwealth are to hold their convention in Boston to place in nomination candidates for Governor and other State offices. Eben S. Draper is to be chosen to head the ticket, the remainder of which, excepting that of Lieutenant Governor, is to be composed of the present State officers.

The only contest in the convention will be that over the nomination of a candidate for Lieutenant Governor, which, if the present claims of voting strength by each of the candidates—Frothingham, Cole and Luce—are anywhere near reliable, will be a sharp one. Nobody can predict with any degree of certainty what the outcome of this contest will be, and but comparatively few of the rank and file care.

IN THE RACE.

Hon. Daniel W. Lane is the Republican candidate for election to Congress from the 11th District in Boston, which is not his first contest for the place. It is the strongest Democratic District in Massachusetts; yet Mr. Lane was not so badly beaten, after all, two years ago and he may possibly pull through this time—certainly, if any Republican can win, he is the one to do it.

Mr. Lane represented a Boston District in the Senate several times a few years ago, and, although one of the youngest members of that body, he made a record for ability and integrity that anyone might well be proud of. He was the leader and successful advocate of many important measures.

McCALL AGAIN.

At the 8th District Republican Congressional convention held at Citizens Hall, Somerville, last Wednesday, Hon. Samuel W. McCall received his ninth nomination for Congress by a unanimous vote. His election will follow in November by about 8,000 majority.

FOR COUNCILLOR.

The Republicans of the Sixth Councillor District held their convention in Boston last Wednesday and nominated Samuel B. Jones of Newton.

Senator H. S. Riley of this city was elected a member of the District Committee.

TO STUMP INDIANA.

Congressman McCall of this District goes to Indiana next week to stump the State for Taft. As a political speaker he is highly esteemed in the Middle West.

COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Middlesex County Republican convention was held at Lowell yesterday, Oct. 1, Levi S. Gould was renominated for County Commissioner and Charles H. Richardson to fill vacancy.

FOR SENATOR.

The Republican Senatorial convention for this, the 8th, District was held in the Winchester Town Hall at 7 o'clock last evening, Oct. 1, and resulted in the nomination of J. H. Crosby of Arlington.

☞ In argueing to convince his hearers at the City Council meeting last Monday evening that Mayor Blodgett's vetoes of the Kelley and Garvey pool licenses should be upheld, President Fred Brown of the Council told them that he, like the Mayor, believed poolrooms pernicious and ought not to be licensed in this city. Thus he secured another feather for his cap, and gave additional evidence of his fitness for Mayor in 1909. His and Mayor Blodgett's views on the subject of poolrooms are shared by the respectable people and real friends of young men in this city.

☞ At a meeting of the Republican District Representative Committee held last evening at the office of Harold P. Johnson, the date for the Representative Convention was set for Friday evening, October 9, at 8 o'clock, in the Republican Headquarters, this city. No contest is expected in the Convention it being understood that Reading will re-name James W. Killam, and that Burlington is to present the name of Fred F. Walker.

☞ It might be pertinent at this stage of city affairs to inquire if there is any danger of Mayor Blodgett acquiring the Veto habit? He sent a couple of them to the City Council last Saturday, and more may be expected at any time Garvey's pool table license was vetoed, which was exactly right, and the reason for it exactly wrong. The Union street widening order was, also, vetoed.

☞ The talk about Luce and Cole joining drives to defeat Frothingham at the convention tomorrow has died out. There was nothing in it to begin with, nothing but idle gossip. If contemplated, the Republicans would stand for no such arrangement. Neither of the candidates owns the Party, or has the power to bargain away his supporters.

☞ As prospective Representatives from this District in the Legislature the names of Killam and Walker look well in print, and will draw strong at the polls. They will be elected high and dry, and at the prorogueing of the General Court next summer will be able to give a good and satisfactory account of their stewardship.

☞ At the 42d annual reunion of the 39th Mass. Regiment of Volunteers held at Bass Point, Nahant, last Tuesday, the Civil War Veteran, Mr. Abijah Thompson of this city, was elected Vice-President of the Association.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

Danchy—Lowney.
Edison Co.—Light.
Miss Fosdick—Music.
C. A. Jones—Citation
National Bank—Report.
Peter P. Porter—Citation.
Danchy—Crawford Range.
City—Board of Registrars.
Mrs. S. C. Phinney—Music.

— Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Hartwell are visiting at Qussiet, Mass., for a short time.

— Mr. Wallace T. Conn of Cleveland, Ohio, made a flying visit to Woburn recently.

— The big new pump at the station has been partially tested, and will soon be ready for use.

— Rev. and Mrs. H. B Williams quietly celebrated the eleventh anniversary of their marriage last Tuesday.

— J. B. McDonald who is living at 4 Highland street is using the Edison Company's service for 35 incandescent lights.

— There are to be special services at the Methodist Sunday School Rally next Sunday, and a concert in the evening.

— The Wednesday afternoon store closing by the merchants, in vogue the last 4 months, came to an end day before yesterday.

— Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Rinquist of Greenwood avenue who have been spending several months in Sweden are expected home very soon.

— To serve at the next session of the Superior Court John McDonough, Fred W. Connors, and Herbert N. Dickinson have been drawn as jurors.

— Mercantile and mechanical business has not reached concert pitch in this city quite yet this Fall; but it will get here bye and bye, so, cheer up and be happy.

— About 70 members of the Sons of Veterans Camp, Club, and Auxiliary were present at the annual rollcall supper last week. Dancing followed the official ceremonies.

— The Ladies Industrial Society of the First Baptist church will hold its regular monthly supper Thursday Oct. 8, at 6 30 p. m., followed by an entertainment at 8 o'clock.

— Mrs. Frances K. Harlow has donated a sufficient sum of money to purchase valuable books for the High School Library and which are now on the shelves ready for use.

— Cards of invitation are out for the wedding of John Cole Andrews and Dora Alline Winn, which is to take place in Trinity church at 7.30 o'clock Wednesday evening, Oct. 14

— Mrs. Ada Bancroft Page of Patterson, N. J, made a short visit with her father, Mr. P. E. Bancroft, and family, on her way home from summer rest among the White Mountains.

— On Oct. 16, the W. H. S. football team are to play a game with the Punchard H. S. Eleven of Andover, in this city; and on Nov. 6 a second contest between the teams is to take place at Andover.

— As usual, the famous Brockton Fair, which opened last Tuesday in the presence of 16,000 people—the biggest yet—has had for enthusiastic visitors this week a large number of Woburnites, male and female.

— Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Thurber and their three young sons who have been passing the summer with Mrs. Thurber's relatives, Mr. George and Miss Susie Russell, returned on Tuesday to their home at Norfolk, Va.

— Mrs. Charles H. Taylor of 23 Pleasant street is attending the Freewill Baptist annual Association meeting at North Berwick, Maine, this week, and is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Jennie Greenleaf.

— In the course of a few weeks the Right Reverand William Lawrence of Boston, Bishop, is to make an official visit to Trinity church of this city, for which the Rector, Rev. W. H. Osmond, will make due preparations.

— John F. Maguire and John O'Brien, yesterday completed twenty years of service as mail carriers of this city. They were appointed by Lawrence Reade who was the means of securing the free delivery system during his term of service as postmaster.

— A hard, cold winter is predicted by the weatherwise on the ground that vegetables and fruit have matured and ripened this fall considerably earlier than usual. The farmers so report, and the prophets say that next winter is to be a tough one for poor Editors, and the like.

— To make sure of getting the right kind of a furnace and having it properly installed before cold weather comes, one should visit the store of Harry B. Blye & Co., opposite the Common on Main street, for the very best is to be found there, and they are sold on the most favorable terms.

— The man who accuses George F. Hosmer, City Sealer of Weights and Measures, of ignorance of his duties, or unfaithfulness in performing them, is barking up the wrong tree. Intelligent and honest, he fills the office of Sealer perfectly. Those who deal on the square like his way of doing his duty.

— We call the attention of the public to the professional card of Miss Emma Fosdick, found in another column. Miss Fosdick has been very successful in her work during past years and it is with pleasure that we note that she is this season to continue her conscientious and pains-taking instruction.

— The Home and Foreign Mission Circles of the First Baptist church have taken up the study of "The Nearer and Farther East," a study of the Moslem religion. The first meeting took place last Tuesday afternoon and was conducted by Mrs. W. E. Blodgett; Mrs. H. B Williams rendered a solo.

— Civil Service examinations for the service of Woburn are to be held by the Commission at the State House in Boston as follows: Nov. 4, Clerks, Messengers, Class 3, Grades A and B; Firemen, Class 21; Janitors and Engineers of Public Buildings, Class 24. Nov. 5, Policemen, Class 15; Foremen of Laborers, Inspectors of Work, Class 22 Applications must be filed 10 days, at least, before the date set for the examinations.

An Electric Story of an Enterprising Merchant

THE odd thing seizes our attention. Good oddity—so to speak—is good advertising.

One merchant has told us that he finds it pays to keep the lights in an entrance show case burning all day. He is fond of telling how a friendly brother retailer came in one morning and said:

"Say, you have made a mistake. As I passed I noticed your show case. You have forgotten and left all the electric lights burning. It looks odd."

That's why I did it," smiled the merchant. He is fond of adding that there is now at least one new day-light load for us in the show case line on an adjoining street.

An electric sign turned on cloudy days has a cheerful and eye catching effect.

Another point is that the number of electric signs in Greater Boston has grown faster than elsewhere.

Now they are growing faster than ever before because of the cheaper prices for electricity.

Get yours.

We can tell how—the prices—and the latest things in signs.

The Edison Electric Illuminating Co.,
39 Boylston St.
Phone Oxford 3300.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.
Telephone connection.

NEW FALL STYLES
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Fine Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Wobur

— Tomorrow evening the members of the Swedish Evangelical Free church will give a reception to returning Swedish Americans. All Scandinavians in this city are cordially invited to be present.

— We record, with pleasure, a friendly call, the other day, from Mr. L D. Gibbs, who is special agent of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston, and a fine gentleman to be acquainted with.

— Mr. John Brauer was 80 years old a few days ago, and is about as smart and active as he ever was in his life. He works every day at the currier's table, and don't turn out for the best of them. Good Teutonic blood tells.

— Mr. and Mrs. Theodore P. Berle of New York City are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Marjorie Parkinson, on Sunday, September 27. Mrs. Berle is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William W. Hill of North Woburn.

— Mayor Blodgett is a good storyteller, as well as an excellent Chief Executive. Last Monday evening he interested deeply the Young Men's Class of the Baptist church by telling them some of the things he learned concerning Texas while a resident of that State.

— Mr. Charles R. Rosenquist of this city was a delegate to represent the Sunday School of the Swedish Congregationalist church of Woburn at the annual Easter Sunday School convention of the churches held in the Swedish Congregationalist church at Worcester last Saturday and Sunday.

— The most brilliant exhibition of Northern Lights that has been witnessed here for a long time was that given on last Tuesday evening. It attracted much attention, and gave rise to choruses of surprise and admiration. The display denoted a change of weather, which had, however, already set in.

— Last Sunday evening ex-Mayor Linscott and lady entertained the Covenent and Lend-a-Hand Clubs of the Unitarian church at their hospitable home at N. W., as they have done heretofore. About 80 guests passed a delightful evening, and left blessings with their kind hearted hosts on starting for home.

— Last Tuesday night was the coldest of the present fall. At 7 o'clock Wednesday morning thermometers registered hardly 40 degrees above, or 8 above the point of freezing, which wrought a wonderful change in the appearance of the trees and shrubbery, and set the leaves to falling in bunches to the ground. But charming autumn weather followed the cold snap.

— It is said by those who ought to know that last month was the dryest September in New England in the last 37 years. Not a drop of rain fell during the entire month, nor was there a cloudy day. A severe drouth prevailed nearly all summer, and, all in all, the season from spring to fall has been queer.

— After the drouth and remarkable heat of September it does not seem possible that there can be room enough left for much of an Indian Summer in November. Properly the warm spell thus named should come a short time before Thanksgiving; but there is no counting on what eccentric turn the weather may indulge in this year.

— In the 20th Middlesex Representative District, which includes Woburn, the Representative candidates for this year are apportioned to Reading and Burlington. In the latter town Fred F. Walker, known here as a successful dairyman, won out handsomely at the warmest contest ever known in the political history of that town.—*Winchester Star.*

— The School Board held their regular monthly meeting last Tuesday evening, to approve bills and do other things. Preparations for the Evening school were left to the Evening School Committee with power to act. It was expected that it would open for a term of 10 weeks on Monday evening Oct. 12, sessions to be held on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. H. S. Class '81 was granted leave to plant a tree on the grounds of the school, and to any other classes that might apply for the privilege. A new contract for school phones is to be made with the New England T. & T. Co.

— The alarm from box 212 at 10 21 yesterday morning and immediately followed by a second, was for a fire that destroyed the sulphate of soda building of the Merrimac Chemical Co. at North Woburn.

— Throughout the Edison Company's territory there appears to be a growing demand for the adoption generally of the all night burning of street lamps. The longer hours of burning are favored by market men, policemen, clergymen, firemen and doctors, who must necessarily be out at night or in the very early morning, and such a schedule is regarded by them as specially convenient.

— The other day we gathered from the columns of the Boston papers that Hon. Edward D. Hayden of Academy Hill, this city, was reelected a Director of the Boston & Albany Railroad Company at their annual meeting held last week. He has been officially connected with that great corporation many years; and, under the New York Central lease, is active in the management of its affairs.

— Mr. Thomas Mulkeen, who has served, with universal approval, as school censustaker for Woburn for many years, is now engaged in the discharge of the duties of that office. A somewhat singular feature of his annual enumeration is, that there has never yet been a less number of pupils, but always an increase, on each succeeding count. But few school census takers are competent for the accomplishment of this feat.

— Miss Helen C. McGown of Washington, D. C., daughter of the late Henry McGown, who, several years ago, was a Woburn merchant, has been visiting family and friends at her former home here lately, and receiving marked and pleasing attentions from them. Several parties and teas have been given at which she was the guest. Miss McGown occupies a fine government position at Washington, won on merit.

— The long, tedious drouth was brought to a sudden close at 11.45 p. m., last Monday, Sept. 28, to the great joy of everybody who was awake to witness it. At that hour a splendid shower of rain came pouring down, which was music to ears that had not heard a raindrop for over a month. The torrent lasted but a short time, but it rained steadily the remainder of the night, and Tuesday, a delightful day, showed that the drouth was ended.

— The High School boys have organized a football team for this fall's business. The scheme has the hearty approval of Master Low and Submaster Brock, both football enthusiasts, and it looks as though a fine, lusty 11 would be gathered in, and some good work done by them this fall. The baseball season closes at the High School on Oct. 12, and after that interest in football is sure to grow. Stephen Bean has been chosen Manager of the team.

— Frosts by night may, perhaps, increase, or dye in deeper hues and tints, the brilliancy of the foliage as it now presents itself to our view, but they are not, as many people think, the cause of it. The marvelous change often takes place before the fall frosts appear; so, is uninfluenced by them. Trees, like some wild animals, hybernate during the winter, and their falling leaves and brilliant coloring indicate that the time for their natural rest is near at hand; in other words, Winter.

— Mrs S. C. Phinney begs to announce she will resume the teaching of vocal music October 1, 1908, and will be glad to meet any who desire to study, whether beginners or those advanced. Pupils fitted for Church or Concert. Trial of voices any time. Attention given to reading music. Mrs. Phinney has had long experience in Church and Concert work, having studied abroad and in this country with the best masters. Address 29 Warren avenue, Woburn, Mass. Location of studio in Boston to be announced.

— "Aunt Jane" McCafferty, a widely known woman and general favorite in this city, had a birthday anniversary lately, but only she and the JOURNAL know the number of milestone marking her journey along life's highway which she passed that day. The other papers, and even McDonald, the B. & M. ticket vender; Owen, the B. & M. night operator; and Wood, the B & M baggageman, her intimate friends, are ignorant of the age of "Aunt Jane." The JOURNAL "scooped" the whole bunch.

— Another half bushel of delicious pears were gratefully received by the JOURNAL from Mr. George Buchanan last Tuesday.

— Several Woburn young people have registered for attendance at the Burdett Evening School of Burdett College in Boston, which is to open next Monday evening, Oct. 5. The School cannot but prove of signal benefit to a great number of students who are certain to avail themselves of the many advantages it affords, and the liberal terms on which an education can be obtained. The Burdetts are progressive, as their new Evening School proves.

— The High school pupils hold their late Master, Mr. Herbert Owen, in fond remembrance. They continue to testify to his worth, and their affection for him. He was a great teacher, and a man of rare qualities of head and heart. A few days ago the fine mahogany clock presented to the school by the '08 Class was received and placed in the school library. Inscribed on a plate, were the words: "Presented by the Class of 1908 in memory of L. Herbert Owen."

— Several ladies of the First Baptist church went to Chipman Hall, Boston, last Monday evening to bid fare well and godspeed to a company of Baptist Missionaries who were about to depart for their several fields of future missionary work. The meeting, prayers, hymns and goodbyes reminded one of a similar scene in Park street church ("Brimstone Corner") in 1822, when a little band of missionaries sailed from Boston for the Sandwich Islands to convert the canibals to Christianity.

— The able Editor of the Boston *Globe* insists that it is too early for the production of the finest and best brand of punkin pies; that more time for ripening and drying must be allowed the pumpkin before attempts are made to convert it into the most delicious piece of eating that is produced in the pie belt, meaning, of course, New England. That esteemed paper arrogates to itself expert knowledge of pies in general and punkin pies in particular, something it is not warranted in doing. The genuine punkin pie is due now, and no sophistry of the *Globe* can make it appear otherwise.

— Mr. George Buchanan of Bennett street, who was 84 years old last March, joined the Amesbury Lodge, I. O. O. F., on Sept. 29, 1845, or 63 years ago last Tuesday. He is the oldest surviving member of the Lodge, the next oldest having joined 18 years later. Last week Mr. Buchanan received a pressing invitation, with a check to cover his expenses, to go to Amesbury and become the honored guest of the Lodge at its anniversary celebration and banquet, last Tuesday evening, Sept. 29, which was, also, the 63d anniversary of Mr. Buchanan's joining the Order, a fact of which the Lodge was not aware, but he was compelled reluctantly to decline the honor. He is held in high esteem by the Lodge, not only as its Dean, but for his personal merits and well spent life.

Trinity Parish.

The Right Rev. Wm. Lawrence, Bishop of Mass. will visit Trinity church, Woburn, the latter part of November. Preliminary to his coming, the Rector of the church will at the morning services give a series of sermons dealing with the growth of Christianity from its inherent qualities and the influence of the old Paganism upon the new religion. He will follow the developement of the movement into the Roman Catholic church, and will show how individualism crushed under the authority of the church was compelled to rebel against authority in order to live, becoming the systems of Modern Protestantism. The peculiar position of the Episcopal church will be shown and its determination to allow to exist within its fold extreme Conservatism and extreme Radicalism. This is her reason for existence and is her method of dealing with the perplexing question of Modern Religion. The Rector has in mind preparation for Confirmation, both for the youth of his own church and others who are in any way interested in the Episcopal church.

The night services will be of a practical nature dealing with Baptism and the Ten Commandments.

Interesting News.

It is not generally known that lumber of all commodities has dropped most in the recent panic. Nor is it known that as a result, just now is the best time to build. This is so from the fact that as soon as business resumes its normal proportions prices will go soaring again. And our forest fires of this summer will not help to keep prices down this coming winter and spring.

The Boston *Evening Transcript* on Saturday, Oct. 3, will publish three important articles on this subject:

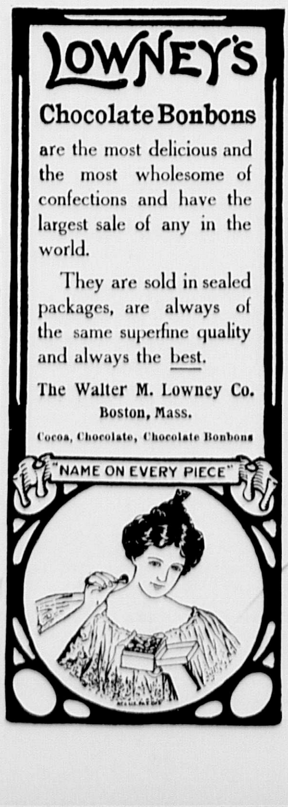
Real Estate Outlook for various sections of Boston and vicinity.

Review of Realty Conditions during the year.

Some of the Important Real Estate Transactions of 1908.

These will make interesting reading for everybody, especially for those who have in mind the subject of owning their own home some day.

Incidentally this issue will, as a consequence, be well patronized by real estate advertisers.


LOWNEY'S
Chocolate Bonbons
are the most delicious and the most wholesome of confections and have the largest sale of any in the world.

They are sold in sealed packages, are always of the same superfine quality and always the best.

The Walter M. Lowney Co.
Boston, Mass.
Cocoa, Chocolate, Chocolate Bonbons
"NAME ON EVERY PIECE"

A Jubilee.

Many Swedish immigrants to this city brought their State religion with them, and as far back as 15 years ago divine services were held here by members of the Swedish Lutheran church in Fraternity Hall, which were the beginning of a large, prosperous, and influential denominational factor in the religious life and activities of this city.

Soon after the inauguration of regular weekly services in 1898, a society was formed, which was named "The Swedish Evangelical Lutheran church of Woburn, Massachusetts," and on Aug. 16, 1893, the following officers were elected: Deacons, Charles Erickson, John Akeson, Andrew Bjorkgren; Trustees, Peter Olson, S. A. Johanson, Olof Pearson, Andrew Erickson, William Liedman, Svante Pearson. N. A. Kron, a bright, promising theological student, later their pastor, was breaking the bread of life to these people at that time, and the Society grew apace.

With Judge Edward F. Johnson as their legal Counsel the Society was incorporated as a church on Sept. 1, 1893, the charter members being Peter Olson, S. A. Johanson, Olof Pearson, Andrew Erickson, William Liedman, and Svante Pearson—all good men and true.

For some three years the church worshipped in Mechanic Hall, the religious services being conducted, after Mr. Kron left, by Mr. G. Sigfred Swensson, a student in Augustana College at Rock Island, Illinois, under whose able administration of its spiritual and temporal affairs it made great progress in every direction, and on June 17, 1896 a committee were chosen, consisting of G. Sigfred Swensson, C. J. Johanson, John Akeson, Andrew Peterson, to buy a suitable site for a church edifice, who selected the lot on which a fine, handsome and commodious house of worship now stands. It was paid for within six months.

After finishing his course at the Augustana Divinity School at Rock Island, and being duly ordained, Rev. G. S. Swensson received a loud call to return and become pastor of the church here, which he accepted, and is its present shepherd. He is a successful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, and a good share of the prosperity of the church is due to his zeal, energy and executive ability, as well as his devotion to its spiritual welfare.

The 15th anniversary of the organization of the Swedish Evangelical Lutheran church of Woburn was celebrated last Saturday evening and Sunday, Sept. 26, 27, and was made a Jubilee occasion. The program at each of the three divisions consisted of addresses, vocal and instrumental music, history, religious services, which were attended by crowded houses.

On Saturday evening addresses were delivered by Hon. S. W. McCall, Representative in Congress from this District, and Mayor Blodgett of Woburn, and many musical numbers were finely rendered by soloists and choir. It was a rare intellectual and musical entertainment.

The pastor, Rev. Mr. Swensson, preached on Sunday morning, and there was baptism and a preparatory sermon.

On Sunday evening Rev. Mr. Swensson gave an interesting historical sketch of the church, and an address was made by the Swedish Consul in Boston.

It was a grand occasion, and one that will not soon be forgotten by church or people.

Boston Theatres.

CASTLE SQUARE.

It is still further evidence of the enterprise of Messrs. Gulesan and Craig, and of their desire to give their patrons the best that the theatrical world affords, that they have secured "Strongheart" for production at the Castle Square Theatre next week. Few plays have created the sensation aroused by this stirring drama of football and manly American sports, and its title character is a heroic and stirring figure. From beginning to end "Strongheart" makes a strong appeal to our best feelings and emotions, and it is in many ways so thoroughly a play of the strenuous life that President Roosevelt could not help but give it his approval, for it is typical of everything that he believes in and encourages. Never before has "Strongheart" been given in stock here in Boston.

THE ORPHEUM.

The Orpheum Theatre, Boston, under the management of William Morris, Inc. resumes its place as a vaudeville house on Monday, Oct. 5, and matinees will be given every day. The first week's list is unusually good and is headed by William Courtleigh & Co. in Geo. V. Hobart's little classic, "Peaches." He has in his support Edward O'Connor, the capital character actor, and two other real actors. "The College Girls and the Teddy Bears" is a bit from the musical comedy success of last season at Blaney's in New York. It is a very amusing spectacle and pleases the kiddies and those of more years who have not yet lost an interest in youthful life and action.

THE BOSTON.

For the opening of the regular season of the Boston Theatre Stock Company, on Monday, October 5th, Mr. B. F. Keith has arranged a production that is sure to attract wide spread attention. With a lavish expenditure, and one of the largest companies ever put on in stock, he will present E. H. Sothern's greatest success, "If I Were King," a historic and romantic play in four acts by Justin Huntley McCarty. This is a play of the period of Louis XI, in which Francois Villon, the poet adventurer, is made the leading character, becoming involved in court intrique and winning the affections of a court lady, in which he is so successful that the death sentence is commuted to life imprisonment.

KEITH'S

One of the most important announcements of the season is made for Keith's Theatre, the week of October 5th, when La Sylphe, the classic dancer, will make her first appearance in Boston. This exponent of the biblical dances has been the sensation of New York the past six months and was the first of a long line, who entered into this form of entertaining when it became popular. The only real rival of the Sylphe has been Maud Allan, who has been a London sensation for more than a year. La Sylphe is strikingly, if not daringly, original in her conception of the dances described in the Bible, and her appearance at Keith's will undoubtedly be one of the events of the season.

HOLLIS STREET.

The theatrical annals of Boston do not record such a towering success as "The Round-Up," Klaw Erlanger's stupendous production of Edmund Day's famous play which broke all records last season for big receipts. It returns for a limited engagement to the Hollis Street Theatre, Monday, Oct. 5. This play, with its heart interest and thrills and sensationalism in the most realistic battle scene ever presented, has a popular appeal that has resulted in an unbroken succession of crowded audiences. The scenes of the play are laid in Southern Arizona and the characters and atmosphere of this region are most graphically portrayed. The art of the scene painter, and the marvels of stagecraft have never produced such scenes as those represented in "The Round-Up." The eye looks upon the distances of arid desert, and up the towering gigantic canyons, with wonderment that paint and brush, stage mechanism, and light effects can have such magic use as to present such vividly real scenes. "The Battle Scene" is almost appalling in its realism. It is the real thing in shot and shell and gatling gun, and it is worked up to a climax of overwhelming excitement, bringing tumultuous and frenzied applause from the audiences. In this scene twenty-two mounted Indians ride along a tortuous path at the edge of a precipice and the attack upon the two wanderers in the desert by this band of Apache Indians and their routing by a detachment of U. S. Cavalry headed by "Slim Hoover, the sheriff, played to the life by Maclyn Arbuckle, ends the scene with a whirlwind of hurrah and rousing cheers by the audiences. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday.

Haggerty—Lovell.

Mr. James D. Haggerty, Editor and Proprietor of the Woburn *Daily Times*, and Miss Mary A. Lovell of Roslindale were united in marriage at the parochial residence of Sacred Heart church in Roslindale on Sunday, Sept. 27, by Rev. John Corbett.

The bridesmaid was Miss Mae A. Corbett of Dorchester, while the groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Louis F. Haggerty of Woburn.

After a wedding trip they will make their home on Salem street, this city. The JOURNAL extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Haggerty.

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

Telephone Talks

Keep in touch with the world —and see to it that the world may keep in touch with you.

Party-Liners And the Golden Rule

PARTY LINE telephone subscribers virtually are CO-TENANTS. They jointly pay for a single telephone line.

If they were co-tenants of a building they would be careful not to infringe upon the rights of others. THAT SAME REGARD FOR THE EQUITIES should keep them from infringing by appropriating to themselves more telephone service than can be exacted as their fair share of the capacity of that line.

Lengthy conversations on unimportant matters, the prattling intercourse of children, phonograph concerts, and the like—these sometimes congest party lines and give cause for protest from other tenants in common.

A party line telephone has been likened to a spur track on a main line of railroad. But there is this important qualification—when the telephone spur track is in use, THE ENTIRE MAIN LINE IS CLOSED TO TRAFFIC, not merely to the other spur tracks on the line, but also to incoming trains consigned to any part of the line.

Ordinary regard for the principle of the Golden Rule will do more to avert party line difficulties than all the rules any telephone company may promulgate.

New England Telephone & Telegraph Co.

White Teeth

is something everybody should aspire for, and constant use of a good powder or wash will produce them and keep them white.

DENTAPEARL

is a saponaceous orris tooth preparation which has special bleaching as well as cleansing properties and contains nothing injurious, being free from acid or grit.

If you are not satisfied with what you are now using try a bottle of Dentapearl. Powder or liquid, 25c. bottle.

McLaughlin & Dennison,
Woburn's Cut Price Druggists
417 Main Street, Woburn
☞ We Deliver Free by Messenger.

1908 **Wall Papers** 1908
Picture Framing a Specialty
Agent for the Oliver Typewriter

Repairs on Estates, and Collection of Rents. Houses For Sale and To Let.
Established in 1879.
C. E. SMITH. 439 Main St.

ATTEND TO IT NOW.

September should see your cemetery lot at its best. Let us erect a memorial before the snow comes.

New England Monument Co
(HERN & ROESSLER)
117 Salem St., Woburn
Latest improved machinery assist us in quoting LOWEST PRICES.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Charles McIntire, late of Burlington in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Helen A. McIntire, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixth day of October, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Alvin T. Morrill and wife, Ludovica Dimon Morrill, in her right, to Silas R. Carter, Edwin Irving Sawyer, and James D. Tyler, Trustees of the First Unitarian Society in Berlin, dated March 31, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 2644, Fol. 258, and duly transferred to the undersigned; for breach of condition of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction, upon the premises first hereinafter described, on

Wednesday, October 21, 1908,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, viz:—The following tracts or parcels of land all situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts:

FIRST: A certain tract of land with the buildings thereon and bounded as follows, to wit:—Northerly by Lexington street, by land of Jacob M. Ellis and by land of the heirs of Walter Frost; easterly by land of the heirs of Walter Frost, and by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; southerly by land of said Benjamin F. Flagg, by land of William B. Doyle, and by land formerly of Joseph Gardner; westerly by land of Mary G. Pierce.

SECOND: A certain lot of woodland near Horn Pond and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; easterly by land formerly of Stephen Dow; southerly by land of Ebenezer L. Pierce; westerly by land of William B. Doyle.

THIRD: A small lot of land bounded as follows, namely:—Southeasterly by Lexington street; northeasterly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; northwesterly by Garden street.

FOURTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Locust street; easterly by land now or formerly of James B. and Horace W. Pearsons and by Garden street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by Willow street.

FIFTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Willow street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by land of the heirs of John Weston; northerly by land now or formerly of Doherty, and by John Cummings.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes, tax bills or other municipal liens.

$300 will be required to be paid by purchaser at time of sale. For further particulars apply to Andreas Blume, Attorney-at-Law, 27 School street, Boston, Mass.

ANDREAS BLUME and JAMES W. SPRING, Trustees under the will of William Phipps, Mortgagees.

Boston, Sept. 24, 1908.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
☞ Season opens Sept. 29.

GOOD FOOD

— FOR —

Hot Weather

— AT —

LOW PRICES.

Shredded Wheat	10c. pkg.
Cream of Wheat	12c. "
Triscuit	10c. "
Quaker Puffed Rice	10c. "
" Wheat Berries	7c. "
" Oats	10c. "
" Corn Flakes	10c. "
Force	10c. "
Saxon Wheat Food	15c. "
Ralston Breakfast Food	14c. "
Pillsbury's Cereal	15c. "

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House,

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-1.

CRACKS

IN SKIN

CHAPS

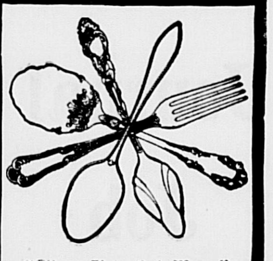
ON HAND AND FACE.

Rose Clycerine Lotion

CURES. 25c. a Bottle

Whitcher's PILL BOX

28th year in use.
U. S. Food and Drug Act, No. 17722.



"Silver Plate that Wears."

The trade mark

"1847 Rogers Bros."

on Spoons, Forks, etc., is a guarantee of quality the world over. The prefix—1847—insures the genuine Rogers quality. For sale by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue No. 6 to

International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn.

Pure Spices.

The strength, flavor and taste of spices depend largely, in most cases wholly, upon the volatile oil contained in them. Ordinary spices are widely adulterated, not only by the removal of the volatile oil, but by the adition of foreign, inert, harmful, ingredients; all for the purpose of cheapening the product and rendering it more profitable to the seller.

Squibb's Spices are absolutely pure and for many years have enjoyed the highest reputation for excellence among those who have employed them. We want you to make a trial of these spices, of which we have a full line.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,

361 Main Street,

WOBURN

REAL ESTATE

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,

— DEALERS IN —

Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.

Elevator on Prospect Street.

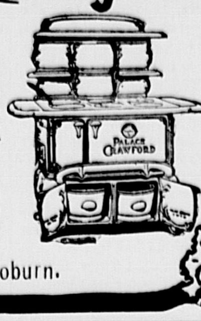
Telephone connection

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Adaline B. Church wishes to announce to her patients and friends that she will resume practice in Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church street.

Office Hours:
Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 A. M.
Tel. Winchester 54. Consultations by appointment.

Crawford Cooking-Ranges



Our New Range a Winner!

The new range that we introduced last year has won all hearts. The old End Hearth is gone—there is more room on top—the ashes fall into a Hod far below the fire, making their removal easy and the grate to last longer. The Ash Hod when emptied is returned full of coal. Three sizes, "Palace," "Castle," "Fortress."

All the famous Crawford features are present: Single Damper, Patented Grate, Cup-Joint Oven Flues, Asbestos Backed Oven, Improved Oven Indicator. Booklet free.

Made by Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co., 31-35 Union St., Boston

For Sale by E. CALDWELL, Woburn.

Football Season Here

During the month of October every eye is turned toward the oval

Our purpose in advertising in this space is to turn the eyes of everybody, during the whole year, toward the "Oval". Of course we mean "Creamalt" - the oval loaf.

For beauty of shape and for deliciousness of flavor, you won't "tackle" anything in the class of Creamalt. It's the only "Oval" people never "kick" at. Game starts next time you eat.

George G. Fox Company

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Edward H. Lounsbury, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Harriet E. Lounsbury, the executrix of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of her administration upon the estate of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the thirteenth day of October, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executrix is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate, fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS Register.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

INCORPORATED 1854.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank in the City of Woburn, will be held at the Banking Rooms, on

Friday, Oct. 2d, 1908,

at 7.30 o'clock, P. M., to transact such business as may legally come before them.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., Sept. 18th, 1908.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, Oct. 3rd, 1908, will draw interest from that date.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

Banjo and Mandolin Instruction

GIVEN IN WOBURN BY

Miss Emma Fosdick

11 Winn Street.

Next to the Baptist Church.
Telephone 40 Medford.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Clara M. Harmon, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ARTHUR W. BLAKE, Adm.
241 Willow Ave., Somerville, Mass.

Sept. 22, 1908.

No. 7550.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

At Woburn, in the State of Mass., at the close of business, Sept. 23, 1908.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$155,583.29
Overdrafts secured and unsecured		.55
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		100,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		3,600.00
Bonds, securities, etc.		257,220.00
Due from approved reserve agents		63,590 24
Checks and other cash items		3.17
Notes of other National Banks		6,985.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		707.86
Lawful money reserve in Bank, viz:		
Specie	24,536 05	
Legal tender notes	12,320.00	36,856.05
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		5,000.00
Total		$629,546.16

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$100,000.00
Surplus fund	20,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	24,795.60
National Bank notes outstanding	98,400.00
Due to State Banks and Bankers	6,467.15
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	8,887.77
Individual deposits subject to check	361,230 52
Demand certificates of deposit	9,657.00
Certified Checks	108.12
Total	$629,546.16

STATE OF MASS., COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, SS.

I, EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier of the above named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of September, 1908.

HAROLD P. JOHNSON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

JOHN G. MAGUIRE,
ROBERT CHALMERS,
EDWARD F. JOHNSON,
Directors.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of David E. Condon, sometimes called David Condon, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Nora T. Condon, of Woburn, in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-first day of October, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in said estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirtieth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE

Registrars Of Voters

Will be in session at the City Clerk's office, Room 1, Municipal Building, Common Street, on

THURSDAY, OCT. 8,

SATURDAY, OCT, 10,

TUESDAY, OCT. 13.

AT 7 O'CLOCK P. M.

AND WEDNESDAY, OCT. 14,

FROM 12 M. TO 10 P. M.

For the purpose of registering all persons legally qualified to vote in the State Election, and for correcting the Lists of Voters.

Registration for the State Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, Oct. 14.

☞ All naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

CHARLES H. HARRINGTON,
JOHN C. MEEHAN,
JOHN C. N. PARKER,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Sept. 24. 1908.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Edward Foster, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, Charles H. Foster, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirtieth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

City Council.

The adjourned meeting from Sept. 14, to act on the Mayor's veto of P. E. Kelley's pool license granted by the Council, was held last Monday evening with Ald. Highley in the chair. The veto was sustained.

Then followed the regular monthly meeting, with President Brown at the helm.

The first article taken up and acted on was the Mayor's veto of the Union street widening order. The order was carried, the Mayor was defeated, and that ends the worsted, unless somebody comes forward and gets out an injunction to stay proceedings. Nearly all the Council were in favor of the improvement, but differed as to mode and details.

The Mayor's veto of the Garvey poolroom license was sustained.

Application for an increase of the salary of the Sealer of Weights and Measures was properly referred. It is rediculously low, and ought to be doubled, at least.

W. C. T. U.

A goodly number of members and friends assembled in the Congregational church parlor on Monday afternoon, Sept. 28. An excellent address was given by Miss Elizabeth P. Gordon on "The Protection of the Home." It was voted to continue the work of Mrs. Frisbee for the L. T. L. the coming year, and other plans were laid for useful endeavors. A mandolin solo by Miss Alice Rosenquist, accompanied on the piano by Miss Rachel Blodgett, was enjoyed. Refreshments and a social hour followed.—PRESS SUPT.

Charity.

Clara—At Jennie's wedding last week, owing to a misunderstanding, she had to wait at the church thirty minutes for the bridegroom. Maud—Oh, well, thirty minutes isn't anything to a woman who has waited thirty years.

"Flattery is like a fairy tale. Even though one does not believe it, one listens willingly to it."

A REAPER RACE.

The Feat That Made William N. Whiteley Famous.

In the early days of the exploitation of various reaping machines a field demonstration, usually competitive, was a necessary occurrence. H. N. Casson in "The Romance of the Reaper" tells the following story of William N. Whiteley, "the Charlemagne of the harvest field:"

He was as tall as a sapling and as strong as a tree. As a professor in the great school of agriculture he has never been surpassed. He could outtalk outwork and generally outwit the men who were sent against him. He was a whole exhibition in himself.

"I've seen Bill Whiteley racing his horses through the grain and leaning over with his long arms to pick the mice's nests from just in front of the knife," said an old Ohio settler.

The feat that first made Whiteley famous was performed at Jamestown, O., in 1867. His competitor was doing as good work as he was, whereupon he sprang from his seat, unhitched one horse and finished his course with a single surprised steed pulling the heavy machine.

His competitor followed suit and succeeded fully as well.

This enraged Whiteley, who at that time was as powerful as a young Hercules.

"I can pull that reaper myself!" he shouted, turning his second horse loose and yoking his big shoulders into the harness.

Such a thing had never been done before and has never been done since, but it is true that in the passion of the moment Whiteley was filled with such strength that he ran the reaper from one side of the field to the other, cutting a full swath, a deed that, had he done it in ancient Greece, would have placed him among the immortals.

That ten minutes in a horse collar made $2,000,000 for Whiteley. His antagonist, Benjamin H. Warder, was filled with admiration for Whiteley's prowess and at once proposed that they should quit fighting and work in harmony.

"Give me the right to make your reaper, and I'll pay you $5 apiece for all I can sell," said Warder.

"It's a bargain," responded Whiteley. And so there arose the first consolidation in the harvester business.

TUMULT IN THE SEA.

Terrific Force of a Marine Upheaval Off Cape Horn.

A sailing ship rounding Cape Horn was caught in a dead calm, something almost unprecedented in that stormy latitude. The sky was filmed with a light haze, and the sea was flat and lead colored. About 10 o'clock on the morning of the second day the ship began to shake violently, the masts whipped and bent like fish poles, and everything movable above and below came down with a clatter. It was like striking a rock, only the shock was less pronounced at first, but increased in violence during the thirty seconds it lasted. The sea heaved in oily swells with a strange, hoarse murmur, and it continued to be agitated after the tremors ceased.

Half an hour later fish by the thousands began to rise to the surface until it was covered with them. Forty-seven whales were counted, many cowfish fully eight feet across, sharks without number and seals by the hundreds. They were evidently stunned with the force of some terrific marine upheaval, and when struck with a pole by one of the sailors showed only faint signs of life. In twenty minutes after the first fish arose to the surface they began to drop out of sight like pieces of lead. Whether they were stunned and, on recovering, immediately dived beneath the waves in a panic, seeking safety in the depths, or whether they died from the shock and, instead of floating as dead fish do, were drawn under by some submarine whirlpool, were scientific questions too deep for the skipper, but half a dozen of the smaller fish hauled aboard by the cook for dinner were quite dead when examined. The calm continued twenty-four hours longer before the ocean resumed its usual aspect and a wind from the southeast permitted the ship to continue its course.—New York Press.

Behind the Times.

Four artillerymen were looking around the picture gallery in the Metropolitan museum the other day, but they did not seem particularly interested. When they got to Meissonier's "Friedland—1807" two of them, one a sergeant, paused for a second look. The sergeant went close to the canvas and gazed intently at the Old Guard in the background.

"Those guys are carrying old fashioned Springfield rifles," was the only comment he made.—New York Sun.

The Boiler's Reasons.

Mother—Don't tease me, Johnnie. Can't you see I'm in a lot of trouble? The boiler has sprung a leak. Johnnie—What makes it leak? Mother—Because it's my day at home, your father has asked two men to dinner, the cook has left, and the butcher hasn't come with the meat. Now run and play.—Brooklyn Life.

A Big Difference.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—See how nicely that team of horses go along. Why can't man and wife trot along pleasantly together like that? Mr. Crimsonbeak—Well, you see, there is only one tongue between those two horses.—Yonkers Statesman.

Fundamentally there is no such thing as private action. All actions are public in themselves or in their consequences.—Bovee.

The Real Version.

Napoleon sat inadvertently upon a smoking cannon and scorched the seat of his white trousers.

"I cannot turn back now," he muttered to an aid as he hastily dismounted. "I have burned my britches behind me!"

This historic expression has been grossly corrupted by later writers.—Pathfinder.

The Supreme Test.

"You are all right," said the doctor after he had gone through with the regulation thumping and listening with his patient. "Not a trace of heart disease. Fifteen dollars, please!"

The patient drew a long breath and remarked: "I am sure now I have no heart disease. If I had, I should have dropped dead when you mentioned your fee."

Saved the Dishes.

Husband—But why did you dismiss the cook this morning, when the Higgses are coming to dinner tonight? Wife—Because at 11 a. m. we had only exactly enough dishes left to set the table.—Judge.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street
Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Friday, 7.45 P. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—16th Sunday after Trinity.
10.30 A. M., Holy Communion and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Rev. W. H. Osmond, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Unreality."

Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.

The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4 30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In this city, Sept. 27, by Rev. Patrick T. Higgins, John Joseph Doherty of Winchester and Margaret Josephine Haley of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 29, Jerusha W. LeClair, aged 84 years, 11 months, 22 days.

WINCHESTER.

Deer was seen here last week feeding near Highland avenue.

The merchants are unwilling to give up their formation of a Traders Association, and called their third meeting again this week.

By the tearing down of the old Spicer house on the west side near the edge of Wedge pond Winchester loses one of its old landmarks.

The Woburn conference of churches will meet with the First Congregational church in this town on Oct. 27, the members of which are already making arrangements for entertaining their guests on that occasion.

The lately elected officers of the Foreign Missionary Society of the Congregational church are: President, Jennie E. Skinner; V. P., Mrs. C. E Swett, Mrs. Alonzo Rowe; Sec., Helen Bessey; T., Mrs. Albert Blaisdell.

Luce didn't get as many votes at the Winchester caucuses as it was expected would be cast for him. Was this due to the zealous endorsement of him by McCall and Elder, or was it not Radical differences of opinion among our people on this point induces me to ask the question.

Make no mistake, Gentle Reader. The season of the year on which we have just entered is not to be wholly devoted here to vain and fleeting amusements and pleasures. Literature and culture are to be attended to, and intellectual pabulum is to be furnished at the cheapest rates for firstclass goods. Some of the people of this village dote on culture, and there is to be a plenty of it this winter in the shape of "talks," lectures, and other literary platform productions.

More than 6000 people witnessed a game of ball played on the Boston grounds last week by the "Old Timers," the men who were professional and college players from 25 to 35 years ago, which was won by the former. S. J. Elder of this town was the oldest representative of Yale, his alma mater, in the game, having been on the Yale nine as far back as 1873. He don't look it. It was no burlesque, but a real game of baseball.

The Towns of Medway and Sharon

have just signed ten year contracts for the lighting of their streets with electricity from the Edison Electric Illuminating Company's service. The new contracts take effect this autumn. By signing contracts for ten years' service each town secures a discount of 10 per cent from the regalar schedule of rates for municipal lighting. This in itself is an important item.

Each town will also profit by the installation of the new Tungsten street lights of 40 candle power each. The old street lights were 25 candle power incandescent electric lamps so that by the change to the Tungsten, each town will get an increase of 60 per cent in illumination on the streets for less money than they have been paying, thus carrying out the maxim of the Edison Company "More Light for less money."

Now They Don't Speak.

Mary—Do you think it would be conceited for me to tell my friends that I made this dress myself? Edith—Not conceited, my dear—superfluous.

When You Take Cold

One way is to pay no attention to it; at least not until it develops into pneumonia, or bronchitis, or pleurisy. Another way is to ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. If he says, "The best thing for colds," then take it. Do as he says, anyway.

Ayer's

We publish our formulas
We banish alcohol from our medicines
We urge you to consult your doctor

When the bowels are constipated, poisonous substances are absorbed into the blood instead of being daily removed from the body as nature intended. Knowing this danger, doctors always inquire about the condition of the bowels. Ayer's Pills.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

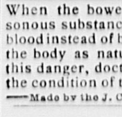
Artistic and Scientific

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

Mrs Annie M. S. **LEWIS** Pianoforte
Mr. F. Percyval **LEWIS** Theory, Organ

Private and Class Lessons in Woburn

Address Winchester; or consult in Woburn Unitarian Vestry, Sat. 10-12, 2-4.



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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

Baking Don'ts.

Don't fret when company comes and you have only bread enough for two. You can fall back on Hathaway's and your guests will praise it as freely as they do yours. Just try a loaf of

Hathaway's Celebrated Cream Bread.

C. F. Hathaway & Son,

Cambridge Waltham

ESTABLISHED 1884

S. B. GODDARD & SON

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..BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...

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Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

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Black Cat Brand
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For School and Play

COPELAND & BOWSER,

399-401 Main Street.

WOBURN.

Our Stock of DIAMONDS

Gold, and Gold Filled Jewelry, etc., is complete because we have a up-to-date line of honest goods which we are trying to sell to honest people by honest methods, and our increasing trade shows that we are on the right track. But we still want to do business with every honest person, so we are reaching for your trade

Smith & Varney,

JEWELERS.

No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN

☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

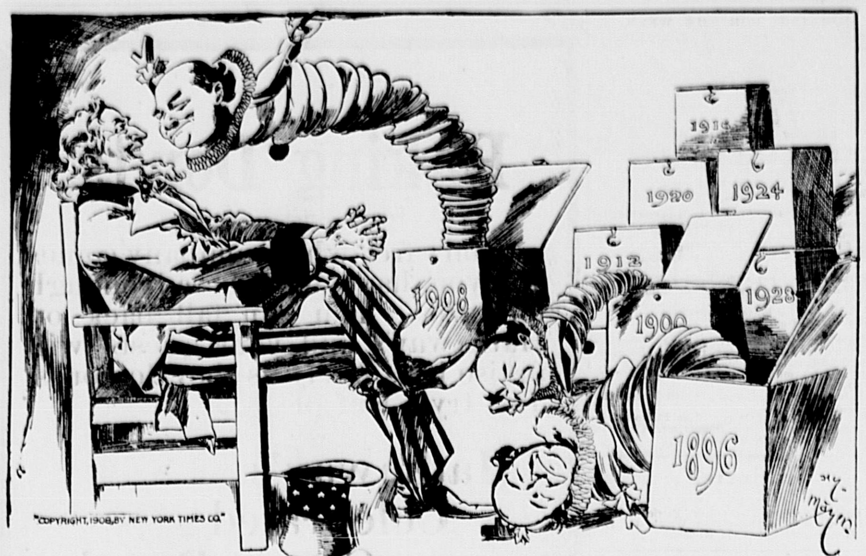
WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

INTREEST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.



"YOU CAN'T FRIGHTEN ME ANY MORE—IT'S A JOKE."

MR. ROOSEVELT LAUDS TAFT.

True Friend of Reform and Foe of Abuses.

NAMES HIM POLITICAL HEIR

Republican Candidate Stands For Same Policies as Present Administration—Can Be Trusted to Do Justice to Both Capital and Labor—A Champion of the Right and True Representative of All the People.

In the following letter of President Roosevelt to Mr. Conrad Kohrs of Montana he tells why voters should support William H. Taft at the polls.

Mr. Conrad Kohrs of Helena, Mont., is an old time Montana cattleman and one of the most prominent citizens of Montana. He and the president came into close relationship more than twenty years ago, when they were both members of the Montana Stock Growers' association, the president being at that time the representative of the little Missouri stock growers in the association. The intimacy has been kept up ever since. Mr. Kohrs is one of the pioneer citizens of the northern Rocky mountain region and one of the men who has taken a leading part in its great development.

Mr. Kohrs' letter was called forth by Mr. Bryan's statement that he (Mr. Bryan) was the president's heir and natural successor:

Sagamore Hill,
Oyster Bay, N. Y., Sept. 9, 1908.

My Dear Mr. Kohrs—I have received your letter about the candidacy of Mr. Taft, the man who I feel is in an especial sense the representative of all that in which I most believe in political life.

Every good citizen should desire to see both prosperity and justice, prosperity and fair and righteous dealing as between man and man, obtain permanently in this great republic. As a people we are justly proud of our business industry, of our energy and intelligence in our work, and it is entirely right that we should ask ourselves as to any given course of conduct, "Will it be profitable?" But it is also no less emphatically true that the bulk of our people, the plain people who found in Abraham Lincoln their especial champion and spokesman, regard the question, "Is this morally right?" as even more important than the question, "Is this profitable?" when applied to any given course of conduct. Indeed, in the long run our people are sure to find that in all dealings, alike in the business and political world, what is really profitable is that which is morally right. The last few years have seen a great awakening of the public conscience and the growth of a stern determination to do away with corruption and unfair dealing, political, economic, social. It is urgently necessary that this great reform movement should go on. But no reform movement is healthy if it goes on by spasms, if it is marked by periods of frenzied advance, followed, as such periods of frenzied advance must always be followed, by equally violent periods of reaction. The revolutionary and the reactionary really play into one another's hands to the extent that each by his excesses necessarily tends to arouse such disgust, such a feeling of revolt, in the minds of quiet people as temporarily to restore the other to power.

To permit the direction of our public affairs to fall alternately into the hands of revolutionaries and reactionaries, of the extreme radicals of unrest and of the bigoted conservatives who recognize no wrongs to remedy, would merely mean that the nation had embarked on a feverish course of violent oscillation which would be fraught with great temporary trouble and would produce no adequate good in the end. The true friend of reform, the true foe of abuses, is the man who steadily perseveres in righting wrongs, in warring against abuses, but whose character and training are such that he never promises what he cannot perform, that he always a little more than makes good what he does promise and that, while steadily advancing, he never permits himself to be led into foolish excesses which would damage the very cause he champions. In Mr. Taft we have a man who combines all of these qualities to a degree which no other man in our public life since the civil war has surpassed. To a flaming hatred of injustice, to a scorn of all that is base and mean, to a hearty sympathy with the oppressed, he unites entire disinterestedness, courage both moral and physical of the very highest type and a kindly generosity of nature which makes him feel that all of his fellow countrymen are in very truth his friends and brothers, that their interests are his and that all his great qualities are to be spent with lavish freedom in their service. The honest man of means, the honest and law abiding business man, can feel safe in his hands because of the very fact that the dishonest man of great wealth, the man who swindles or robs his fellows, would not so much as dare to defend his evil doing in Mr. Taft's presence. The honest wageworker, the honest laboring man, the honest farmer, the honest mechanic or small trader or man of small means can feel that in a peculiar sense Mr. Taft will be his representative because of the very fact that he has the same scorn for the demagogue that he has for the corruptionist and that he would front threats of personal violence from a mob with the unqualiing and lofty indifference with which he would front the bitter anger of the wealthiest and most powerful corporations. Broad though his sympathies are, there is in him not the slightest tinge of weakness. No consideration of personal interest, any more than of fear for his personal safety, could make him swerve a hair's breadth from the course which he regards as right and in the interest of the whole people.

I have naturally a peculiar interest in the success of Mr. Taft and in seeing him backed by a majority in both houses of congress which will heartily support his policies. For the last ten years, while I have been governor of New York and president, I have been thrown into the closest intimacy with him, and he and I have on every essential point stood in heartiest agreement, shoulder to shoulder. We have the same views as to what is demanded by the national interest and honor, both within our own borders and as regards the relations of this nation with other nations. There is no fight for decency and fair dealing which I have waged in which I have not had his heartiest and most effective sympathy and support, and the policies for which I stand are his policies as much as mine.

It is not possible in the space of this letter to discuss all the many and infinitely varied questions of moment with which Mr. Taft as president would have to deal. Let him be judged by what he has himself done and by what the administration in which he has played so conspicuous a part has done. But to illustrate just what his attitude is let me touch on two matters now prominent in the public mind.

Mr. Taft can be trusted to exact justice from the railroads for the very reason that he can be trusted to do justice to the railroads. The railroads are the chief instruments of interstate commerce in the country, and they can neither be held to a proper accountability on the one hand nor given proper protection on the other save by the affirmative action of the federal government. The law as laid down by the federal courts clearly shows that the states have not and cannot devise laws adequate to meet the problems caused by the great growth of the railroads doing an interstate commerce business, for more than four-fifths of the business of the railroads is interstate, and under the constitution of the United States only the federal government can exercise control thereover. It is absolutely necessary that this control should be affirmative and thoroughgoing.

All interstate business carried on by the great corporations should in the interest of the whole people be far more closely supervised than at present by the national government, but this is especially true of the railroads, which cannot exist at all save by the exercise of powers granted them on behalf of the people and which, therefore, should be held to a peculiar accountability to the people. It is in the interest of the people that they should not be permitted to do injustice, and it is no less to the interest of the people that they should not suffer injustice. Their prime purpose is to carry the commodities of the farmers and the business men. They could not be built save for the money contributed to them by their shareholders. They could not be run at all save for the money paid out in wages to the railroad employees, and, finally, they could not be run judiciously or profitably to any one were it not for the employment by them of some masterful guiding intelligence, whether of one man or of a group of men. There are therefore several sets of interests to be considered. Each must receive proper consideration, and when any one of them selfishly demands exclusive consideration the demand must be refused. Along certain lines all of these groups have the same interests. It is to the interest of shipper, farmer, wageworker, business man, honest shareholder and honest manager alike that there should be economy, honesty, intelligence and fair treatment of all. To put an effective stop to stock watering would be a benefit to everybody except the swindlers who profit by stock watering. It would benefit the honest shareholder because honest investments would not be brought into competition with mere paper. It would benefit the wageworker because when the money earned does not have to go to paying interest on watered capital more of it is left out of which to pay wages. It would benefit the shipper because, when only honest stockholders have to be paid interest, rates need not be improperly raised. It would benefit the public because there would be ample money with which to give efficient service. Similarly the prevention of favoritism as among shippers does no damage to any one who is honest and confers great good upon the smaller business man and the farmer, whom it relieves of oppression.

Again, such supervision of accounts and management as will prevent crookedness and oppression works good, directly or indirectly, to all honest people. Therefore everything that can be done along all these lines should be done, and no man's legitimate interest would thereby be hurt. But after this point has been reached great care must be exercised not to work injustice to one class in the effort to show favor to another class, and each class naturally tends to remember only its own needs. The stockholders must receive an ample return on their investments or the railroads cannot be built and successfully maintained, and the rates to shippers and the wages to employees, from the highest to the lowest, must all be conditioned upon this fact. On the other hand, in a public service corporation we have no right to allow such excessive profits as will necessitate rates being unduly high and wages unduly low. Again, while in all proper ways rates must be kept low, we must always remember that we have no right and no justification to reduce them when the result is the reduction of the wages of the great army of railroad men. A fair working arrangement must be devised according to the needs of the several cases, so that profits, wages and rates shall each be reasonable with reference to the other two, and in wages I include the properly large amounts which should always be paid to those whose masterful ability is required for the successful direction of great enterprises. Combinations which favor such an equitable arrangement should themselves be favored and not forbidden by law, although they should be strictly supervised by the government through the interstate commerce commission, which should have the power of passing summarily upon not only the question of the reduction, but the raising of rates.

This railroad problem is itself one of the phases of one of the greatest and most intricate problems of our civilization. For its proper solution we need not merely honesty and courage, but judgment, good sense and entire fair mindedness. Demagogy in such a matter is as certain to work evil as corruption itself. The man who promises to raise the wages of railroad employees to the highest point and at the same time to reduce rates to the lowest point is promising what neither he nor any one else can perform, and if the effort to perform it were attempted disaster would result to both shipper and wageworker and ruin to the business interests of the country. The man to trust in such a matter as this is the man who, like Judge Taft, does not promise too much, but who could not be swayed from the path of duty by any argument, by any consideration, who will wage relentless war on the successful wrongdoer among railroad men as among all other men, who will do all that can be done to secure legitimately low rates to shippers and absolute evenness among the rates thus secured, but who will neither promise nor attempt to secure rates so low that the wage earner would lose his earnings and the shareholder, whose money built the road, his profits. He will not favor a ruinous experiment like government ownership of railways. He will stand against any kind of confiscation of honestly acquired property, but he will work effectively for the most efficient type of government supervision and control of railways, so as to secure just and fair treatment of the people as a whole.

What is here said as to his attitude on the railway question applies to the whole question of the trusts. He will promise nothing on this subject unless he firmly believes he can make his promise good. He will go into no chimerical movement to destroy all great business combinations, for this can only be done by destroying all modern business, but he will in practical fashion do everything possible to secure such efficient control on behalf of the people as a whole over these great combinations as will deprive them of the power to work evil. Mr. Taft's decision in the Addystone pipe line case while on the bench is proof by deeds, not by words, of the farsighted wisdom with which he serves the interests of the whole people even when those of the most powerful corporations are hostile thereto.

If there is one body of men more than another whose support I feel I have a right to challenge on behalf of Secretary Taft it is the body of wageworkers of the country. A stancher friend, a fairer and truer representative, they cannot find within the borders of the United States. He will do everything in his power for them except to do that which is wrong. He will do wrong for no man and therefore can be trusted by all men. During the ten years of my intimate acquaintance with him, since I have myself as governor and president been obliged to deal practically with labor problems, he has been one of the men upon whose judgment and aid I could always rely in doing everything possible for the cause of the wageworker, of the man who works with his hands or with both hands and head.

Mr. Taft has been attacked because of the injunctions he delivered while on the bench. I am content to rest his case on these very injunctions. I maintain that they show why all our people should be grateful to him and should feel it safe to intrust their dearest interests to him. Most assuredly he never has yielded and never will yield to threat or pressure of any sort, as little if it comes from labor as if it comes from capital. He will no more tolerate the violence of a mob than the corruption and oppression and arrogance of a corporation or of a wealthy man. He will not consent to limit the power of the courts to put a stop to wrongdoing wherever found. This very fact should make the labor people feel a peculiar confidence in him. He has incurred the bitter hostility of foolish and bigoted reactionaries by his frank criticism of the abuse of the power of injunction in labor disputes, and he is pledged to do all he can to put a stop to the abuses in the exercise of the power of injunction. He will never promise anything that he will not do all in his power to perform. He can always be trusted to do a little better than his word, and the fact that before election he will not promise the impossible is in itself a guaranty that after election all that is possible will be done.

His record as a judge makes the whole country his debtor. His actions and decisions are part of the great traditions of the bench. They guaranteed and set forth in striking fashion the rights of the general public as against the selfish interests of any class, whether of capitalists or of laborers. They set forth and stand by the rights of the wageworkers to organize and to strike as unequivocally as they set forth and stand by the doctrine that no conduct will be tolerated that would spell destruction to the nation as a whole. As for the attack upon his injunctions in labor disputes made while he was on the bench, I ask that the injunctions be carefully examined. I ask that every responsible and fair minded labor leader, every responsible and fair minded member of a labor organization, read these injunctions for himself. If he will do so, instead of condemning them he will heartily approve of them and will recognize this further astonishing fact that the principles laid down by Judge Taft in these very injunctions, which laboring people are asked to condemn, are themselves the very principles which are now embodied in the laws or practices of every responsible labor organization. No responsible organization would now hesitate to condemn the abuses against which Judge Taft's injunctions were aimed. The principles which he therein so wisely and fearlessly laid down serve as a charter of liberty for all of us, for wageworkers, for employers, for the general public, for they rest on the principles of fair dealing for all, of even handed justice for all. They mark the judge who rendered them as standing for the rights of the whole people. As far as daylight is from darkness so far is such a judge from the time server, the truckler to the mob or the cringing tool of great, corrupt and corrupting corporations. Judge Taft on the bench—as since, in the Philippines, in Panama, in Cuba, in the war department—showed himself to be a wise, a fearless and an upright servant of the whole people, whose services to the whole people were beyond all price. Moreover, let all good citizens remember that he rendered these services not when it was easy to do so, but when lawless violence was threatened, when malice, domestic and civic disturbance threatened the whole fabric of our government and of civilization. His actions showed not only the highest kind of moral courage, but of physical courage as well, for his life was freely and violently threatened.

Let all fair minded men, wageworkers and capitalists alike, consider yet another fact. In one of his decisions upon the bench Judge Taft upheld in the strongest fashion and for the first time gave full vitality to the principle of the employers' liability for injuries done workmen. This was before any national law on the subject was enacted. Judge Taft's sense of right, his indignation against oppression in any form, against any attitude that is not fair and just, drove him to take a position which was violently condemned by shortsighted capitalists and employers of labor, which was so far in advance of the time that it was not generally upheld by the state courts, but which we are now embodying in the law of the land. Judge Taft was a leader, a pioneer, while on the bench in the effort to get justice for the wageworker in jealous championship of his rights, and all upright and farsighted laboring men should hold it to his credit that at the same time he fearlessly stood against the abuses of labor, just as he fearlessly stood against the abuses of capital. If elected, he has shown by his deeds that he will be president of no class, but of the people as a whole. He can be trusted to stand stoutly against the two real enemies of our democracy—against the man who to please one class would undermine the whole foundation of orderly liberty and against the man who in the interest of another class would secure business prosperity by sacrificing every right of the working people.

I have striven as president to champion in every proper way the interests of the wageworker, for I regard the wageworker, excepting only the farmer, the tiller of the soil, as the man whose well being is most essential to the healthy growth of this great nation. I would for no consideration advise the wageworker to do what I thought was against his interest. I ask his support for Mr. Taft exactly as I ask such support from every farsighted and right thinking American citizen, because I believe with all my heart that nowhere within the borders of our great country can there be found another man who will as vigilantly and efficiently as Mr. Taft support the rights of the workingman as he will the rights of every man who in good faith strives to do his duty as an American citizen. He will protect the just rights of both rich and poor, and he will war relentlessly against lawlessness and injustice whether exercised on behalf of property or of labor.

On the bench Judge Taft showed the two qualities which make a great judge—wisdom and moral courage. They are also the two qualities which make a great president. Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Conrad Kohrs, Helena, Mont.

WHY TAFT WILL WIN.

Business Interests Working For Republican Success.

The president of the Claflin company in an annual statement of that company to stockholders sums up the business situation with much accuracy and fairness. He said that after six months of severe depression in the dry goods industry a recovery occurred in June and since then has been well maintained, but no great improvement can be expected until the presidential election is over.

Expressed or implied, a marked revival within the next few weeks is predicted by the most cautious business men in the country because of the inferential belief that Judge Taft will be elected on Nov. 3. Recent accounts of the iron trade show that the gain of the early summer is being held; bank clearings and railway gross earnings tell a similar story. To every one the evidence is unmistakable that if the election of Judge Taft was now placed beyond peradventure business would take on an immediate boom. For this reason masterful minds everywhere in industrial and commercial activities are bending every energy for the election of Taft.

Depositors Safe.

Congressmen and others will be interested to note that, although thirteen banks and trust companies closed their doors in consequence of the October panic, not one of the 51,000 depositors will lose a dollar. Some of these institutions had been wickedly mismanaged, but in every case the men responsible have been expelled, some indicted, and some have committed suicide. It hardly looks in these circumstances as if we needed federal guarantee of national bank deposits. If that were provided, as the Democrats propose, one great agency for holding bank officers up to a proper sense of individual responsibility for the safe and proper conduct of their institutions would be removed.—Boston Transcript.

"Parceling Out de People."

Fishing, two boys strung their big catch on the same string. Passing a graveyard they entered the gate to divide the catch, dropping two fish just as they went inside the cemetery.

Passing, an aged negro heard the two boys: "I'll take this one, you that one; I this one, you that one; I this one, you that one," etc.

The negro listened in dismay and ran away as rapidly as his old legs could carry him. He met his negro minister, who called:

"Deacon, why you run in such terror?"

"Declare, parson, I been down yonder by de graveyard and over de fence heard de devil and de Lord parceling out de people atween 'em."

The parson laughed at the old man's fright and made him go back with him to the graveyard to convince him of his error.

The boys were still dividing—"You take that, I take this," etc. Finally one boy asked, "What you going to do with them two at the gate?"

This was more than parson or deacon could stand, and both ran pellmell, neither wishing to take any further chances, no matter what was going on just over the fence.—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Penguin Battles.

The penguin, a notable diver among sea birds, wins his mate by right of conquest. The male birds fight for the possession of the females. These curious birds have regular duel grounds, where relics of innumerable combats in the shape of feathers lie scattered about. In the center is the fighting arena, clear of all debris. The penguins' feathers and blubber form an efficient shield against their opponents' beaks, so the weapon used is the short flipper, the only wings the birds possess. The fight begins with the two combatants walking round each other waiting for an opportunity to grip. Once this is done the flippers come into play. The fighters shower blow after blow upon each other. There is no record as to how these fights end, but it is a safe supposition to say that they are seldom fatal. The force of the blow from a penguin's flipper is such that three or four of them will draw blood from the human hand.

How Models Make Pictures.

The artist gazed in rapture on "The Kiss," his latest picture.

"Do you grasp," he said, "the passionate grace of the girl's attitude, the warmth and the power wherewith her tense white arms draw the young man closer, ever closer? Well, I got that idea from my model, a shopgirl.

"But for my model's suggestion I'd have put the girl in a stiff, cold pose, and the picture would never have been the masterpiece it is. But my model pointed out to me the abandon wherewith a girl, whether of high or low station, gives herself up to a kiss' charm. She illustrated the thing, aided by a male model, a young medical student. Yes, she made my picture.

"The fact is, models make, with their valuable hints and suggestions, lots of pictures. There's many a masterpiece whose merit is due to the splendid pose that the model originated for the principal figure."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

In the Taproot of an Oak.

I remember a curious incident connected with the taproot of an oak. This oak, a good tree of perhaps 200 years' growth, was being felled at Bradenham wood when the woodmen called attention to something peculiar on the taproot. On clearing this of soil we found that the object was a horseshoe of ancient make. Obviously in the beginning an acorn must have fallen into the hollow of this cast shoe, and as it grew through the slow generations the root filled up the circle, carrying it down into the earth in the process of its increase till at length we found wood and iron thus strangely wedded. That taproot with the shoe about it is now or used to be a paperweight in the vestibule of Bradenham Hall.—Rider Haggard.

Left Handed Finance.

He was a young railroad man and went the pace. He had to borrow money to keep "his end up," and he fell into the clutches of a relentless money collector.

"I really am trying my best to pay back the coin I owe you," he pleaded.

"I don't see much evidence of it," was the grim answer. "What are you doing?"

"I am buying a lottery ticket every month," answered the hopeful financier.—San Francisco Call.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson I.—Fourth Quarter, For Oct. 4, 1908.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, II Sam. vi, 1-12. Memory Verse, 12—Golden Text, Ps. c, 4—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Throughout the whole of the Scriptures there is no way of reconciliation to God revealed but by the great sacrifice on Golgotha, prefigured in every true sacrifice from Eden onward. This redemption is to the end that the redeemed may serve Him, the only living and true God, in truth with all the heart, proving in the daily life the good and acceptable and perfect will of God (I Sam. xii, 24; I Thess. i, 9, 10; Rom. xii, 1, 2). It is for God and for Him alone to appoint to each one his place and his service, "to every man his work," and it is the privilege of each one to "dwell with the King for His work" (Eph. ii, 10; Mark xiii, 34; I Chron. iv, 23). The redemption is wholly His own; so are also the works for us to walk in and the way in which the work is to be done. The work of the Lord can be done only by the redeemed of the Lord and in His own appointed way. There never lived on this earth but one who always thought God's thoughts and did God's work in God's way without fail, and He who was truly Son of God and Son of man is wondrously typified in the ark of the covenant of the Lord of all the earth, which is mentioned fourteen times in this lesson chapter.

When God redeemed Israel from the bondage of Egypt that they might serve Him, He gave them His holy law from Sinai, which they promised to keep, but while Moses was up in the mount with God receiving the law written on tables of stone, absent scarcely six weeks, they broke the whole law (Jas. ii, 10) by breaking the first commandment. Then Moses, returning from God, seeing their sin, as a striking object lesson threw down the tables and broke them. God recalled Moses, and, having written the same words on tables which Moses had made, He commanded him to make an ark according to the exact pattern which He showed him and in it put the law and keep it there. So the ark of the covenant, made of incorruptible wood and pure gold, typifying the pure humanity and the real divinity of Christ, kept the holy law which sinful Israel could not keep. Christ alone could say, "I delight to do Thy will, O my God—yea, thy law is within my heart" (Ps. xl, 8; Heb. x, 7-10). As the ark was made to keep the holy law, the tabernacle was made with the holy of holies specially for the ark, and there in the holiest of all God dwelt in the midst of His people over the mercy seat or lid of the ark, between the cherubim (Ex. xxv, 8, 22).

The tabernacle, after all its wilderness journeyings, found a resting place when Israel entered the promised land and in the days of Samuel was located at Shiloh (I Sam. i, 3; iv, 3). But when Israel, relying upon the ark rather than the Lord, took it to battle with them it was taken captive by them and never seems to have been returned to the tabernacle. The Philistines, being plagued by the Lord because of the ark, for a sinful people cannot tolerate the Lord's presence apart from sacrifice, returned the ark to Israel on a new cart drawn by two milk cows, the Lord guiding the cows to Bethshemesh, where over 50,000 died because they looked into the ark, for the law apart from the mercy seat can bring only death. The ark then passed on to Kirjath-jearim, where for long years it continued in the house of Abinadab on the hill (I Sam. vii, 1, 2). Now that David was established in his kingdom (II Sam. v, 12) one of his first thoughts was a place for the ark of the covenant at Jerusalem, and this was well and as it ought to be, but now we have a sample of a thing that is very common in the church today, the Lord's work, or what professes to be the Lord's work, carried on in worldly ways. David knew that the ark should be carried only on the shoulders of the Levites, holy men set apart for that purpose; yet, instead of inquiring of the Lord, as was his usual custom, he consulted with his captains and leaders and, adopting the Philistine method, had a new cart made, on which they started to bring up the ark (I Chron. xv, 2; xiii, 1).

Then came trouble. The oxen stumbled; Uzzah, attempting to steady the ark, died; David was displeased with God, and the ark was placed in the house of Obed-edom, where it continued three months, bringing blessing to his household (verses 11, 12). Then David, realizing that the fault was his and that on the previous occasion they had not sought the Lord after the due order, had the priests and Levites sanctified to bring up the ark of the Lord God of Israel, and they bore it on their shoulders, as Moses commanded, according to the word of the Lord (I Chron. xv, 13-15). The same Lord who dwelt in the midst of Israel lives now in every true believer (John xiv, 23; II Cor. vi, 16; I Cor. vi, 19, 20), that the world may know Him and believe on Him, and to this end He desires a willing and obedient people set apart wholly for Himself. All wordly conformity in the life of a believer or in the work of the church is like David's new cart, which can only make trouble and grieve the Spirit of God and dishonor God in the eyes of those who know Him not.

Constant Squeezing.

"Now, Algernon," said Miss Fussanfeather, as she was tightly held in the embrace of her fiance, "they tell me that men get tired of squeezing after they are married. Will you promise me not to give it up after we are man and wife?"

"Oh, I assure you it is not necessary to make any such promises," replied the young man. "I guarantee you'll have all the squeezing you want to do to get along on $7 a week."—Exchange.

Flattered Him.

Magistrate (about to commit for trial)—You certainly effected the robbery in a remarkably ingenious way—in fact, with quite exceptional cunning. Prisoner (deprecatingly)—No flattery, yer honor; no flattery, I begs on yer.—London Fun.

Unruffled.

Master—Mary, I wish you would be more careful. I'm sorry to hear my wife has to scold you so often. Mary—Oh, it's all right, sir. I seldom takes any notice of her.—London Telegraph.

A MIND READER.

His Analysis of the Character of the New Boarder.

"I can tell you all about yourself," said the boarding house Sherlock Holmes to the new boarder after the landlady had introduced them across the roast mutton.

The boarding house sleuth prided himself on his keen observation of human nature and his ability to make deductions therefrom.

"You're a mind reader, are you?" asked the new boarder.

"To a great extent," replied the sleuth. "For instance, I never met you before, but I know you are from the east."

"Good guess," said the new boarder.

"You come from a family of extraordinary ability and good antecedents, although none of your family possesses great wealth."

The new boarder smiled his approval.

"A peculiar thing about you is that your beard is of remarkable toughness. Your face, on the contrary, is very tender, so that you experience great difficulty in shaving. Few razors are made of fine enough steel to overcome the texture of your beard."

"True again," said the new boarder, "although I don't know how you guessed it, but my beard is the toughest I have ever encountered."

"Also you are a rough and ready humorist, able to snap out a funny remark in almost any situation that can arise."

"Say," said the new boarder, "you make me feel uncanny. How do you do this stunt of character reading?"

The boarding house Sherlock smiled broadly and speared a "French fried."

"It's this way," he elucidated. "Simple enough when explained, like all really great detective work. I knew you were from the east by the way you worked the salt shaker. Westerners pick up the salt shaker with the right hand and plunge it at the food. Easterners seize the shaker with the left hand, invert it and tap it briskly on the bottom with the right hand."

The boarders gasped in admiration of the sleuth's genius.

"I knew you came from a remarkable family because that's the kind we all come from. I concluded your relatives were not overburdened with wealth or you wouldn't be living in this hashery. I knew your whiskers were remarkably tough, for every man living thinks he has the toughest whiskers going. The barber tells him so. Somehow or other a man takes it as a high compliment to be told his whiskers are the toughest the barber ever tackled. Then it helps reconcile the victim to having his face torn off.

"Lastly, I knew you were a humorist on the same broad and general principle. Every American thinks he is a second Bill Nye with additions and improvements. The small boy at the ball game yells 'Get a basket!' when a ball is fumbled. When the street car conductor says, 'Plenty of room up in front!' half a dozen wits reply, 'Plenty of room, but it's all taken.' When you find a citizen of this great republic who doesn't think he's a jolly you've discovered something."

The new boarder was silent in mental cogitation.—Kansas City Star.

Crocodile Worship.

It was in the very ferocity and terribleness of the crocodile that the Egyptians found the inspiration for the cult they devoted to him. They were mightily afraid of the monster and therefore instituted in his honor the supposedly appeasing worship as though they had said, "Be good enough not to eat us and we will build temples to you and bow down to you as to a god." The students of early history have clearly proved that the earliest worships of every sort took the shape of offerings intended to appease the elementary forces of nature, or the real or imaginary beings of whom men were afraid.—New York American.

Curious Russian Law.

Russia has a law which to outside observers seems almost to put a premium on theft by which stolen goods become the property of the thief if he can prove that he has had possession of them for over five years. In the thieves' market—which is, of course, licensed by the police—goods that admittedly have been stolen (more than five years before) are openly offered for sale, and the place is a veritable Mecca for the light fingered gentry and their enterprising friends, as also for the more honest members of society, who secure many a tempting bargain.

Gulls and Clams.

The discussion continues between those who think that all the acts of the lower animals are satisfactorily explained by the hypothesis of inherited instinct and those who hold that there is an element of intelligence, if not of reasoning, in these things. W. L. Finley, in a work on American birds, mentions an observation of his which may perhaps be explained either way, but which in any case is interesting. A gull seized upon a clam and, rising to a height of about fifteen feet, allowed it to fall upon hard ground. The clam kept its mouth shut. Again the gull rose with it to the same height and dropped it once more, with the same result. This operation was repeated fifteen times, when at last the shock had the desired effect, the shell was opened, and the gull enjoyed its dainty contents.

The Bachelors' Excuses.

At a wedding breakfast the bachelors were called upon to give their reasons for remaining single. The following were among the reasons given:

"I am like the frog in the fable who, though he loved the water, would not jump into the well because he could not jump out again."

"I am too selfish and honest enough to admit it."

"I prefer, on the one hand, liberty, refreshing sleep, the opera, midnight suppers, quiet seclusion, dreams, cigars, a bank account and club to, on the other hand, disturbed rest, cold meat, baby linen, soothing sirup, rocking horses, bread pudding and empty pockets."

"I have a twin brother, and we have never had a secret from one another. He is married."

Mr. Kern's record far outshines that of Mr. Bryan, since the latter was once elected to an office to which he was nominated—representative in congress—while the former's proud catalogue of repeated defeats is dimmed by no stain or blemish.

Unavoidable.

"Do you think a man ought to be greater than his party?"

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "it isn't desirable. But sometimes you can't prevent a man's party from shrinking."—Washington Star.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 55 p m, 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9 32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p. m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6 52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6 52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7 07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
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Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

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Leave Woburn for Melrose Highlands at 5 45 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 8.15 A. M., then every hour until 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.15, P. M.

Leave Melrose Highland for Stoneham and Woburn at 5 00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 7.30 A. M., then every hour until 1.30 P. M, then every 30 minutes until 10.30, P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn for Melrese Highlands at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.15 P. M.

Leave Melrose Highlands for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Sept. 14, 1908.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $1.50 a Year. Single Copies 8 Cents.

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Notice To Patrons,

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5 30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6 45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5 20, 5.50, 6.05, 6 20, 6,50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5 40, 6.10, 6.25, 6 40, 7.10, 7 25, 7.40, 8.10 A M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8 00, 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6 50, 7.05, 7 20, 7.50, 8 05, 8 20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11 50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6 40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7 30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6 50, 7.50, 8.20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11 40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect October 5, 1908

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55, †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8.21, †8.55, §9.23, †10.21, §11.01, †11.17 a. m., §12.05, †12.59, §2.00, †2 04, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.22, †5.02, †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.

LOWELL — †8.20, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, †4 42 §5.28, †6.42, §9.27, †10.59, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H. — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D6.42 p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell. ∥ Saturdays only.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, *Pas. Traf. Mgr.* C. M. BURT, *Gen. Pass. Agt.*

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and our regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works. North Woburn.
321	Burlington Street. opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

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Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
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My Lady And Perkins.

By C. B. LEWIS.

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My lady has reached the age of sixty. She has become nearsighted and a bit deaf. She was rheumatic, and she had a slight stoop and somewhat of an uncertain gait. But for the vigilance of her maid, Perkins, she would have looked every month of her age and passed for the old woman she was.

It was Perkins who skillfully padded her gowns and applied the dainty pink and white complexion and who gave her daily lessons in the art of remaining a young woman.

It was Perkins who had told her for the last dozen years that she looked under forty and who made each birthday count one less instead of one more. In her way, and it was a good way, Perkins was a jewel of the first water.

My lady had wealth. When, at the age of forty, she had married again, only to become a widow for the second time within three years, her cash income had been largely added to.

At fifty a third ardent suitor appeared, but my lady decided to preserve her widowhood and retain control of her money. At sixty she had herself and she had Perkins. Five years previously, when the woman had come to her, she had said:

"Perkins, I am a frivolous thing of thirty-five."

"Yes'm," replied Perkins as she mentally added twenty years to the figures.

"I am frivolous, but not quite a fool."

"No'm."

"And I want you to help me from becoming one."

"Certainly, m'm."

"If you see me flirting or acting giddy, as most young women are apt to do at times, put your foot down and stop it."

"I will, m'm."

"Should I really fall in love, Perkins—should I be so giddy and frivolous and foolish as to think of marriage, put both feet down and bring me to my senses ere it is too late. That's all this evening, Perkins."

Thus Perkins became lady's maid, chaperon and adviser combined. She was the keeper of the keys and the watchdog of the treasury. She was a good judge of human character and a close estimator of how far a flirtation could go and still come under the head of harmless.

On several occasions, when things had gone their limit, she had announced the fact, and my lady had turned her back on the affair.

It was one season at Nice when things went wrong. Perkins was finding it hard work to keep the wrinkles rubbed away. My lady was beginning to notice her own stoop and limp, and she was almost ready to acknowledge that she felt all of forty-eight and a few minutes over.

Count DuBois made his appearance at this opportune moment. He was a real French count, if that was worth anything. He was also a spendthrift and a gambler. He had about reached the end of his tether when he got around to Nice on a tour of adventure and ran across my lady and her friends.

His reputation soon caught up with him, but in Europe a title excuses much. There was almost at once an open flirtation between my lady and the count, and for a time the Argus eyed Perkins watched it and said nothing.

However, when Mrs. Grundy had begun to nod and wink and whisper behind her fan, she took my lady in hand. On all previous occasions the dear old thing had heaved a sigh or two, shrugged her shoulders and submitted to the inevitable, but on this occasion, to Perkins' great surprise, she proved obdurate.

"Perkins, I am surely in love," she replied.

"But you can't be. You are too—too young."

"But I know that I am in love, and I shall marry the count, poor boy."

Perkins came back at her with enough statistics to swamp the characters of three or four adventurers, but my lady had made up her mind and nothing could move her. Perkins knew when to argue and when to conceal herself behind the portieres.

Before the count left the parlors next day she was in possession of all needed particulars. There was to be a yachting party of a dozen friends, and during the trip the engagement would be announced—two weeks later a marriage and a honeymoon trip.

The yacht would not make the harbor until a late hour in the evening, and the count would call for my lady in a carriage. He further threw out a suggestion. It was that Perkins be locked in her room at a certain hour to prevent her wandering about Nice during the evening hours and getting lost or falling off the quay.

Human jewels such as she had been known to disappear off the face of the earth while innocently taking the night air of that charming resort.

"But Perkins won't be advertised for as a lost jewel," said Perkins to herself as the count left the house, and for the next few hours her face wore an expression that ought to have put my lady on her guard, but didn't.

She was so mild and gentle and affectionate and she seemed so far from suspecting any sort of plot that she could have asked for a raise of salary and got it on the spot. As she didn't ask, it was not offered.

Neither did my lady think it best to tell her that she would soon be out of a place. That was another thing the count had suggested—the very last thing as he was leaving the house—that as soon as the marriage took place Perkins could go hang. My lady simply patted her faithful servant and companion on the back and said that she should miss her when she died.

The day on which my lady was to begin her yachting trip dawned auspiciously. She had looked into her heart. She had felt the stir and flutter of love and romance. She had heard that one lady had said that she was old enough to be the count's grandmother.

She looked into her glass and indignantly repudiated the slander. Not a gray hair in her head; not a wrinkle on her face; not a wabble to her knees as she stood there and felt how good it was to be young again. Even her worst enemy must have been forced to admit that day the complexion just finished by Perkins was a three-A brand, and that the movements of the old dame around the room had all the litheness of girlhood.

After the midday lunch she became petulant and nervous and finally drove Perkins away to sit by herself. She thus secured an interval in which to pack a small trunk with the things she would need aboard the yacht. At the dinner hour she had the meal served in her rooms. She ate sparingly, but drank rather more than usual of her favorite brand of wine. It is needless to add that the bottle passed through the hands of Perkins before taking its place on the table.

Half an hour after dinner my lady felt drowsy and retired for a nap. She could sleep for two or three hours and then have plenty of time to turn the key on the unsuspecting Perkins.

Her puffs were laid aside for the nonce, her complexion secured against accident, and she laid her head on the pillow and fell asleep like a tired child—or a grandmother. However, when the count drove up soon after 10 o'clock he found my lady ready and waiting, and the drive to the quay was quickly made.

En route he wanted to inquire if there had been much trouble in disposing of the watchdog, but as his companion seemed disinclined for conversation he decided to let the point stand over until later. They went on board the yacht at once, and my lady was handed over to the care of the stewardess. She might have inquired if the rest of the party had come aboard yet, but she didn't. She didn't seem to care.

The count and the captain had had their morning cocktails and were hungrily awaiting the appearance of my lady and breakfast, when she sailed into the cabin after a night of sleep broken at intervals by chuckles that seemed to chuckle of their own accord.

She had a smile of serenity on her face, and she sat down to the table with a good appetite. The captain doffed his cap and made his bow. The count started to do the same thing, but caught his breath and then yelled.

It was Perkins—Perkins the jewel—Perkins the watchdog—Perkins the all around best ever. She was calm. She was tranquil. She was very much at home.

She excused the absence of my lady on the grounds of a very pressing engagement and promised, as her substitute, to enjoy every hour of the trip so kindly planned and so auspiciously begun.

It was a breakfast with firecrackers and Roman candles tied to it. Every minute or two there was a snapping and crackling, and every minute or two something would go off. The count cursed and raved and tore his hair, the captain grinned and chuckled and Perkins said she hadn't enjoyed a breakfast so much in many moons.

It was soon discovered that she and the count were not en rapport and coundn't view matters in the same light. In fact, they speedily decided that they didn't want to be found drowned in the same Mediterranean sea. If the disappointed and cursing man had had Perkins afar on the desert or on some lonely mountain peak he would have gladly wrung her neck, but on the yacht there were restraints.

Of course the craft put back. When Perkins reached the hotel she found my lady in tears and her complexion ruined for life. The count left Nice the same evening without having called; the captain of the yacht had no news for reporters, and to this day there are not half a dozen people who can elevate their eyebrows and look knowingly when a certain name is mentioned.

Perkins did not take advantage of the circumstance as another might. She simply used the incident as a lever when she wanted to cut short another flirtation. After she had stated her case with the force and clearness of an attorney at law she would hold up a forefinger and conclude with:

"Cut it short, my lady. I may not be there next time to doctor your wine and take your place, and then what would the world say?"

Why Hurry?

The scorching cyclist was on the road to Stratford-on-Avon. He was bent over the handle bars, and the beads which bespeak the strenuous toiler were trickling off his face.

"Hi, sonny," he called to a passing youth, "am I right for Shakespeare's house?"

"Yes, you're right, mister," was the dreamy reply of the leisurely youth, "but you needn't hurry. Shakespeare's dead."—London Answers.

Those Dear Girls.

Stella—Isn't this solitaire Tom gave me a beauty?

Mabel—Oh, yes, but it isn't in it with the one he wanted to give me.—Chicago News.

Explosive Diamonds.

A curious fact about diamonds is that it is not uncommon for the crystals to explode as soon as they are brought up from the mine. Sometimes they have burst in the pockets or the warm hands of miners, due to the effect of increased temperature. Large stones are more likely to do this than small ones. Valuable stones have been destroyed in this way. To safeguard them some dealers place large diamonds in raw potatoes for safe transport from South Africa.

Nonreversible.

Lang—Didn't you tell me that you made yourself solid with Mrs. Vane by asking her if she was herself or her daughter—couldn't tell them apart, and so on?

Strang—I did. What about it?

Lang—Why, I tried the same gag with the daughter, and it didn't go for a cent.—Boston Transcript.

ROBERT FULTON AS A LAD.

Incidents Illustrating the Young Man's Interest In Mechanics.

There are several anecdotes which relate to Robert Fulton's early interest in mechanics—the first steps of progress toward his later skill. In 1773, when he was eight years old, his mother, having previously taught him to read and write, sent him to a school kept by Mr. Caleb Johnson, a Quaker gentleman of pronounced Tory principles—so pronounced, in fact, that he narrowly escaped with his life during the Revolution. But Robert Fulton did not care for books, and he began at a very early age to search for problems never mastered and bound in print. This greatly distressed the Quaker teacher, who spared not the rod, and it is said that in administering such discipline on the hand of Robert Fulton he one day testily exclaimed, "There, that will make you do something!" to which Robert, with folded arms, replied, "Sir, I came to have something beaten into my brains and not into my knuckles." Without doubt he was a trial to his teacher.

He entered school one day very late, and when the master inquired the reason Robert, with frank interest, replied that he had been at Nicholas Miller's shop pounding out lead for a pencil. "It is the very best I ever had, sir," he affirmed as he displayed his product. The master, after an examination of the pencil, pronounced it excellent. When Robert's mother, who had been distressed by his lack of application to his studies, expressed to his teacher her pleasure at signs of improvement the latter confided to her that Robert had said to him, "My head is so full of original notions that there is no vacant chamber to stow away the contents of dusty books."

These incidents to the contrary, it is nevertheless true that Robert Fulton did absorb a good knowledge of the rudiments of education.—Century Magazine.

THE TRAPPED THIEF.

A Midnight Adventure With South American Desperadoes.

In describing certain experiences among the outlaws and desperadoes of South America an English traveler tells the following grisly story:

"One night a farmer was roused from sleep by hearing unusual and stealthy noises about the place. He got quietly out of bed and, after listening attentively, discovered that some people outside were cutting a hole through the door close to the bolt by which it was held.

"It did not require any great amount of detective talent to guess the object of the operation, and the best way to foil it was suggested by a thong of rawhide with a loop on it which hung from a hook on the inside of the door. Noiselessly removing the thong, he slipped the end of it through the loop, and there he stood armed with an impromptu lasso, ready for action.

"It was an anxious time while the farmer stood watching the hole in the door grow larger and larger until at last it was of sufficient size to effect the purpose for which it was made.

"The supreme moment arrived, and a hand was stealthily inserted not only through the hole, but also through the loop of the little lasso which hung skillfully around it. With a sudden jerk the loop was tightened around the wrist and the hand dragged in as far as the aperture would allow, while the thong was securely fastened to the hook on the back of the door.

"The robber was perfectly helpless. His companions came to his aid and, having ineffectually dragged at the imprisoned arm till they were tired, gave up the struggle and prepared to depart.

"But they were prudent men, and it occurred to them to save himself their companion might betray them. Dead men, they thought, tell no tales, so they killed him."—New York Mail.

A Maharajah's Revenge.

A maharanee of Nepaul committed suicide in horror at the disfigurement which an attack of smallpox had caused in her features. The maharajah, who was passionately attached to her, first wreaked his vengeance on the physicians who had attended her in her illness. Then he flew at higher game. Out of the great temple he brought the idols, placed loaded cannon before them and bade gunners fire. In terror at the proposed blasphemy, they refused. Thereupon the maharajah hanged several of them. The survivors then submitted, and the guns were fired and the idols blown to pieces.—Leipsic Missionsblatt.

The Coveted Hand.

The young man had gone to the heiress' father—always a ticklish job—but he took his courage with an iron grip.

"Sir," he blurted out, "I want to ask you for your daughter's hand."

The old man, not in the least disconcerted, said:

"Which hand? The one she signs checks with, I suppose?"

Hit Him Hard.

"I presume," said the lodger icily at the conclusion of the little dispute with his landlady—"I presume that you will allow me to take my belongings away with me?"

"I am sorry," was the icy reply, "but your other collar has not yet come home from the laundry."—Kansas City Independent.

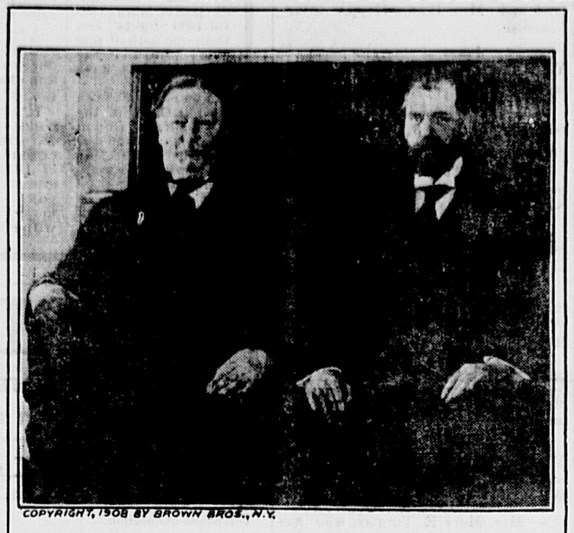
The Way He Lost.

The McSkinner—Twa shillin' to gang to Holborn! Nay, nay. But—weel, I'll toss ye, double or quits. Sporting Cabby—Well, I'm goin' that way any'ow, so 'ere goes! 'Eads! The McSkinner—Heads? Weel, ye've won. So I'll jist hae to walk!—Punch.

Quite Handy.

Wife (reading)—Isn't this funny, my dear? Here is an article which says they have found a new species of birds in Australia which have four legs. Now, whatever do you suppose they want four legs for? Husband (yawning)—They are probably politicians, my love, and by this beautiful dispensation of their Creator they are enabled to stand on both sides of the fence at the same time.—Pearson's Weekly.

A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS



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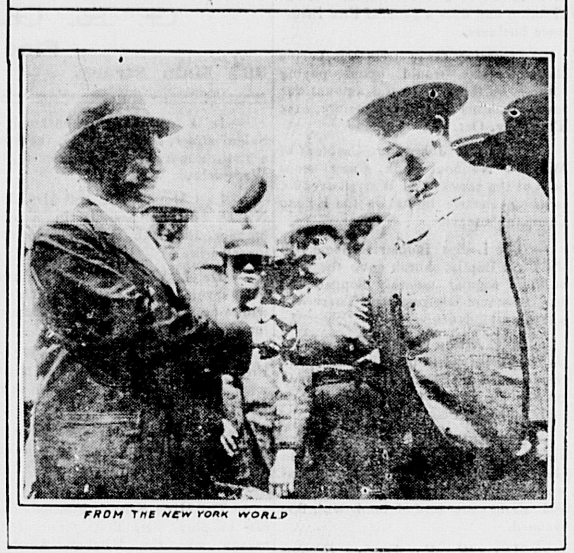
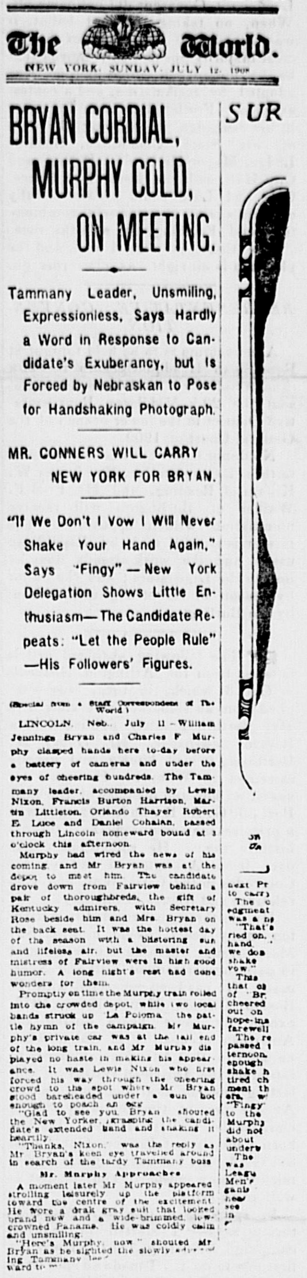
William H. Taft, Republican Candidate for President, and Charles E. Hughes, Governor of New York, at the Meeting of the Advisory Committee of the Prison Ship Martyrs Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.



FROM THE NEW YORK WORLD

William J. Bryan, Democratic Candidate for President Greeting Charles F. Murphy, the Tammany Boss, in the Railroad Station in Lincoln.



The World.
NEW YORK, SUNDAY, JULY 12, 1908

BRYAN CORDIAL, MURPHY COLD, ON MEETING.

Tammany Leader, Unsmiling, Expressionless, Says Hardly a Word in Response to Candidate's Exuberancy, but Is Forced by Nebraskan to Pose for Handshaking Photograph.

MR. CONNERS WILL CARRY NEW YORK FOR BRYAN.

"If We Don't I Vow I Will Never Shake Your Hand Again," Says "Fingy"—New York Delegation Shows Little Enthusiasm—The Candidate Repeats: "Let the People Rule"—His Followers' Figures.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The World.)

LINCOLN, Neb., July 11.—William Jennings Bryan and Charles F. Murphy clasped hands here to-day before a battery of cameras and under the eyes of cheering hundreds. The Tammany leader, accompanied by Lewis Nixon, Francis Burton Harrison, Martin Littleton, Orlando Thayer, Robert E. Luce and Daniel Cohalan, passed through Lincoln homeward bound at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

Murphy had wired the news of his coming, and Mr. Bryan was at the depot to meet him. The candidate drove down from Fairview behind a pair of thoroughbreds, the gift of Kentucky admirers, with Secretary Rose beside him and Mrs. Bryan on the back seat. It was the hottest day of the season, with a blistering sun and lifeless air, but the master and mistress of Fairview were in high good humor. A long night's rest had done wonders for them.

Promptly on time the Murphy train rolled into the crowded depot, while two local bands struck up "La Paloma," the battle hymn of the campaign. Mr. Murphy's private car was at the tail end of the long train, and Mr. Murphy displayed no haste in making his appearance. It was Lewis Nixon who first forced his way through the cheering crowd to the spot where Mr. Bryan stood bareheaded under a sun hot enough to poach an egg.

"Glad to see you, Bryan," shouted the New Yorker, grasping the candidate's extended hand and shaking it heartily.

"Thanks, Nixon," was the reply, as Mr. Bryan's keen eye traveled around in search of the tardy Tammany boss.

Mr. Murphy Approaches.

A moment later Mr. Murphy appeared strolling leisurely up the platform toward the centre of the excitement. He wore a drab gray suit that looked brand new and a wide-brimmed, low-crowned Panama. He was coldly calm and unsmiling.

"Here's Murphy, now," shouted Mr. Bryan as he sighted the slowly [illegible] ing Tammany [illegible]

Mark Twain Caught Out.

A poet, a pair of trousers across his knee, sat in his attic trying to thread a needle.

"The proper way," he said, "is to hold the thread still and push the needle toward it or to hold the needle still and push the thread toward it. Mark Twain says both ways are right. Then he says they are both wrong."

Taking down "The Prince and the Pauper," the poet read:

"He did as men have always done and probably always will do to the end of time—held the needle still and tried to thrust the thread through the eye, which is the opposite of a woman's way."

Then the poet, taking down "Huckleberry Finn," read:

"'Bless you, child, when you set out to thread a needle don't hold the thread still and fetch the needle up to it. Hold the needle still and poke the thread at it. That's the way a woman most always does, but a man always does t'other way.'"

Who Would Want to Be a Lama?

The lama pilgrims among the Tibetan Hindoos, as they pursue their mountain pilgrimages, literally measure off the distance with their bodies. The distinguished traveler Sven Hedin, writing of his discoveries in Tibet in Harper's Magazine, describes them as lying down full length on the ground, making a mark on the road, rising and stepping forward to the mark, once more to fall full length. One such walking journey as this, says Dr. Hedin, equals thirty ordinary ones. Among the lamas also are to be found those who immure themselves in a dark cave for life, food being passed in through a passage or hole underground. Should the dish be one day untouched those outside may know that the sacrificial prisoner has died—seated, since all good lamas must die seated, in the wooden frame which was fashioned for him when he was entombed.

Fine Care Fine Hair

It's fine care that makes fine hair! Use Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, systematically, conscientiously, and you will get results. We know it stops falling hair, cures dandruff, and is a most elegant dressing. Entirely new. New bottle. New contents.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's

Formula with each bottle
Show it to your doctor
Ask him about it, then do as he says

Ayer's Hair Vigor, as now made from our new improved formula, is the latest, most scientific, and in every way the very best hair preparation ever placed upon the market. For falling hair and dandruff it is the one great medicine.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

A DRAGON HUNT.

It Took Place In Turkey and Was a Great Success.

"Yes, I wunst hunted dragons, and the hunt was successful, too," said a sailor.

"It was in Eyoub, the native quarter of old Constantinople. I lived there with my wife, a Circassian gal, Fatmah by name, and, comin' home from the calf one night"—

"Calf?"

"Sure! Calf. Don't you know what a calf is? Kind of restaurant where you eat and drink and smoke. But where was I?"

"You were coming home."

"Well, as we come home from the calf Fatmah grabbed my arm, pointed to the moon and give a loud yell. The full moon behind the domes and minarets was goin' into an eclipse. I laughed, but Fatmah says:

"'A dragon, O my beloved,' she says, 'is tryin' to devour the moon!' she says. 'If the faithful slay it not, there will be no more moonlight,' says she—'never!'

"Then, by tar, begun the biggest racket I ever hear. All Eyoub was on a dragon hunt. From every housetop the faithful fired blunderbusses at the moon in the hope of killin' the dragon.

"When we got home I tried to explain to Fatmah what an eclipse was, but she thought I was laughin' at her. So I gave up my explanations, and, with a pistol, each of us joined in the hunt, bangin' away at the dragon from the winder turn and turn about.

"By crinus, we got him! The hunt was a success! The dead dragon dropped off the moon, and she floated, round and silvery wunst more, above the palms and minarets standin' black agin the pale sky.

"Fatmah claimed it was her shot what landed him, but I was always convinced it was my own."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Sweet Revenge.

Mrs. Shopper (after inspecting everything in the store)—I don't see anything here that suits me. I suppose I may as well go down to Stacys' and see what they have. They usually have a good assortment.

Salesman—Here's a card of one of their salesmen. Won't you kindly ask for him?

Mrs. Shopper — Ah! A friend of yours, I presume?

Salesman—No, madam, he has owed me $10 for the past three years.—Puck.

Highly Practical.

"Your business college for young ladies seems to be all right."

"It is all right."

"Do you give the girls a good practical business training?"

"In reply to that question I can only say that 60 per cent of our graduates marry their employers the first year."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Absent Treatment.

"What is the matter with Mrs. Spicy? I saw her sitting on her porch as I came by gritting her teeth and looking daggers into vacancy."

"Her husband is a half hour late and she is giving him absent treatment."—Chicago Journal.

THE ILLS OF MAN.

Appendicitis and Gout Rampant Thousands of Years Ago.

The injuries, disease and peculiarities of the people who lived in the valley of the Nile from prehistoric until early Christian times, a period of over 5,000 years, are shown in a pathological collection on view at the Royal College of Surgeons in London. The collection was obtained during the exploration of fifty-seven cemeteries in the area of the Nile valley lying immediately south of the pillars of Konosso, which mark the frontier of ancient Egypt.

The survey was carried out under the direction of Captain H. G. Lyons of the Egyptian government. In one grave were found the abdominal organs of a woman so well preserved that it was possible to say that she suffered from appendicitis, which is considered to be the earliest evidence of this disease. Typical lesions of gout were found in an early Christian subject.

A pair of splints, with bandages, were found on the forearms of a young woman's body, both the forearms having been broken just above the wrists. The splints are almost identical with those used at the present day.

Beggars Are Ingenious.

"Nowhere is the ingenuity of the present age more apparent than in the begging letters received by rich men," said a private secretary. "I have been reading letters of that kind by the hundred for the last fifteen years. Formerly all begging letters sounded alike. So stereotyped were they that they might have been copied verbatim from a ready letter writer. Now the writers display originality. They may want the same old things that their predecessors wanted, but they ask for them in a different way. People in need have acquired the art of expressing themselves forcibly. That is to their advantage.

"It may be unjust, but usually it is the letter that hits the rich man hardest that brings a favorable reply. The writer may not really need assistance nearly so badly as some timid person who can't get away from trite phrases, but he gets the relief asked for every time."—New York Globe.

Useless.

A young enthusiastic revivalist had been exhorting a congregation in a small mining town for over two hours without perceptible effect. He was somewhat discouraged until a rough old miner interrupted him with:

"Say, brother, I'd like to ask a question."

The young revivalist beamed. "Thank you, my man, for your interest," he replied. "I shall be more than glad to set you right on any question. Your desire for enlightenment is a good sign, which I am very, very glad to see. Now, what is it you want to know?"

"Kin I smoke?" asked the miner.—Life.

Getting Personal.

"How does a man get a 'game leg,' pa?"

"Well, you see"—

"Is it by getting into a game and having it pulled?"—New York Press.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, OCT. 9, 1908

STATE CONVENTION.

The Republican State convention was held in Boston last Saturday, Oct. 3. Eben S. Draper was nominated for Governor by acclamation; Louis A. Frothingham for Lieutenant Governor; and the present incumbents for the balance of the ticket.

The expected hot triangular fight over the nomination of a candidate for Lieutenant Governor did not come off. When, on taking the first ballot, it was found that Frothingham had a clear majority Speaker Cole moved that he be nominated, which motion was adopted by acclamation, and a contest avoided. Frothingham was fortunate in his campaign in securing the help of the State Committee, Senator Lodge, Mayor Hibbard of Boston and City Hall, and the Back Bay forces. Cole and Luce could not successfully contend against this powerful combination, and Frothingham won the race.

The ticket is a good one, and the platform is all right, as platforms go.

REPRESENTATIVE CONVENTION.

A convention is to be held tonight at Republican Headquarters in this city to nominate two candidates to represent the 20th Middlesex, Representative District in the lower branch of the General Court of 1909.

No doubt is felt but that our present faithful Representative, Mr. James W. Killam of Reading, and Mr. Fred F. Walker of Burlington will receive nominations without opposition. The former is entitled to it by Republican usage and the work already done by him in the Legislature; and the latter by reason of his strong endorsement by the Burlington caucus.

☞ The following abridged article is taken from the Arlington *Advocate* of Oct. 3, which, in turn, was compiled from an elaborate interview with Mr. Berthrong lately published in a Boston newspaper. Mr. Henry W. Berthrong is well known and greatly esteemed in Woburn. He was, for years, an honored member of Burbank Post 33, G. A. R., and, long ago, won a priceless matrimonial prize in this old historic town. He sometimes comes over from Arlington to call on his Comrades in the Civil War, and visit relatives and friends in this city.

Mr. Berthrong has resided in Arlington many years, living now at 827 Mass. avenue where he is now engaged in painting portraits of Taft and Sherman. He has been connected with the Boston Custom House since 1875, except for three years during the American occupation of Cuba, when he went to that island as an expert to introduce the American system of collecting customs at all the Cuban ports. At the present time he is liquidating clerk at the Custom House. He has been a member of Francis Gould Post 36, G. A. R., for many years and is talented as a musicirn and linguist as well as an artist.

In speaking of this work Mr. Berthrong says—"I started in making campaign banners in 1872. I was the first one to do it. I made an enormous one of nominee Grant and presented it to a dyed-in-the-wool Republican friend. It made a big hit with him, and he floated it from a flagpole. It attracted a great deal of attention, and the newspapers all over the country commented upon it. From then on I have done all the Republican work Some campaigns I did the work for both parties. I have painted every President from Grant. Josiah Quincy gave me the work of doing Cleveland's portrait in the years he was elected, so I did not miss a President. My best job came from Mark Hanna, who gave me five hundred portraits to make."

In competition with sixteen other artists, Mr. Berthrong won first prize in New York for the best head of President Lincoln. It has also been widely copied. There are fifteen of his portraits in the Boston theatre. His paintings of the elder Booth, Edwin Forrest, Charlotte Cushman, E L. Davenport, Henry Irving, John Brougham and J. W. Wallack are all declared to be perfect likenesses.

☞ The Senatorial convention held in the Town Hall of Winchester on the evening of Oct. 1 by the Republicans of the 6th District to nominate a successor to Senator Herbert S. Riley, turned out in a different manner from that generally expected. The opinion prevailed among the Republican leaders that, if the hatchet should be buried and harmony prevail in the Medford Republican ranks, and a candidate agreed on and presented by them, that city would win the prize, as it seemed logically and fairly to belong to them The harmony was there and the candidate in the person of ex-Mayor Lovering, but the rest of it didn't work as anticipated, for instead of Lovering, Crosby of Arlington gained the nomination by a good sized plurality. Probably 7 of the 11 Woburn delegates voted for Crosby. Jones of Stoneham, and Miller of Wakefield made poor shows in the convention.

☞ The JOURNAL is indebted to Mrs. Charles P. Strong, Corresponding Secretary of "The Massachusetts Association opposed to the further extension of Suffrage to Women," for a copy of the October number of the *Remonstrance*, the official organ of the Association, published in Boston, which says that 14,000 women belong to their State organization. The names of the officers suggest the idea that the Association is a "Boston Notion" run by Back Bay women.

☞ One of the best and most popular appointments, or reappointments, made by Governor Guild last Wednesday was that of Clarence C. Smith, Esq, for Recorder of the Land Court of the Commonwealth. He has a thorough knowledge of the business of the office, and is a straight-forward man and official.

☞ Presidential election comes three weeks from next Tuesday, Nov. 3. Are you ready for the question?

☞ Are the Republicans of Woburn to have no rallies this campaign, Mr. Chairman Riley?

☞ Draper, Lodge and Frothingham opened the State campaign last Monday.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

Edison Co.—Light.
E. J. Johnson—Citation.
A. E. Gage—Commissioner's Sale.

— Company G began regular drills at the Armory last Monday evening.

— The engagement of Chester Holland and Miss Emma Hopper is announced.

— The Jews of this city observed Yom Kippur, their Day of Atonement, last Monday.

— The Presidential election will take place on Nov. 3, or 3 weeks from next Tuesday.

— Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Smith entertained a large party of friends last Saturday evening.

— Carl P. Hubbard of this city has been elected Marshal of the Senior Class of Tufts College.

— Many of the largest taxpayers of this city are thinking of President J. W. Johnson of the Woburn National Bank for Mayor this Fall.

— Harold Pushee, son of Mr. F. M. Pushee, is a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and making excellent progress in his studies.

— Herrick Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Wilbur Brown of this city, was united in wedlock to Miss Florence Wheelock at Springfield last Monday.

— Mrs. Mary E. Turgiss, who has a grocery at 145 Washington street, has recently had it wired for the use of electric lights on the Edison Company's service.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— Collector Gray tells the people that, if they would avoid paying interest on their taxes, the amount due must reach his office on, or before, next Thursday, Oct. 15.

— Edward Johnson, Cashier of Woburn National Bank, a new occupant of the house at 54 Warren avenue, is using electric lights on the Edison Company's service.

— The Ladies' Industrial Society of the First Baptist church gave the first of their regular monthly supper and entertainment last evening. There was a large attendance.

— Mrs. Arthur C. Wyer and daughter have returned from their half year's residence at the Benjamin Champney cottage in North Conway, N. H., to their home on Pleasant street.

— The E. Prior Real Estate agency has sold for George C. Durston to George P. Russell an estate on Mishawum Road consisting of dwelling house and about one acre of land with fine orchard.

— Hon. W. F. Davis, George William Buchanan, and Frank Richardson attended the grand banquet of the St. John's Masonic Lodge's 175th anniversary in Boston last Monday evening.

— A perusal of the new Boston & Maine Railroad timetable, and comparison with its immediate predecessor, will disclose some changes in the arrival and departure of trains at the Woburn station.

— On account of the change of timetable and consequent later arrival of the first mail train from Boston Postmaster Wyer has discontinued the early morning delivery that has heretofore been in vogue.

— The Alumnae Association of the St. Charles Parish school is a newly organized social candidate for public favor, and is receiving it. At a recent meeting the girls arranged for a lively winter's campaign of social functions.

— The plant of the Woburn Machine Company is running full handed, with orders enough for machinery on file to keep the large force of machinists busy for some time to come. A great deal of the work of the Company goes into the West on orders.

— The business cards of Fitz & Stanley of the Boston Branch, published in the JOURNAL, always make interesting reading, because they point out to the public where the finest family groceries are kept for sale, and are sold at the most moderate prices.

— Last Saturday morning Mr. Charles M. Strout left at 15 Church avenue a magnificent collection of dahlias from his garden on Montvale avenue. A big box overflowed with the largest and finest specimens of the royal flower that we have seen this year.

— Mr. James H. Callahan, the Church avenue B. & M. gateman, arrived here from Ireland at 8 o'clock Friday morning, Oct. 2, after a visit of nearly 3 months at his old home in the Emerald Isle, having sailed from Boston on July 4. He had a good rest and pleasant time while away.

— Many friends from Boston, Roxbury, Stoneham, Woburn, Wakefield and Reading visited Mrs. C. Burdett Taylor on the evening of Oct. 1, to congratulate her on her 75th birthday anniversary that day and left presents. An enjoyable season was passed by everyone present, by Mrs. Taylor especially.

— After nearly an all night steady rain, which began about bedtime on Thursday evening, the weather on Friday of last week was, most decidedly, of a late Fall, or early winter, variety. The sun shone only at long intervals; a cold wind blew strong all day from the N. W.; and the weather generally suggested the firing up of furnaces.

— Rev. W. H. Scott, former pastor of St. John's (colored) Baptist church, and a resident, of this city, was one of the speakers at a great meeting and annual election of the New England Suffrage League at Providence, R I., last Monday. The Negroes were advised and urged to either vote for Bryan, or omit electors—to go against Taft, anyhow. Rev. Mr. Scott was elected Treasurer of the League.

How Much Does it Cost to Light a Match

ELECTRICITY is cheaper than matches for closets. You generally want a light in a closet for a second or two.

1,000 matches cost five cents. A 4 candle power lamp costs for 1000 "lights" less than one-fifth of one cent, now that the electric prices have been cut.

You need not even stop to think of the danger from matches and the trouble in lighting them when costs are compared.

It has made a large difference all long the line—the reduction in electric prices. Everybody should—nearly everybody is—getting in Edison light these days. It would surprise you to see the figures on the number of new applications we received last month.

All these are needed to help out our reduced income due to the lower prices.

If you are already a customer you now have the advantage of our Department of Illuminating Engineering. Its purpose is to give you more useful light without increasing your consumption of Electricity or help you cut your bills without decreasing your present useful light.

Either way we are satisfied if you are pleased.

Here you are treated with the same courtesy whether you buy or not, as you would receive in the best retail stores.

The Edison Electric Illuminating Co.
39 Boylston St.
Phone Oxford 3300

Get your advice free, on increasing illumination or decreasing bills.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

NEW FALL STYLES

— AT —

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Fine Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Wobur

— In a certain neighborhood on Salem street, strange to say, there was a birth, a marriage, and a funeral, last Wednesday.

— Last Monday Mr. and Mrs. John N. C. Parker passed, in a quiet manner, the 10th milestone in their married life.

— Mr. L. W. Fowle has returned from several weeks visit to Michigan, where he has been taking treatments for rheumatism.

— The Missionary Society of the First Congregational church will meet with Mrs. Maria R. Bickford at her home this afternoon.

— The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church will hold their annual supper and entertainment on Wednesday evening, Oct. 28.

— The High School Football team are to play their first game of the season with the Mitchell Academy team at Billerica, tomorrow, Oct. 10.

— Mr. Joseph Linnell's sister, Mrs. Sarah L. Pollard, relict of the late Samuel O. Pollard, celebrated her 83d birthday anniversary last Wednesday

— The Social Benevolent Society of First Congregational church held their first fall meeting with supper and entertainment Thursday afternoon and evening.

— It is about time for the politicians and candidates for office to be thinking about the next city election. Necessarily, the campaign must be "short, sharp and decisive."

— Why do some folks persist in calling Judge Johnson's a "local" Court? It is no more so than is the Superior Court at Cambridge a local one. The jurisdiction of the Court held daily in this city covers one city and 5 towns, with a population of about 35,000, and Wilmington has just as much right to claim it as "local" to that town as Woburn has. It is a District, not a local, Court.

— The two Battalions of the recently organized Holy Name Society of St. Charles church have four Companies each, with another ready to join, and are officered as follows: Col., D. J. Canty; Adjutant M. J. Meagher, Jr.; Majors, James Mahoney and Cornelius W. Sweeney; Quartermaster, Bernard McHugh; Captains, Thos. J. Feeney, Fred J. Rice, John Gately, Bartholomew Flaherty, John Turner, James Donovan, James Greaney, Thomas Quirk, Bart Mahoney.

— The season for big game shooting in Maine opened on Oct. 1, and already, the papers say, the woods down there are full of mighty hunters. Moose, deer, caribou and bears are plenty, and the prospect for a lively season in the Maine forests was never better. We hear that Dr. Chalmers, Charlie Jones, Dr. Blake, William Beggs, and other noted Woburn Nimrods, shouldered their shootingirons and betook themselves, in short order, to the hunting grounds of the Pine Tree State.

— At a meeting of the School Board held last week the following teachers for the evening school, same as last year, were appointed. The school is to open next Monday evening, Oct. 12, in the Hanson school, at 7.30: Andrew R. Linscott, Principal; Miss Ellen L. Watts and Theodore G. Govostes in the Greek-English Department; Miss Mary R. Walsh and Miss Alice J. Murray in the Stenography and Typewriting Department; Miss M. Ada Munroe and Miss Karen Ekman in the Elementary Department. John Winchester will have charge of the Mechanical Drawing.

— St. John's Lodge of Masons of Boston, the oldest Masonic Lodge in this country, celebrated the 175th anniversary of its birth early this week, beginning on Sunday, in a manner befitting the important occasion. The following prominent Woburn Masons were present at the Sunday exercises: William G. Buchanan, Abijah Thompson, William E. Fresh, W. T. Carswell, Harrie B. Blye, Frank Menchin, Louis Menchin, George J. Whithed, Everett Cummings, John M. Wallace, James A. Brown, Frank G. Richardson, William Davis, M. A. Burnes, C. A. Pierce, William Spillsbury, Henry McMahon.

— John G. Flagg, 67 years old, died last Sunday.

— Latest advices from City Hall inform us that the Board of Public Works have voted to contract with the Edison E. L. Co. to light the streets of this city all night every night the remainder of this year. Good!

— Theodore Boutelle has returned from Brooklyn, N. Y., where he has been employed as foreman in a currying shop for several months. He has been in poor health for some weeks so thought best to give up his position.

— This section of the Commonwealth has been wonderfully blessed this week in the matter of weather. Sunny days and calm moonlight nights have prevailed here all the week, and people have enjoyed them to the fullest extent. Yesterday was simply charming.

— Next Sunday, Oct. 11, at the Methodist church, the pastor, Rev. A. Herrick, will preach the first of a series of eight sermons on the general topic "The Future Life." The sermons will be on the following subjects:—Death, Immortality, The Intermediate State, The Second Advent, The Ressurrection, The Judgment, Hell, Heaven.

— The celebration of the 15th anniversary of the establishment of the Swede Evangelical Lutheran church last week in this city, was followed by cash donations from the generous people of Woburn to the extent of over $1600. That was doing the business of church contributions up in the finest kind of style, and minister Swenssen was happy.

— Dr. Carl Reynolds, dentist, has changed his office from the Savings Bank block to rooms over the 5 cent store in Waldo Thompson's big building. It is an excellent business location, and the rooms are large, light, and pleasant. Dr. Carl Reynolds is a recent graduate from a leading Dental College, and one of the best operators in the profession.

— The Lyceum Hall Association held their annual meeting last Tuesday and elected the following officers for the ensueing year: Directors, Thomas Moore, Winthrop Hammond of Worcester, J. Foster Deland, C. A. Burdett and A. E Burdett. The Directors met and chose Winthrop Hammond President of the Board of Directors J. Foster Deland was chosen as Clerk and Treasurer, and C. A. Burdett, Auditor.

— Smith & Varney, the leading Woburn jewelers and silversmiths, advertise their business this week by distributing, with their card, "An Outline of the Life and Works of Paul Revere," published by the Towle Manufacturing Co., Silversmiths, as the third number of their Colonial series, which contains a catalogue of the silverware bearing the name of Paul Revere, which Smith & Varney sell. It is a handsome and valuable publication.

— Last Saturday afternoon we were very much pleased with a visit from Hon. John P. Fox of Geneseo, Illinois, where he was a neighbor and friend of ours for nearly 20 years. Since early Summer Mr. and Mrs. Fox have been visiting Center Harbor, Lake Winnipesaukee, N. H., their native soil, where a most delightful season was passed by them amid the still greatly beloved scenes of their younger days Last week, with regret, they struck tent at Center Harbor, came down to Boston, and today leave on a leisurely journey for their Illinois home, which they expect to reach soon after the middle of the present month. This estimable pair of typical New Englanders have been residents of Henry county, Illinois, ever since 1858, and the county contains no people more highly respected than they. For 50 years Mr. Fox has been prominent and influential in political, official and business life there, and has always enjoyed the confidence and esteem of everybody in that section of the Prairie State. They still love their native Yankee Land.

— Mr. and Mrs. George H. Taylor of 23 Pleasant street, assisted by their daughter Marion Hortense, will give Friday, Oct. 16, a choicer place in the calendar than other days, because it is the 15th anniversary of their matrimonial alliance. They will do nothing elaborate by way of celebrating the event; they only just will give a dinner to a few relatives, and, perhaps, an outside guest, or two Everybody wishes Mr. and Mrs. Taylor continued prosperity and happiness.

— It is gratifying as well as encouraging to hear that the Commercial Department of the Woburn High school contains a greater number than ever of bright boys and girls, for it shows that parents are learning what the educational needs of their children are; and that the latter appreciate the value of an education that will be more useful to them in the business of life than the knowledge gained from a college classical course. These pupils are learning to do things; are gaining a practical education; storing up useful knowledge.

— Next Wednesday, Oct. 14, the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx is to celebrate the 73d anniversary of its organization as a military Company, in an appropriate manner. The Phalanx, which is Co. G, 5th Mass. Reg. Inf., the "Dandy Fifth," so named, came into existence in the year 1835, and during its 73 years has played an important part in the military history of the State. The celebration next Wednesday is to consist of a target shooting contest at Brookside Rifle Range from 1 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon; and a banquet, with the customary accessories of music and oratory, at 7.30 p. m., in the Armory. Several distinguished military men are expected to be present at the banquet as Guests of Honor of Capt. McCarthy and the Company.

Boston Theatres.

CASTLE SQUARE.

There is a humor and liveliness to Clyde Fitch's comedies that makes every one of them a pleasurable entertainment. One of his best is "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" and it will be given at the Castle Square during the coming week, beginning with a Monday matinee. Its plot deals with an American girl who has been left an orphan in the care of a frivolous old uncle. Not wishing to have his life upset by the care of her, he sent her to Germany for education and returning to America shortly after his death, she is followed by an Hungarian nobleman who fell in love with her at a ball in Buda Pesth. Complications arise through a confusion of the identity of this nobleman with a brother who resembles him, and the play proceeds to a delightful and comic conclusion.

KEITH'S

Alice Lloyd, the English comedienne who is making her second visit to Boston, has again become the talk of the town, and the result is crowded houses at Keith's Theatre. She has been held over for another week, special arrangements having been made to prolong her last appearance in vaudeville, and the engagement is one of the most successful ever played at this popular house. Notwithstanding the fact that Miss Lloyd is proving such a magnet, the surrounding bill is even stronger than that of last week, which was such a record breaker.

THE BOSTON.

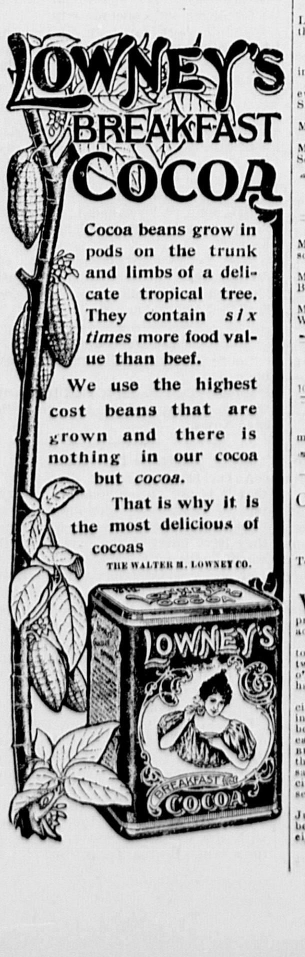
The welcome received by the Boston Theatre Stock Company last week seems to leave no doubt as to the place held by this organization in the estimation of the theatregoers of the Hub, and that it is destined to play an even more important part, is evident from what has already been learned of the plans of Mr. B. F. Keith in regard to it. For a second week, for instance, there has been secured one of the greatest successes of recent years, one that has never been seen outside of the highest priced houses. This attraction will be "Salomy Jane," in which Miss Eleanor Gordon will appear in the title role.

THE ORPHEUM.

The Orpheum Theatre has now fallen into the swing of its vaudeville season and the bill offered there for the coming week is not only unusually strong, but exceptionally varied. The feature of the week's bill is the first and only serious presentation of the season's success, "Salome" presented under the personal direction of Frank Rigo, stage director of the Conried Metropolitan Opera House, with a competent cast, and special scenic investiture. The production will include the famous dance of the "Seven Veils," as produced under Mr. Rigo's direction at the Metropolitan Opera House, Mlle. Edna Porter, interpreting the dancer's role.

Woman Suffrage.

The first resolution adopted by the Women's Trade Union League of Massachusetts, at its annual meeting just held in Boston, was in favor of the ballot for women. It went through by a unanimous vote. Woman suffrage has also been endorsed by the American Federation of Labor, and by the State Federations of Labor in California, Connecticut, Colorado, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Washington and West Virginia.



LOWNEY'S BREAKFAST COCOA

Cocoa beans grow in pods on the trunk and limbs of a delicate tropical tree. They contain *six times* more food value than beef.

We use the highest cost beans that are grown and there is nothing in our cocoa but *cocoa*.

That is why it is the most delicious of cocoas

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.

WINCHESTER.

The Selectmen have offered a reward of $100 for the conviction of any person sending a false fire alarm.

The fear of a scarlet fever epidemic, which was felt here a few weeks ago, has subsided, and the danger passed.

Rev. J. W. Suter warns the people against the "Endless Prayer Chain," and tells them to destroy it, if received It is a fraud from beginning to end.

Another nomination for Mr. McCall for Congress is pleasing to our town. Why not? He is one of our most prominent citizens, and his high Congressional standing is an honor to us

This town is to have a truly Board of Trade, sure enough. At a meeting held last week by the merchants it was so decided, and last evening it was expected that an organization would be perfected.

The Winchester Boat Club closes its season this evening by a smoker at its club house. Samuel J. Elder Esq., will be the principal speaker. The club is in a flourishing condition having nearly doubled its membership the past season.

Wedgemere Colony of Pilgrim Fathers have elected the following officers: James McLellan, Gov.; Mrs. Sarah Doherty, Lieut. Gov.; Mrs. James McLellan, Sec.; Wm. H Vayo, Treas.; Miss Annie Daly, Dep. Sargent-at-Arms; Miss Katherine Kenney, Sargent-at-Arms; Miss Annie Carney, Chaplain; Miss Lena Tigh, Sentinel; James Roach, Collector.

Hit by Auto.

C. H. Conant of Stoneham was struck by an automobile of E. M. Elder of Lynnfield last Wednesday evening and seriously injured. As near as the police have been able to learn, Conant whois 67 years of age, was crossing the street as the machine approached and became confused, slipped and fell in front of the machine.

He was taken in the automobile to the Woburn Hospital, where it was found that he had sustained two fractures of the right leg, one above the knee and one below; a fracture of the right arm above the elbow, and numerous cuts and bruises on various parts of his body. After being cared for at the Woburn Hospital he was transferred to the Mass. General Hospital in Boston where he died.

Literary Notices.

The coming of the fall months of the year is aptly symbolized in the fine picture (in colors) of Halloween fun which decorates the front cover of the October AMERICAN BOY, and the contents will be found most enjoyable by grown-ups as well as the boys. The serials are continued, and Weir's story of Circus life is concluded. There are quite a number of short stories delightfully interesting, such as: The Neophyte; The Deer Trailers; One Good Turn; Obeying the Captain is a story of self-sacrifice, and The Secret of Success. In addition there are about 90 illustrations. $1.00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

Trinity Parish.

The Right Rev. Wm. Lawrence, Bishop of Mass. will visit Trinity church, Woburn, the latter part of November. Preliminary to his coming, the Rector of the church will at the morning services give a series of sermons dealing with the growth of Christianity from its inherent qualities and the influence of the old Paganism upon the new religion. He will follow the developement of the movement into the Roman Catholic church, and will show how individualism crushed under the authority of the church was compelled to rebel against authority in order to live, becoming the systems of Modern Protestantism. The peculiar position of the Episcopal church will be shown and its determination to allow to exist within its fold extreme Conservatism and extreme Radicalism. This is her reason for existence and is her method of dealing with the perplexing question of Modern Religion. The Rector has in mind preparation for Confirmation, both for the youth of his own church and others who are in any way interested in the Ediscopal church.

The night services will be of a practical nature dealing with Baptism and the Ten Commandments.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Friday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—17th Sunday after Trinity. 10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon by Mr. Lovelee the new Layreader who has come to assist the Rector in Parish and Sunday School.
Rev. W. H. Osmond, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Are Sin, Disease and Death Real?"
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 3, by Rev. Charles F. Johanson, Mr. Oscar Polson and Miss Minnie Christine Johnson, both of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 3, by Rev. Patrick J. Higgins, Mr. John J. Crudden of Stoneham, and Miss Mary Byron of Woburn.

In Winchester, Sept. 30, by Rev. Frank E. Roven, Mr. Albert Lincoln Marshall of Woburn, and Miss Winnifred Kelley of Winchester.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 1, Annie Gilgun, aged 46 years.
In this city, Oct. 4, John G. Flagg, 67 years, 6 months, 2 days.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Edward Foster, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, Charles H. Foster, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirtieth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

LOCAL
LONG
DISTANCE
TELEPHONE

Telephone Talks

Keep in touch with the world—and see to it that the world may keep in touch with you.

Party-Liners And the Golden Rule

PARTY LINE telephone subscribers virtually are CO-TENANTS. They jointly pay for a single telephone line.

If they were co-tenants of a building they would be careful not to infringe upon the rights of others. THAT SAME REGARD FOR THE EQUITIES should keep them from infringing by appropriating to themselves more telephone service than can be exacted as their fair share of the capacity of that line.

Lengthy conversations on unimportant matters, the prattling intercourse of children, phonograph concerts, and the like—these sometimes congest party lines and give cause for protest from other tenants in common.

A party line telephone has been likened to a spur track on a main line of railroad. But there is this important qualification—when the telephone spur track is in use, THE ENTIRE MAIN LINE IS CLOSED TO TRAFFIC, not merely to the other spur tracks on the line, but also to incoming trains consigned to any part of the line.

Ordinary regard for the principle of the Golden Rule will do more to avert party line difficulties than all the rules any telephone company may promulgate.

New England Telephone & Telegraph Co.

1908 Wall Papers 1908

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Repairs on Estates, and Collection of Rents. Houses For Sale and To Let.
Established in 1879.

C. E. SMITH, 439 Main St.

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
☞ Season opens Sept. 29.

Banjo and Mandolin Instruction
GIVEN IN WOBURN BY
Miss Emma Fosdick
11 Winn Street.
Next to the Baptist Church.
Telephone 40 Medford.

Artistic and Scientific
MUSICAL INSTRUCTION
Mrs Annie M. S. LEWIS Pianoforte
Mr. F. Percyval LEWIS Theory, Organ
Private and Class Lessons in Woburn
Address Winchester; or consult in Woburn Unitarian Vestry, Sat. 10-12, 2-4.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the devisees, legatees, and all other persons interested in the estate of Caroline R. B. Hayes, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testate:

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration with the will annexed, on the estate of said deceased not already administered, to John H. Sweetser of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without requiring sureties on his bond or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all devisees and legatees named in said will, seven days at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commissioner's Sale.

Pursuant to a warrant from the Probate Court for the County of Middlesex, dated Sept. 24, 1908, the undersigned, appointed sole Commissioner to make partition of the real estate hereinafter described, among Lawrence J. Purtell, Emma T. Purtell, Margaret J. MacDonald, Julia A. Burke, John H. Purtell, and Mary Kenney, and Annie Kenney, tenants in common thereof, will sell for the aforesaid purpose, at public auction, upon the premises, on

Tuesday, October 27, A. D. 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, about 2880 square feet of land with the buildings thereon, situate in Woburn, in said County, and bounded:—Southerly by land of the City of Woburn, called the "Old Burying Ground," there measuring 65 50-100 feet; easterly by land of the City of Woburn, there measuring 44 6-10 feet; northerly by land formerly of Margaret Sheehan, there measuring 65 3-10 feet; westerly by land of Rebecca Looney, and a passage way leading from Centre street; there measuring 47 feet.

The above described premises will be sold subject to taxes laid and assessed May 1, 1908.

$100.00 deposit. Other terms at time and place of sale.

ARTHUR E. GAGE, Commissioner as aforesaid.

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For Gift Occasions

For almost any gift occasion there is perhaps nothing so uniformly appropriate and acceptable as Towle Sterling Silver. We commend a selection from the

Newbury Pattern

A name surrounded by the historic atmosphere of early Colonial times and places—a pattern with a definite character, embodying the Purity and Simplicity of the period—enriched appropriately by a delicate beading.

The Newbury has weight, strength, refinement.

The scope of this pattern is unusual, making selections easy, within a suitable range of prices.

The Newbury is exhibited in this city by

Smith & Varney,
409 Main Street
WOBURN

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Alvin T. Morrill and wife, Ludovica Dimon Morrill, in her right, to Silas R. Carter, Edwin Irving Sawyer, and James D. Tyler, Trustees of the First Unitarian Society in Berlin, dated March 31, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 2644, Fol. 258, and duly transferred to the undersigned; for breach of condition of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction, upon the premises first hereinafter described, on

Wednesday, October 21, 1908,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, viz:—The following tracts or parcels of land all situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts:

FIRST: A certain tract of land with the buildings thereon and bounded as follows, to wit:—Northerly by Lexington street, by land of Jacob M. Ellis and by land of the heirs of Walter Frost; easterly by land of the heirs of Walter Frost, and by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; southerly by land of said Benjamin F. Flagg, by land of William B. Doyle, and by land formerly of Joseph Gardner; westerly by land of Mary G. Pierce.

SECOND: A certain lot of woodland near Horn Pond and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; easterly by land formerly of Stephen Dow; southerly by land of Ebenezer L. Pierce; westerly by land of William B. Doyle.

THIRD: A small lot of land bounded as follows, namely:—Southeasterly by Lexington street; northeasterly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; northwesterly by Garden street.

FOURTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Locust street; easterly by land now or formerly of James B. and Horace W. Pearsons and by Garden street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by Willow street.

FIFTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Willow street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by land of the heirs of John Weston; northerly by land now or formerly of Doherty, and by John Cummings.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes, tax bills or other municipal liens.

$300 will be required to be paid by purchaser at time of sale. For further particulars apply to Andreas Blume, Attorney-at-Law, 27 School street, Boston, Mass.

ANDREAS BLUME and JAMES W. SPRING, Trustees under the will of William Phipps, Mortgagees.

Boston, Sept. 24, 1908.

GOOD FOOD
— FOR —
Hot Weather
— AT —
LOW PRICES.

Shredded Wheat	10c. pkg.
Cream of Wheat	12c. "
Triscuit	10c. "
Quaker Puffed Rice	10c. "
" Wheat Berries	7c. "
" Oats	10c. "
" Corn Flakes	10c. "
Force	10c. "
Saxon Wheat Food	15c. "
Ralston Breakfast Food	14c. "
Pillsbury's Cereal	15c. "

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
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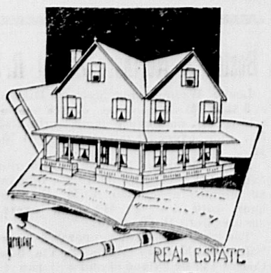
CRACKS
IN SKIN
CHAPS
ON HAND AND FACE.
Rose Clycerine Lotion
CURES. 25c. a Bottle
Whitcher's PILL BOX
28th year in use.
U. S. Food and Drug Act, No. 17722.

"Silver Plate that Wears."
The trade mark
"1847 Rogers Bros."
on Spoons, Forks, etc., is a guarantee of quality the world over. The prefix—1847—insures the genuine Rogers quality. For sale by leading dealers everywhere. Send for catalogue No. 6 to
International Silver Co. Meriden, Conn.

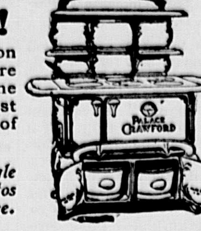
Pure Spices.
The strength, flavor and taste of spices depend largely, in most cases wholly, upon the volatile oil contained in them. Ordinary spices are widely adulterated, not only by the removal of the volatile oil, but by the adition of foreign, inert, harmful, ingredients; all for the purpose of cheapening the product and rendering it more profitable to the seller.
Squibb's Spices are absolutely pure and for many years have enjoyed the highest reputation for excellence among those who have employed them. We want you to make a trial of these spices, of which we have a full line.
F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main Street,
WOBURN



REAL ESTATE
For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

ANNOUNCEMENT.
Dr. Adaline B. Church wishes to announce to her patients and friends that she will resume practice in Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church street.
Office Hours:
Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 A. M.
Tel. Winchester 54. Consultations by appointment.



Crawford Cooking-Ranges
Our New Range a Winner!
The new range that we introduced last year has won all hearts. The old End Hearth is gone—there is more room on top—the ashes fall into a Hod far below the fire, making their removal easy and the grate to last longer. The Ash Hod when emptied is returned full of coal. Three sizes, "Palace," "Castle," "Fortress."
All the famous Crawford features are present: Single Damper, Patented Grate, Cup-Joint Oven Flues, Asbestos Backed Oven, Improved Oven Indicator. Booklet free.
Made by Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co., 31-35 Union St., Boston
For Sale by E. CALDWELL, Woburn.

Football Season Here
During the month of October every eye is turned toward the oval
Our purpose in advertising in this space is to turn the eyes of everybody, during the whole year, toward the "Oval". Of course we mean "Creamalt"—the oval loaf.
For beauty of shape and for deliciousness of flavor, you won't "tackle" anything in the class of Creamalt. It's the only "Oval" people never "kick" at. Game starts next time you eat.
George G. Fox Company

Public Penance.

In former times persons guilty of grievous and notorious offenses were required to make open confession and, further, to make satisfaction for the scandal given by their bad example by doing penance publicly in a white sheet in their parish church. The sheet was used to show clearly to every one which was the offender. The last time that public penance was done in an English church was on Sunday evening, July 30, 1882, when a man named Hartree, in the church of All Saints, East Clevedon, made an open confession of immorality and promised to perform the penance thus imposed on him by the vicar. No white sheet was used on this occasion. The last case in which one was used appears to have been one in St. Bridget's church, Chester, in 1851, but on that occasion the penance was not public, the church door being locked. In the previous year, however, public penance in a white sheet was done in a country church in Essex, and a similar thing occurred in Ditton church, near Cambridge, in 1849.—Stray Stories.

An Unexpected Check.

A man who won a reputation for cool daring and almost eccentric fearlessness along a thousand miles of the southwestern border was A. L. Parrott, at one time a sergeant in McNelly's company of Texan rangers. One night in 1875, about six months after Parrott left the state service, he was sitting in a house in a little town in southwest Texas playing chess with a friend. It was a warm night, and the chessboard was on a table close to an open window. Parrott had the white men. His queen was in a direct line with the black king, but a black knight was between the two pieces. It was Parrott's move. Suddenly there was a sharp report outside, and a bullet whistled in through the window, hit the black knight and buried itself in the wall. Parrott had been bending over the board, and the bullet was evidently intended for his head. But for a few seconds he did not stir. He saw the black knight suddenly vanish. Then in his peculiar drawling, hesitating way he said, "Check!"

The Stone of Infamy.

In many Italian cities there formerly existed what was called "pietra d'infamie," or a stone of infamy for the punishment of bankrupts. In Venice one stands near the Church of St. Mark, and in Verona and Florence they are near the old markets. On a day in carnival week the old time custom was to have all traders who had become bankrupt in the preceding twelve months led to the stone, and one by one each stood on its center to hear the reading of a report of his business failure and to endure the reproaches heaped on him by his creditors. At the end of a certain time each bankrupt was partly undressed, and three officers took hold of his shoulders and three others of his knees and, raising him as high as they could, bumped him on the stone deliberately twelve times, "in honor of the twelve apostles," the creditors crowing like cocks while the bumping proceeded.

Wigs and Trousers.

The wig went out and gave place to the natural hair, powered and pigtailed, as a result of the movement back to nature which accompanied and preceded the French revolution. But why did the wig come in? Some say that Louis XIII. started the fashion when he began to grow bald, the court imitating him out of a desire to please the monarch. Be that as it may, the wig "caught on" as few articles of costume have ever done, and those who have begun to despair of the masculine leg ever being emancipated from the trouser may find comfort in the fact that wigs prevailed for considerably more than a century in England, whereas trousers scarcely existed a hundred years ago, to say nothing of being the universal wear.—London News.

Mother Earth.

When Junius Brutus and the sons of Tarquin asked the famous Delphic oracle who was to succeed Superbus on the throne of Rome they received for an answer, "He who shall first kiss his mother." As the two princes were hastening home to fulfill what they thought was meant Brutus fell to the earth and cried out, "Thus do I kiss thee, O Earth, the mother of us all!" This is perhaps the earliest recorded instance of the use of the term "Mother Earth."—Exchange.

Diplomacy.

"I'm surprised at you."

"What's the matter now?"

"Why, your wife tells me you've invited the grocer and butcher to your party tonight!"

"Well, what of it?"

"Think of what you owe society."

"Yes, but think what I owe my grocer and butcher!"—Judge.

Cheap.

Pat—This is a great counthry, Mary Ann. Mary Ann—And how's that? Pat—Shure, and the paper says yez can buy a five dollar money ordher at the postoffice for only 3 cints. O'im off afther one now, wid the 3 cints yez give me for the soap.—Pathfinder.

More Than One.

"I remember your wife as such a dainty and pretty thing, Humly, and yet they tell me she has turned out a fine cook."

"Turned out a fine cook? She has turned out half a dozen of them within the last three months."

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Edward H. Lounsbury, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Harriet E. Lounsbury, the executrix of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of her administration upon the estate of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the thirteenth day of October, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executrix is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate, fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of David E. Condon, sometimes called David Condon, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Nora T. Condon, of Woburn, in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-first day of October, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in said estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirtieth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

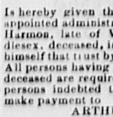
W. E. ROGERS, Register.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Clara M. Harmon, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ARTHUR W. BLAKE, Adm.
241 Willow Ave., Somerville, Mass.

Sept. 22, 1908.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
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CITY OF WOBURN.

THE

Registrars Of Voters

Will be in session at the City Clerk's office, Room 1, Municipal Building, Common Street, on

THURSDAY, OCT. 8,
SATURDAY, OCT, 10,
TUESDAY, OCT. 13.
AT 7 O'CLOCK P. M.
AND WEDNESDAY, OCT. 14,
FROM 12 M. TO 10 P. M.

For the purpose of registering all persons legally qualified to vote in the State Election, and for correcting the Lists of Voters.

Registration for the State Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, Oct. 14.

☞ All naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

CHARLES H. HARRINGTON,
JOHN C. MEEHAN,
JOHN C. N. PARKER,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.
Woburn, Sept. 24. 1908.

AN IDEAL TICKET

Draper and Frothingham Nominated by Republicans

Brief Sketches of Candidates For Governor and Lieutenant Governor

In presenting to the people of Massachusetts the Hon. Eben S. Draper of Hopedale as its candidate for governor, the Republican party honors itself as much as it honors the man.

Mr. Draper has served three years as lieutenant governor of the state, receiving the support of the solid men of both parties, notwithstanding the campaigns of misrepresentation and abuse which he has had to face.

There is no questioning the fact that he has grown steadily in the confidence and respect of the people, and that his high character and ability are beginning to be appreciated all over the state.

Even as lieutenant governor, Mr. Draper has achieved success in a far larger degree than most men who have held the office. It is not a position in which an energetic man has a large field, as most of the real work is done behind closed doors in the sessions of the executive council, and at the meetings of its various committees.

But Lieutenant Governor Draper made up his mind in the beginning that there was work to do, and he did it with the same persistence that has characterized his whole business life. He has been a constant visitor at the state house since he was first chosen to the office and has given careful attention to all the matters which come before the council. To its sessions he has brought a frank opinion, and has been outspoken in all of its deliberations, helping to make the governor's councils for the past three years of real and vital importance to the state.

During his present term Mr. Draper has been called upon to act as governor during the illness of Governor Guild and, although his acts as governor under such circumstances were more or less circumscribed, he held the reins of state in a firm grasp and showed a wide knowledge of men and affairs. His prompt action in starting the relief to the city of Chelsea, after its great conflagration, is characteristic of the man.

Mr. Draper was born in Hopedale, Mass., June 17, 1858, and is therefore in the prime of life. He was educated in the Allen school at West Newton and at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He then entered the machine shops and cotton mills of his father's business, and was later admitted to the firm of George Draper & Sons. In 1896, when the firm was reorganized into the Draper company, he became its selling agent. He is also a member of the corporation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, of the Peter Bent Brigham hospital, the Milford hospital and a director in many business enterprises.

In political matters Mr. Draper was well known prior to his first selection as lieutenant governor in the fall of 1905. He served as chairman of the Republican state committee in 1892, and in 1896 was chairman of the Massachusetts delegation to the Republican national convention and, as such, was instrumental in securing the passage of the gold standard resolution. In 1900 he was the presidential elector in the Eleventh district. He has also served as president of the Republican Club of Massachusetts, and is a member of the Norfolk, Middlesex and Massachusetts clubs.

Moreover, Lieutenant Governor Draper is a cultivated gentleman, a lover of literature and a patron of art. He has a deep interest in the village of Hopedale, acknowledged to be the best kept and architecturally the most beautiful manufacturing town in New England. He has traveled extensively, is polished in manner and a most genial companion, known far and wide as an example of the best type of a New England business man.

With such a man as its candidate for the high office of governor, the Republican party confidently appeals to the voters of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, in the full assurance that such an intelligent electorate will not allow this opportunity to pass of securing for the constantly increasing business of the state such an able business man as Mr. Draper has proved himself to be.

And the times demand a strong executive at the head of our state government. The legislative tendency is towards increasing the expense as well as enlarging the functions of government by the state, and Mr. Draper, through his work in the executive council and through his wide acquaintance throughout the state, is amply and especially well fitted to continue the work.

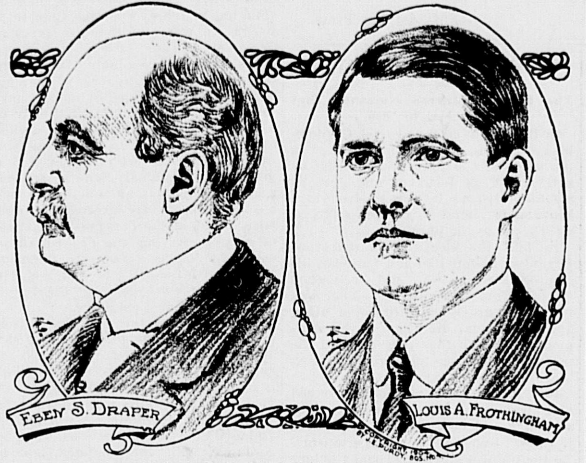
After a hard, though entirely friendly contest for the honor, the Republican party has selected as its candidate for lieutenant governor the Hon. Louis A. Frothingham of Boston, a man universally conceded to be in every respect a fit running mate for the head of the ticket.

He was born in Jamaica Plain, July 13, 1871, of old New England stock long noted for its sturdy honesty and good citizenship. As a boy he received his education in the public schools of Boston, supplementing this by fitting for college at the Adams academy in Quincy. He entered Harvard in 1889 and almost immediately became a popular figure in the university. He was a scholar in all the best sense of the word, but he was more than that; he took part in all the social activities in the college and he soon won a prominent place in athletics, being one of the best captains and baseball players ever turned out at Cambridge.

Mr. Frothingham studied law at the Harvard law school, graduating from that institution in 1896, and immediately began the practice of his profession.

In the Spanish-American war he served as second lieutenant, U. S. M. C., having command of the marine guard on the U. S. steamer Yankee in Cuban waters, and his record in that position was quite typical of the man, for he was a good officer and at the same time a popular comrade.

It was not long before the attraction of politics began to appeal to the young lawyer, and at the age of 30 he was elected to the Massachusetts legislature. There, as elsewhere, his native ability and energy soon made him a marked figure. He began to be considered a man of influence. He got good committee appointments. In 1902, his second year, he was made house chairman of the committee on taxation as well as a member of the committee on banks and banking.



In 1903 he served as chairman of the street railways committee, and at that time was so prominent that he was considered for the speakership of the house and in 1904 he was elected to that high office, being re-elected unanimously in 1905. No speaker was more popular or highly respected. Mr. Frothingham displayed an immense amount of energy in the chair and under his administration business was expedited as it had not been for decades before. In his second term as speaker the session comprised but 143 days, the shortest session for twenty-five years.

Mr. Frothingham's record as a lawmaker was admirable. He was always to be found on the side of good order and the best interests of every citizen of the commonwealth. He was the introducer of the resolve which led to the revision of the corporation laws, a very much needed and useful reform. He was the first to introduce a bill providing for laws governing the conduct of trust companies. He was always and is today a constant advocate of general instead of special or class legislation.

In the fall of 1905 he abandoned further service in the legislature at the call of duty, and accepted the Republican nomination for mayor of Boston. The story of that campaign is well known to all, and his defeat for that office added new lustre to his character and proved him to be a man who put public duty in a higher place than personal ambition.

As a citizen apart from the practice of politics Mr. Frothingham stands high in many walks of life. He is a member of the board of overseers of Harvard university, being the youngest man in that body. He is president of the Blackstone Savings bank and has various other interests, yet amidst all his wide variety of duties he practices law with conspicuous success. He is tolerant, broad-minded and considerate of the views and feelings of others. He is a typical Massachusetts citizen of the best and most highly respected kind and those who know him well are firm in their belief that he will adorn any office to which he may be called.

His acquaintance with the needs of the state, through his long service as a member and as speaker of the house of representatives, and his public spirit in sacrificing himself as a Republican candidate for mayor of Boston, three years ago, are ample evidence that in its nomination of Mr. Frothingham for lieutenant governor the Republican party still maintains its proud record of excellence and continues its high standards of the past.

Another Way Out of It.

Nobody had ever had reason to accuse Abel Pond of being dishonest, but he was as sharp a man in a bargain as could be found in the county. When the building committee applied to him for a site for the new library he was ready to sell them a desirable lot, but not at their price.

"I couldn't feel to let it go under $600," he said, with the mild obstinacy that characterized all his dealings with his fellow men. "It wouldn't be right."

"You ought to be willing to contribute something for such an object," said the chairman of the committee. "If it's worth six hundred, why not let us have it for five hundred and call it you've given the other hundred?"

"M'm—no, I couldn't do that," said Mr. Pond, stroking his chin, "but I tell you what I will do. You give me seven hundred for it, and I'll make out a check for a hundred and hand it over to you, so's you can head the list of subscriptions with a good round sum and kind of wake up folks to their duty."—Youth's Companion.

Some Odd Notions.

In some European countries ill luck is said to follow the person who stirs any liquid in a pan from east to west. In Scotland persons when baking oat cakes break a piece off and throw it in the fire to appease evil agencies. Still another custom in that land is to make a birthday cake with nine knobs. Then nine of the assembled company, when the cake comes hot out of the oven, each breaks one knob off and, throwing it behind him, says, "This I give to thee, fox, eagle, wolf," etc.

In some countries it is considered unlucky to give a mince pie to a guest—it should be asked for. Likewise a mince pie should never be cut with a knife, but held whole with the fingers and eaten that way; also to eat as many mince pies as possible at as many different houses before Christmas, it is believed, will insure so many happy months for the eater. To wrap a mince pie in silver paper and keep it from Christmas till July and then eat it is also said to bring good luck.

Baking Don'ts.
Don't fret when company comes and you have only bread enough for two. You can fall back on Hathaway's and your guests will praise it as freely as they do yours. Just try a loaf of
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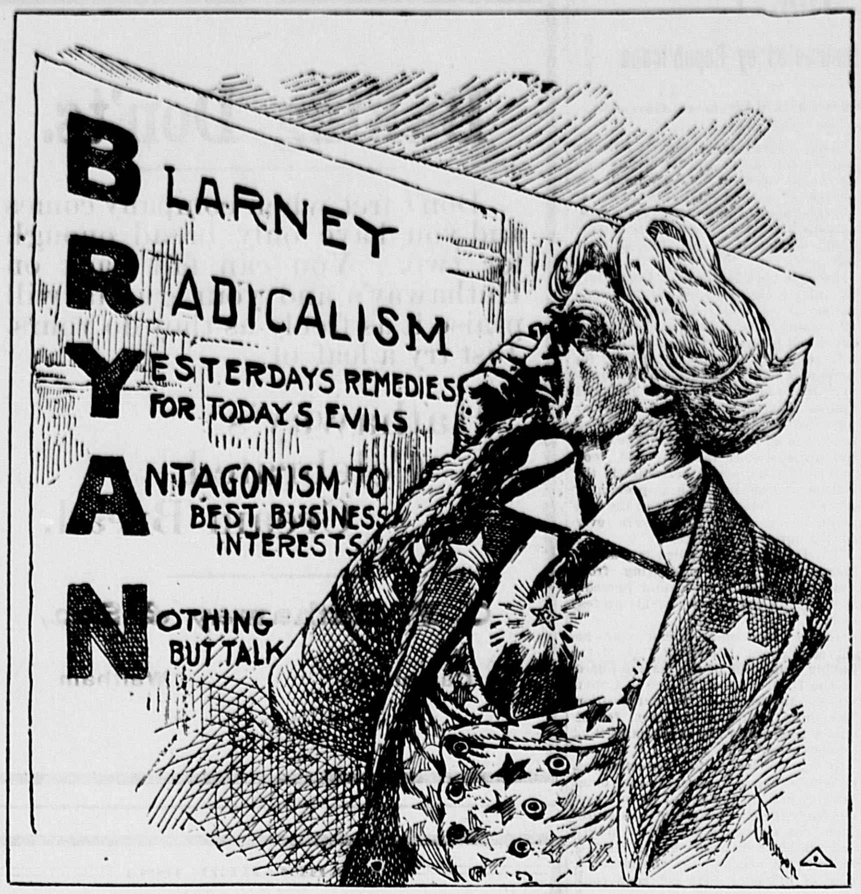
UNCLE SAM SOLVES THE ACROSTIC.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—Philadelphia Press.

PROPHETIC WORDS.

Statement of Lawton Like an Accusation From the Grave.

Among the many gallant American soldiers whose lives were sacrificed in the difficult task of suppressing the Filipino insurrection none was more beloved either by his brother officers or the men in the ranks than General Henry W. Lawton. He realized the ideal American soldier as completely as any of his contemporaries, and his record in the war for the Union, in various Indian campaigns, in Cuba during the Spanish war and in trying work which called him to the Philippines constitutes a lustrous chapter in the annals of American valor. No braver officer ever wore his country's uniform. No gentler, more considerate commander ever led his troops into battle. No more chivalric leader ever gave up his life in defense of his country's flag.

General Lawton was killed in battle with insurrectos in the island of Luzon in 1900 while fighting at the head of his troops. A short time before the tragic close of his career he had written to a friend in the United States a letter, in which he said:

"If I am shot by a Filipino bullet it might as well come from one of my own men, because I know from observation, confirmed by captured prisoners, that the continuance of fighting is chiefly due to reports that are sent out from America."

The words of Lawton, fighting a treacherous foe in a tropical country, were meant as a protest against the unpatriotic "anti-imperialist" agitators here in the United States, where expressions of sympathy for the insurrection gave constant aid and comfort to the enemy. Army officers of high character and rugged experience in the Philippines have frequently expressed the opinion that the insurrection would not have lasted ninety days had it not been for the support, moral and otherwise, which its leaders received from their sympathizers in America.

Chief among those sympathizers, the insistent and most reckless of all, was William Jennings Bryan, and against him the prophetic words of the lamented Lawton stand like an accusation from the grave. For his unpatriotic course during the Filipino insurrection Mr. Bryan lacked even the shadow of an excuse. He had entered the military service during the Spanish war as a volunteer officer, and he knew that the war and the insurrection in the islands could be concluded only with the unqualified recognition of American authority wherever it was asserted. But in spite of that he encouraged the Filipino to continue in armed resistance, and his reckless expressions undoubtedly helped to prolong a desperate and costly struggle which he knew in his heart could never end except in the way it was ended. Mr. Bryan's conduct throughout that conflict, which cost so much alike to the United States and to the deluded Filipinos themselves, amounted to moral treason, and it will never be forgiven by the survivors of those gallant men from whom it exacted the last full measure of sacrifice in devotion to duty.

The words of Lawton will confound Mr. Bryan every time he opens his mouth to speak on the Philippines in the present campaign. He cannot escape them. They indict him for giving aid and comfort to the armed enemies of American authority and they brand him as a man who openly encouraged a desperate uprising against the flag in defense of which Lawton died.

To Hold Him.

Nan—That's a beautiful solitaire Dick gave you. I wonder if you know what a fickle young man he is? Fan—Indeed I do! That's why I made him give me such an expensive one.—Chicago Tribune.

A Sad Break.

"Our credit man made a bad break yesterday."

"What was it?"

"He told a dumb man that his word was as good as his bond."—Detroit Free Press.

A Crab Habit.

Catch a fresh crab, mash the end of one of its claws and watch with what fierce wrath it will tear off the mutilated member. Is it pride that causes him to do this bit of surgical work, or is he afraid of blood poisoning, or is it because the maimed claw might obstruct his speed or entangle him in the submarine botany? The crab is an interesting creature and, like his big cousin, the lobster, is as scrappy as a game bantam, often losing a limb in a scuffle.—Exchange.

BRYAN COULD HARM.

Danger of Placing Nebraskan In White House.

EVEN WITH SENATE OPPOSED.

Administration and Enforcement of Laws Would Be In His Hands—The Treasury Would Be Under His Thumb—National Banks Would Be at His Mercy.

Nobody with brains enough to get in out of a blizzard can have patience with the argument so complacently put forth by some of the Bryanites who want to humbug others into believing what they don't believe themselves—that Bryan can do no harm should he be elected. The usual way of putting it is that there will be a Republican senate and probably a Republican house and that Bryan's hands will be tied even if his tongue continues to wag—certainly a poor reason for electing a president even were it true.

But it is not true. A grammar school boy who has studied the constitution of the United States knows that. Of course Bryan as president in face of a sane congress could not pass laws. But the whole administration of national laws, including their enforcement, which is at least as important as passing them, would be in his hands. He would have the treasury under his thumb; the national banks would be at the mercy of a comptroller of the currency appointed by him; the foreign policy of the government would be directed by him, and ambassadors, ministers and consuls would be named by him. The army and navy would be under his command. Collectors, postmasters and other officials of the civil service would be nominated by him. While he could not establish "a tariff for revenue only," he could make things much smoother and easier for the class that come back from European trips loaded with all sorts of luxuries purchased abroad to the detriment of American labor.

Then he could smash any bank that might offend him by not going into his compulsory guarantee scheme, just as his campaign treasurer, Governor Haskell, smashed the International Bank of Coalgate, Okla., to make a demonstration of the guarantee law for the Democratic Denver convention.

Oh, yes, Bryan could do harm—so much harm that it might take the country many long years to recover from the damage done by four years of Bryan in the White House.

But Bryan will do no harm because he will not have the opportunity, because the American people are going to elect as their president William H. Taft, the candidate of the Republican party, the impartial judge, the constructive statesman, the man of whom McKinley said, "He is the broadest and most unselfishly brave man I know and will carry the constitution of the United States in his very blood." Taft's election will be an assurance that the voters of the United States are determined to have in the White House one whose presence there will be in itself a pledge of good government, of efficient and equitable administration of the laws, of intellectual and educational advancement and of progress and prosperity in the material affairs of the republic.

Walking Sticks.

The sixteenth century is that in which the walking stick became not merely a useful implement, but an article of fashion, dignity and luxury. In the seventeenth century it was gold headed and made of rare woods. It was a sign of leadership.

For a long period there was little variety among Englishmen in the material used for the majority of walking sticks. The "oaken towel," as it was pleasantly termed when an enemy was to be "rubbed down," shared popularity with the crab tree cudgel, which, among rural folk especially, was much valued and classic from the conflict in "Hudibras," when—

With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab tree on old iron rang.

Classic, too, is that stout oaken stick which sturdy Dr. Johnson, who, like Knox, "never feared the face of living man," provided himself with when he went to the pit of the little theater in the Haymarket in full view of Foote, who had announced his intention of "taking him off" on the stage, an intention which in view of the stick he did not carry into effect.—Gentleman's Magazine.

THE BRYAN PARROT.

The Same Feathered Nuisance That Screeched In 1896.

In 1908, as in 1900 and 1896, the dominant voice in the Bryan campaign is the voice of the parrot. It is just as shrill, just as insistent and just as meaningless as it was twelve years ago and is bound to become quite as wearisome to the public.

In 1896 the sleek, green parrot of Bryanism teetered to and fro upon his comfortable swing and screeched "Free silver! Free silver!" That was the only phrase the bird could utter, and its dismal iteration so exasperated the people that they grabbed the noisy parrot from his perch and cast him into the garbage heap.

But the plumed nuisance survived and appeared in the campaign of 1900 with a brand new scream. This time it was "Imperialism! Imperialism!" To the unthinking that alarmist outcry was momentarily terrifying, suggesting thrones and tyrants bent on oppressing the people. But it never scared the sane people themselves even for a moment. They knew it was the same old parrot singing the same old tune with merely a change of words. To every challenge to a discussion of real political issues the parrot made but one reply—"Imperialism!"—and again the feathered pest was torn from his perch and tossed into the junk pile by the public whose patience he had exhausted.

With his inability either to charm or frighten, so rudely demonstrated in two successive trials, an ordinary parrot would have dedicated himself to a future of silent meditation on the follies of talking too much. But the Bryan parrot is an extraordinary parrot, not an ordinary one, and the campaign of 1908 finds him perched aloft again with another screed wherewith to affright the timid and amuse the thoughtful. His cry this year—and its accents show that it has been rehearsed with rare patience—is, "Shall the people rule?" It fits the parrot's voice to perfection, and, though it is as empty as his own head, he accompanies it with an uprolling of his eyes that might scare people if they could forget for a moment that it is only a parrot screech, after all.

The voice of the Bryan parrot is unchanged. It is as rasping, monotonous and as lacking in the note of sincerity as it was twelve years ago. The senseless shriek of "Free silver!" could not mislead the people in 1896. The alarmist scream of "Imperialism!" never disturbed their composure for a single moment in 1900. And the shrill, insulting screech, "Shall the people rule?" can have no other result than to provoke their angry contempt in 1908.

Parrot politics will not do this year. Serious questions are before the people for discussion and settlement. Public attention cannot be drawn away from them either by the witless chatter of parrots or the theatrical tricks of demagogues. This is no more a parrot year than was 1900 or 1896.

Mr. Gompers betrays distinct signs of irritation because nobody thinks it worth while to get out an injunction against his speaking his mind to the fullest extent. He will awaken in November to the fact that there is a great gulf between his partisan mind and the strictly economic purposes of labor unions.

The Bryan proposition that conservative banks should pay for the failures of speculative banks will not appeal to the thrifty depositor.

Took the Cue.

"Now," said the teacher, who had been describing the habits of bears, "what is the fiercest animal in the polar regions, Johnny?"

"Why—er—er," stammered Johnny.

"Come, don't you remember? The pol"—

"Oh, sure; the polecat!"—Philadelphia Press.

An Explanation.

Little Dot—Mamma, I was playing with your best tea set while you were away, and when you bring it out for company you'll be shocked, 'cause you'll think one of the cups has a hair in it, but it isn't a hair. Mamma—What is it? Little Dot—It's only a crack.—Pick-Me-Up.

Called the Turn.

"What's the old lady doing now?" asked the old stocking in the work basket.

"She's getting out her needle and yarn," replied the scissors.

"Well, well," exclaimed the stocking, "I'll be darned."—Philadelphia Press.

TAFT'S WORK IN CHINA

He Rehabilitated Our National Reputation.

CHECKED COURT ABUSES.

Cleared the United States Banner From the Dishonor That American Criminals Had Brought Upon It. Readjusted Consular Service.

It was chiefly through the influence and at the instigation of Mr. Taft that the recent rehabilitation of our national reputation in China was accomplished by the establishment of the United States court in China. Until Mr. Taft became a paramount figure in the far east scandalous conditions had prevailed in Shanghai and other cities of China where the United States exercised extra territorial rights. Undesirable subjects of the United States, men and women, had degraded the American flag by using it as a cloak under which to conduct numerous nefarious enterprises. American sharpers, gamblers and promoters of questionable schemes had long worked in conjunction with discredited lawyers to their mutual and illegal gain. In various instances these criminal endeavors were aided and abetted by American consular officers, who were dismissed from the service. The former practice of adjudicating all causes in which Americans were parties in consular courts gave rise to abuses. The American flag, in Shanghai particularly, stood for national dishonor in the eyes of other nations who by legislation and the creating of proper courts had spared their flags the disgrace that descended upon the United States banner.

When he was at the head of the Philippine government in Manila Mr. Taft by his proximity to China soon appreciated the seriousness of the conditions there and foresaw the loss of standing in the eyes of the Chinese to which we were indifferently exposing ourselves by our failure to keep in check American criminals. He brought the matter to the attention of the state department and joined with Secretary Root, Representative Edwin Denby of Michigan, a son of the former United States minister to China; Charles Denby, another son, who is now consul general at Shanghai; Senator Spooner and some others in an endeavor to remedy conditions. He exerted his influence to obtain the passage by congress of a bill creating the United States court for China. Lebbeus Redmond Wilfley of Missouri, who had been Mr. Taft's attorney general in the Philippines, was named as judge.

Mr. Taft from the first took a deep personal interest in the work of Judge Wilfley and his court. In a way he supervised its work and was frequently appealed to by Judge Wilfley for advice as to procedure and other details. The lack of adequate laws hampered Judge Wilfley, but by proceeding in accordance with the common law he quickly made the court effective. Within a few months after the court was organized Shanghai and other cities in China where conditions were such as to require it were thoroughly and drastically cleaned up. Shyster American lawyers were disbarred, so that the gamblers, disreputable women and other offenders against the law were deprived of legal support. The reputable American lawyers in good standing aided Judge Wilfley. Heavy fines and terms of imprisonment exercised a deterrent effect upon the lawbreakers, many of whom summarily fled from China before the court could bring them to account for their misdeeds.

When Mr. Taft was in Shanghai last fall he was heartily thanked and congratulated by the law abiding Americans there for the part he had taken in removing the stigma from the American flag and restoring the good fame of the national name in the orient. In his speech before the American association in China he paid a high tribute to Judge Wilfley, saying in part:

"Our government was forunate in the selection as the first judge of the court of a gentleman who had had four years' experience in the orient as attorney general of the Philippines and who went to Shanghai with an intimate knowledge of the method of uniting in one administration the principles of the common law of the United States with the traditions and conditions of a foreign country. His policy in raising high the standard of admission to the bar and in promoting the vigorous prosecution of American violators of law, which eliminated from that community many undesirable characters who had brought disgrace upon the name of Americans in the cities of China, cannot but commend itself to any one interested in the good name of the United States among the Chinese people and with our brethren of other countries who live in China."

Free trade England is alarmed again at the physical deterioration of her "submerged classes." In this land of protection the rule of social progress is that of emergence and physical, mental and moral development.

Public ownership of the railroads would add $1,000,000,000 to the public debt, but William Jennings Bryan doesn't worry about a little thing like that.

Republican voters will make the "peerless one" without a peer in the number of his defeats.

Bryan has discovered the proper ratio between paralysis and prosperity. It is himself.

Democracy Divided.

Thomas L. Hisgen, Hearst candidate for the presidency, looks for the election of Taft and then a new alignment of political parties. Mr. Hisgen says:

"The Democratic party is dividing. The radical and the more conservative elements can pull together only a little while longer. After Bryan is defeated for a third time there is bound to be a new alignment of the people, and the Democratic party will disintegrate. The Republicans will get some of those former Democrats, and the Independence league will get more of them. The campaign of 1912 will be fought out by a different set of political parties from those now in the field."

Bryan's great handicap in running for the presidency is that he cannot run away from his record.

The wind bloweth where it listeth So does William Jennings Bryan. It is a way they both have.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson II.—Fourth Quarter, For Oct. 11, 1908.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, I Chron. xvii, 1-14. Memory Verses, 13, 14—Golden Text, I Kings viii, 56—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Our lesson today has for its topic the covenant with David concerning the kingdom, the third unconditional covenant in Scripture. A covenant generally has two parties to it, and if either party fails the matter falls through. But on three different occasions God promised for His own sake to do certain things without binding man to anything on his part, and because of His faithfulness these covenants stand, and Isa. xiv, 24, will apply to each of them, "The Lord of Hosts hath sworn, saying, Surely as I have thought so shall it come to pass, and as I have purpose so shall it stand." The first was with Noah concerning the earth, the second with Abraham concerning the land and his seed and this third one with David concerning the throne and the kingdom, to be established forever. That we may look beyond David and Solomon to the everlasting kingdom of which God spake notice Acts ii, 30, where we learn that David knew that God spake to Him of the Messiah, who, raised from the dead, would sit on his throne.

Although our lessons will continue for a few weeks yet in Samuel, we are asked to turn to Chronicles for this lesson. It matters little, as II Sam. vii and I Chron. xvii are almost word for word identical. The two chapters should be carefully compared. A sentence at the beginning of the Samuel chapter should be given special attention, "The Lord had given him rest round about from all his enemies." Compare I Chron. xxii, 9, 18; xxiii, 25; I Kings v, 4; Matt. xi, 28, 29, and other verses on the rest and peace and quietness which the Lord alone can give, but which He loves to give to all who truly come to Him. Ps. xvii should be read carefully, for see its title. Neither prophets nor apostles have always the mind of the Lord, but sometimes speak from themselves their own thoughts, as when the disciples found fault with Mary of Bethany. See also Jer. xxiii, 15, 17, 21, 22, etc. Preachers are often tempted to agree with those to whom they are indebted for favors or position. Nathan's "Do all that is in thine heart, for God is with thee," was not of God, for that same night a different message came from God to Nathan for David, and that message is our lesson portion. Both David and Nathan were truly the Lord's servants, but even such need to remember Isa. lv, 8, 9.

The thought of a habitation on earth for God is seen in Ex. xv, 2, and is indorsed by God in Ex. xxv, 8, but He had been content to dwell in a tent among them and had not yet spoken of any more permanent dwelling. The time for such had not fully come, but later we shall see that He gave to David by His Spirit the plans for the temple and permitted him to provide very largely for it (I Chron. xxviii, 11, 12, 19; xxix, 1-8). In the Lord's service all must be of Him—time, place, circumstances, provision, all. We need to remember in what condition He found us and to what He had raised us and His purpose concerning us in order that we may walk worthy of Him (verses 7-9; see also Ps. xl, 1-3; Eph. ii, 4-10; v, 1, 2; Rom. xii, 1, 2). The words in verse 9 of our lesson concerning the place and the planting point us onward to the one thing that God says He will do with all His heart and soul at the time of the kingdom (Jer. xxxii, 41). See also the quietness and assurance that shall be forever when He doeth this (Isa. xxxii, 17, 18).

We have seen at the beginning of our lesson that the seed of David here spoken of was not Solomon, but Jesus Christ raised from the dead, for only an immortal man could reign forever. See Rom. i, 1-4; Rev. v, 5, 6; xxii, 16. The saying in II Sam. vii, 14, "If he commit iniquity," is perplexing as it reads in our version, for we know that Jesus knew no sin and did no sin and there was no sin in Him, but there is good authority for this reading of that sentence, "When iniquity shall be laid upon Him," and that makes all clear, for we know that our iniquities were laid upon Him, and He bare our sins in His own body on the tree. But, while receiving all possible comfort concerning our own individual salvation from the great truths concerning Him and His suffering in our stead, we must never forget that He suffered also as Israel's Messiah and that through Israel as a nation when converted it is the purpose of the Lord to bless all nations. Read Ps. lxvii in that light and all is clear.

We can take individual comfort from much of Isa. liii and xii and similar portions, and yet the former will be peculiarly Israel's national confession and the latter their national anthem when the kingdom comes. As David hears of the kingdom and his seed to sit on his throne forever he is impressed with his own nothingness and the greatness of Jehovah, who unconditionally covenants to do all this (verses 16-22; II Sam. vii, 18-26), and he can only say, "Do as Thou hast said that Thy name may be magnified forever" (verses 23, 24). Seeing the glorious future assured to his people, he finds comfort in the fact that God has promised it notwithstanding all his unworthiness. "Thou knowest thy servant" (verse 18).

Made Over Prescriptions.

"There is one loss sustained by druggists that very few people know about," said the experienced clerk. "That is in the prescriptions that have to be made over, the same as clerks, stenographers, writers and artists, no matter how painstaking, frequently have to do their work over. The most careful drug clerk in existence is bound to make mistakes sometimes in measuring and mixing. He may pour in too much of some kind of liquid or sift in too much of a certain powder. In most cases the overdose would not really affect the value of the medicine, but the conscientious clerk isn't going to take any chances on murdering anybody, so he throws away the whole mixture and makes up another prescription."—New York Globe.

Night Rates For a Horse.

"Hicks, the hotel man, has a new scheme. He serves Welsh rabbit free to his guests evenings."

"What's his idea?"

"Well, they have nightmare, and then he charges them for the use of one horse."—Boston Transcript.

TAFT AS A SPEAKER.

His Talks to the People Winning Many Votes.

DOESN'T POSE AS AN ORATOR.

Word Pictures Not Needed to State Facts Plainly—Republican Candidate's Clearness and Sincerity Carry Conviction.

From being decidedly apprehensive as to the outcome of Judge Taft's speaking tours Republican leaders are now convinced that one of the wisest moves of the campaign was the decision to let the Republican candidate visit as many sections of the country as possible between now and election day and talk to as many voters as the time will permit. When speaking tours for Taft were first discussed the opponents of the plan based their opposition on the fact that as an orator Taft cannot be compared to Bryan. They argued that Taft, who makes no pretense to oratory, would be placed at a disadvantage appearing on the stump against the gifted Nebraskan. But Judge Taft himself solved the problem and cleared the whole situation with one sentence in his recent speech at Sandusky, O.

"I cannot dwell in the cerulean blue, but have to deal with facts," he declared. It is this dealing with facts in a clear, dispassionate manner that has made William Howard Taft what he is, that will cause him to gain strength every time he appears in public. Taft's best friends cannot claim for him that he is an orator. But he can tell the truth and does tell it. He will not have to paint beautiful word pictures of what should be done. He will not have to plead with silvery eloquence for the alleged downtrodden nor call on "the masses" to rise up and save the country from the ruin which Bryan has been predicting and finding various panaceas for during the past twelve years.

What Taft has to do is to state cold, clear cut facts, to tell the truth about himself, to give to his auditors a clear and unmistakable idea of what Taft the man is and what he stands for. And this he can do, and do well. By nature he is frank and open. It would be difficult for him to dissemble if he wished to do so.

Already Taft has begun making serious impressions on his audiences. Bryan never fails to tickle his audiences. In most instances he arouses enthusiasm, but it is an enthusiasm which rarely lasts. Those who listen and applaud go away and forget. With the Taft audiences it is different. By the clearness of his exposition and the absolute sincerity of his manner he carries conviction. His auditors are soon impressed by two things—Taft's ability and Taft's sincerity.

"That man means what he says," is a comment frequently heard after Taft has spoken. Another Taft characteristic that is winning many friends for the Republican candidate among those who knew nothing of him before they saw and heard him is his great courage. He says what he thinks, and says it in such a way that it remains fixed in the minds of those who hear him. At Athens, O., he was addressing 400 union coal miners. He told them about having issued injunctions.

"I issued them," he said, "because the rights of the plaintiffs demanded it. When I am on the bench I enforce the law. And I have no apology to make."

For a minute there was absolute silence, dramatic in its intensity. Then the 400 miners broke not merely into applause, but into enthusiastic cheers. After the meeting they were heard expressing their views.

"That man is on the level," said one. "He doesn't hand out any 'con' talk. He knows where he stands and is not afraid to come straight out with a thing. He ain't the orator Bryan is, but he says things that Bryan wouldn't dare say."

Unlike many of Bryan's utterances, Taft's utterances will bear inspection. He will make no declration that is open to doubt. "I have to deal with facts," he said. In some of his speeches Bryan, intoxicated with the sound of his own words, frequently makes statements not entirely trustworthy. Taft has been too long on the bench, too long in high government positions, where his utterances carried weight, to permit of his making careless statements. Furthermore, Taft possesses to a marked degree the ability to discuss the most intricate subjects in the simplest language. He proved this most conclusively at Sandusky when he made perfectly plain to his audience the development of anti-trust legislation and the powers and limitations of the federal government. Everybody knew exactly what he was talking about and understood it clearly, yet there were few in the audience who realized that he was discussing abstruse legal problems without resorting to bewildering legal phraseology.

As far as personal magnetism goes, Taft and Bryan are nearly equal. But where Bryan's personality is one that creates interest and enthusiasm Taft's is one that inspires affection and trustfulness. "That man has a fine face; I would trust him anywhere," said a West Virginia woman who with a large party came over the mountains to hear Taft speak at Hot Springs. Those who meet him feel that he is not only sincere, but that he possesses the ability and courage to handle safely the many problems that confront a president. It is the knowledge of all this that makes the Taft managers glad that he is to go out and meet the people.

His Cough Cure.

"In my boyhood there came to our town," said a clergyman, "a gentle minister who, the very first Sunday of his incumbency, stopped effectually his coughing congregation.

"It was a congregation, too, singularly addicted to coughing. Rattling volleys of coughs ran over it every few minutes. The minister, indeed, that first Sunday could hardly make himself heard. He had rather a weak voice.

"Well, after his sermon had proceeded for ten or twelve minutes, now audible enough, now drowned under great waves of coughs, he took a resolution and when the next outbreak was at its height he ceased preaching.

"At once the coughing ceased. There was a profound silence. The minister smiled.

"'My friends,' said he, 'it seems that when I stop you stop.'

"From that day in that church they coughed no more."

A wise man contents himself with doing as much good as his situation allows him to do.—Lord Bolingbroke.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1 25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 55 p m, 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m, then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6 52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

William E. Maloney, Div. Supt.
Albert E. Myer, Div. Supt.
Thomas Lees, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6 52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7 07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10 37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

Albert E. Myers, Div. Supt.
Thomas Lees, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

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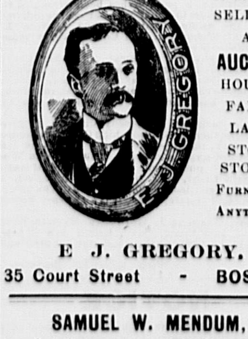

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announces a change in his Woburn office hours. Hereafter he will be at his Woburn office in the Johnson Block, 349 Main Street, mornings from 8 to 8.50, and Saturday evenings from 7.30 to 9. Boston Office, 10 Tremont Street. Telephones: Woburn 272-1, and Main 8908-3.

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Leave Woburn for Melrose Highlands at 5 45 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 8 15 A. M., then every hour until 2 15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.15, P. M.

Leave Melrose Highland for Stoneham and Woburn at 5 00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 7.30 A. M., then every hour until 1.30 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.30, P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn for Melrose Highlands at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.15 P. M.

Leave Melrose Highlands for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Sept. 14, 1908.

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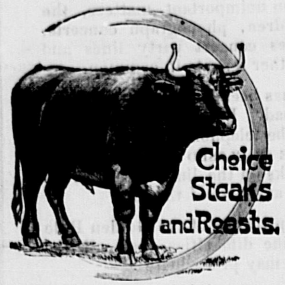

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415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5 30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6 45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6 20, 6,50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5 40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6 45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8 00, 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6 50, 7.05, 7 20, 7.50, 8 05, 8 20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11 50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6 40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6 50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect October 5, 1908

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55, †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8 21, †8.55, §9.23, †10.21, §11.01, †11.17 a. m., §12.05, †12.59, §2.00, †2 04, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.22, †5.02, †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.

LOWELL — †8.20, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, †4 42 §5.28, †6.42, §9.27, †10.59, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H. — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D6.42, p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell. B Saturdays only.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, Pas. Traf. Mgr. C. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Agt.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 8.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works. North Woburn.
321	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

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A Matrimonial Importation.

By JENNIE LUDLUM LEE.

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Earle Scott arrived at the pier just as the giant steamship docked. He appeared to be looking for no particular person, but, rather, to search the faces of the crowds about him. Some one tapped him on the arm.

"Are you one of those horrid men?" a rather tired voice inquired.

Scott turned and smiled at the girl beside him.

"Well, I certainly am a man," he acknowledged, "and I guess I'm about as horrid as most of my sex."

"Oh, I didn't mean—I beg your pardon," stammered the girl. "I meant were you a customs officer? You see, I'm"—

He scanned the girl's face closely. Could she be up to the old game of smuggling? More than one official had been tricked by a pair of honest eyes, and Scott had just acknowledged that he was but a mere man. The girl certainly had a fascinating personality. Scott informed her that he was not a customs official, but offered to be of any assistance to her.

"Oh, thank you so much," she exclaimed as she hurriedly glanced about her. "I want a cab to take me to that address," and she handed him a visiting card. "No one has met me, and, oh, I must get away before he comes off the boat."

"I understand," assured Scott, though in reality he did not. "Want to shake some undesirable shipboard acquaintance?"

"It's not exactly that—he's a dear, but—oh, if you will just get me a cab that will solve the whole problem."

A cabman was found who agreed to take the girl to her destination for a nominal fee, and as Scott closed the door upon his mysterious companion she leaned forward through the window.

"Won't you tell me your name and I'll have my uncle write and thank you?" she inquired.

He drew a card from his wallet and presented it to her. Aloud she read the address in trembling voice, "Mr. Earle Cowdrey Scott, Harlequin Club."

"Won't you write instead?" Earle suggested, but the disinterested cabman whipped up his horse and her answer was lost.

Scott now hurriedly returned to the ship and boarded her. He had no difficulty in finding his father, who was always among the last to leave a ship. His son, knowing this, had not hastened to find him. After the first greetings the old gentleman slapped his son affectionately upon the shoulder.

"Well, my boy, I've brought you a fine present this year—a rare prize." Then, glancing about the ship and the crowd below them, he added, "But I think the little minx has slipped off."

That evening as father and son sat chatting over their coffee and cigars the old gentleman announced:

"Well, Earle, I brought a wife home for you—came over in the ship with me."

Earle seemed somewhat startled.

"May I ask, dad, if you have married again, or is this matrimonial importation for me to take unto myself?"

"Oh, for you—for you," said the old man gleefully. "And we're going around there tonight. Here's where she is. Her uncle, old John Banks, is a great friend of mine."

He passed the card over to Earle. The latter had held the mate to it in the morning. Smiling to himself, Earle agreed, thinking that the mysterious girl was well worth knowing better. All day long innumerable pictures of her had flitted through his mind. He would be glad to know the truth.

When father and son were announced, John Banks and his niece entered the room full of hearty greetings, but the young couple gave no outward sign of recognition. Before long the two elder men found that comfort awaited them in the library in the form of duplicate whist and good cigars.

Earle noted that Edith Hamilton was somewhat ill at ease, but made little headway in solving the problem that evening. When he left the house, however, he had to acknowledge to himself that the girl was charming in the extreme. He asked permission to call again.

"And, by the way, Miss Hamilton, I don't have to drag father along every time, do I?" he asked in mock deference.

On the way home that evening the father went into something of an explanation.

"There's an old fashioned girl for you, Earle. Like your mother was as a girl. Nothing deceitful about her—right in the open—everything straight from the shoulder. I talked a lot about you on the trip over and told her she was just the type of girl you were looking for—that we needed her sort to round out our home. She's been in school for years over in France and now has come to keep house for Banks. How did she strike you?"

"As a most deceitful, deep young person," announced Earle, with great emphasis. Yet in his heart he really felt that the apparent deceit only added to her charms.

Earle became a frequent visitor at the Banks household. He had the name of a heartless bachelor among his club mates. Women in general had made little impression on him, but he had to acknowledge to himself that he loved this girl with all his power, and his power was a great one. He wanted her and would leave no stone unturned to win her. And the evening came when he told her of his love and asked her to be his wife.

"Oh, I wish you had not asked me, Mr. Scott. I couldn't, really I couldn't," was her insistent plea. "Just let's go on being friends."

The big man seemed to shiver. He was very much in earnest, but he took her refusal like the man he was.

As he sat at his desk the next morning idly dreaming of dreams gone wrong his telephone bell rang. It was Edith Hamilton at the other end of the wire. She asked him in most unsteady voice to come over that evening—that she had some sort of an explanation to make. Sharply at 8 o'clock Scott was in the drawing room. As she entered the room her face bore a sad expression, yet withal she was radiantly beautiful to Earle.

"Little girl!" Scott almost whispered as she came toward him. She seemed a saintly being, far beyond his reach. "I love you—you know that, don't you?"

"Yes, Earle, I believe you do," she uttered as she sank into a chair near him. "That is why I sent for you. Something seemed to tell it to me after you left. I want to tell you something. The day I met you on the pier I wanted to escape your father before he came on shore. We had joked about my marrying his son, and when the time came when I must actually face you I hurried away to escape the meeting."

"And I thought you were running away from the customs officials," laughed Scott.

"Well, in part I was. You see, I brought over a lot of real lace and smuggled it in. I had sewed yards and yards of it on a cheap petticoat which I had on at the time."

For a moment they both laughed heartily, then again the serious expression came back into Edith's face.

"It was all started in a joke," she continued. "But when I had actually met you and"—here her voice dropped almost to a whisper—"and loved you, I was so afraid that you were asking me just to please your father."

"Do I look like such a mollycoddle?" asked Earle as he drew closer to her.

"Well, that was why I said 'No!' last night. Then I couldn't sleep for the very joy of thinking that perhaps—perhaps you really did love me for myself alone. Do you, Earle?"

For answer Earle took her in his arms.

"You're a deceitful little wretch," he teased, "but I love you and for yourself alone—better than life itself—and you must know it."

"Oh, dear, I'm so happy," she murmured as she nestled closer to him. "And, Earle, it's early, and Uncle John has gone over to play whist with your father. Let's run over and surprise them. I'm sure Uncle John will be so glad to be rid of me—and your father—well"—

"Will be so happy to find that his matrimonial importation has proved acceptable," finished Earle.

What Matter Really Is.

Throughout the greater part of space we find simple unmodified ether, elastic and massive, squirming and quivering with energy, but stationary as a whole. Here and there, however, we find specks of electrofied ether, isolated, yet connected together by fields of force and a state of violent locomotion. These "specks" are what in the form of prodigious aggregates we know as "matter," and the greater number of sensible phenomena, such as viscosity, heat, sound, electric conduction, absorption and emission of light, belong to these differentiated or individualized and dissociated or electrified specks, which are either flying alone or are restoring with orbital motion in groups. The "matter" so constituted—built up of these well separated particles, with interstices enormous in proportion to the size of the specks—must be an excessively porous or gossamer-like structure, like a cobweb, a milky way or a comet's tail, and the inertia of matter —t. t is, the combined inertia of a group of electrified ether particles—must be a mere residual fraction of the mass of the main bulk of undifferentiated continuous fluid occupying the same space, of which fluid the particles are hypothetically composed and in which they freely move.—Sir Oliver Lodge in "Modern Views of Electricity."

By Inheritance.

When a strange woman came for the soiled clothes, says a writer in the Baltimore News, the mistress of the house came to the conclusion that her own laundress had simply employed a new messenger and made no comment on the circumstance. But when two weeks had gone by and still the old laundress—known as Susan—did not appear the mistress of the house felt that she would be lacking in her duty if she did not make some inquiry about her.

"Where is Susan?" she asked the tall, bony woman who came for the clothes.

"She has gone to Pennsylvania to live, yessum," returned the woman with composure. "She went to Pennsylvania some time ago, an' she lef' goodby for yuh, but s' long yuh didn't seem tuh notice I didn't say nuffin'."

"But why didn't she come and tell me and allow me to make some arrangements about my laundry?"

"Well, she lef' yo' clothes tuh meh. She made a will an' lef' dem clothes tuh meh. We'se allus been good frien's, an' so w'en she lef' she say I may wash yo' clothes long ez I wush tuh, an' dere was no use worryin' yuh 'bout hit, now was dere?"

To this moderate and sensible question the mistress of the house found no ready response.

Showing Him.

"You young scoundrel!" said the father, seizing his disobedient son by the hair. "I'll show you how to treat your mother!"

And he at once proceeded to show young hopeful the way by banging him across the ears two or three times and then shaking him until his hair began to fall out.

Defined.

A little girl who had listened to a discussion of nature fakirs in literature when asked to define the human and animal families replied:

"A brute is an imperfect beast; man is a perfect beast."—Judge.

Unless you bear with the faults of a friend you betray your own.—Syrus.

None but the contemptible are apprehensive of contempt.—Rochefoucauld.

WONDERS OF THE SUN

Some Facts About That Colossal Fiery Globe.

AN IDEA OF ITS GREAT SIZE.

Our Earth and Moon, as Far Apart as They Now Are, Could Easily Move Around In Its Flaming Interior—Some of the Substances It Contains.

Astronomy does not always consist of night studies. There are some things to be seen after darkness is gone, both with glass and unassisted eye. The dear old moon often gives us a good daylight view of herself, looking as if haggard, sleepy and disgusted after being out overnight. The star Venus has often been seen in the afternoon. Some comets are on record as having approached so near the earth that the same could be said of them for weeks at a time.

But of course the great day attraction is the ruler of our own family of brother and sister planets, the sun.

Although "medium sized" as compared to many of the fixed stars, our sun is no lightweight, being about 1,300,000 times as large as the earth. If some great force could put us in the center of that ultra mammoth globe, and the moon also (keeping her at the same distance from us as she now is), and there was another moon nearly as far away from her, the earth, and the two moons and all the space between them could still be contained in the great, sparkling sun.

Its distance from us is 92,897,000 miles, a very tedious little journey if we could make it by customary methods. You can find plenty of accounts in books of how long it would take a railroad train to get to it, and you can ascertain it yourself by a little figuring. You will learn, for instance, that a limited express traveling 1,000 miles per day would arrive at Sun station in about 254 years, during which time there would probably be a few deaths on the train. If when the engine arrived it could give a blast of the whistle loud enough to be heard here, the people at this end of the line would have to wait fourteen years before the signal arrived if it proceeded at the usual velocity of sound.

But the eye, most wonderful of conveyances, can traverse all that distance in between eight and nine minutes. It takes that length of time for light to pass between the two worlds.

What is the material of which that great fiery globe is composed? The following substances have been detected by the spectroscope and may be considered as surely a part of it: Barium, calcium, chromium, cobalt, copper, hydrogen, iron, magnesium, manganese, nickel, platinum, silicon, silver, sodium, titanium, vanadium. It is thought that the following substances are also there, although the proof, while strong, is not absolute: Aluminium, cadmium, carbon, lead, molybdenum, palladium, uranium and zinc. It is a singular fact that gold has not yet been discovered in this great golden orb.

The fact that "all is action, all is motion," not only in "this world of ours," but throughout our entire universe, is illustrated by the sun, for, while all the planets of our system are revolving around it, it is not itself still; it would seem to be having a waltz of its own. It turns on its axis, it has another motion about the center of gravity of the solar system, and, besides, it is on its way, with its flock of planets, toward some distant point in space at the rate of 960 miles per minute. These facts and figures sound strange and hardly believable, but they have been demonstrated mathematically over and over again by astronomers of different times and lands.

One of the most interesting things to be seen upon the sun is its spots, for this great king of planets is not entirely immaculate. Some think these are caused by cyclones, some that they are eruptions from within the sun's surface, some by cool matter from meteors falling into the hotter atmosphere, and this last idea would seem the most sensible one. Such a great flaming furnace as the sun apparently is, giving out life to a colony of planets, must have food, and possibly the great heat giving, life imparting creature may when spots appear be taking its rations.

These spots, often thousands of miles in extent, although they look so small from earth, can many of them be seen with an opera glass, but it is necessary to combine the instrument with smoked glass, which can be fastened upon it with rubber bands either at the eye or view end.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Favor Appreciated.

"I have come to inform you," said the young man who thought the firm would have to go out of business if he went away, "that unless my salary is raised I shall have to sever my connection with this establishment."

"Thank you," replied the general manager.

"Am I to understand, then," the young man asked, "that you accede to my demand?"

"No. I thanked you because you had relieved me of an unpleasant duty. I always hate to discharge a man who will be unable to hold a job anywhere else."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not until we know all that God knows can we estimate to the full the power and the sacredness of some one life which may seem the humblest in the world.—John Ruskin.

Free Speech In England.

Professor Masterman, lecturing at Cambridge on modern England and the liberty of the subject, said there was enough treason spoken in Hyde park, London, on Sunday afternoons to fill a German fortress. Instead, the orators went home to tea. It is a remarkable fact, however, added the lecturer, that there is no state in Europe where attacks on the sovereign are so rare or so strongly resented by the people at large.—London Graphic.

WHEN SILENCE WAS GOLDEN.

Speechmaking by Presidential Candidates No Longer Dangerous.

The modern practice of speechmaking by presidential candidates is in marked contrast to the early practice. In former times it was considered undignified for a candidate for president to make any open effort in his own behalf, and candidates generally observed strict silence. The theory was that if a candidate opened his mouth to say anything or even wrote the most commonplace letter it would be used against him.

General Scott, Whig candidate for president in 1852, owed his defeat in part to two innocent but unfortunate expressions used by him long before his nomination. In 1846, when he expected to be ordered to Mexico, he bespoke the support of the administration for his military plans by saying in a published letter that "soldiers had a far greater dread of a fire upon the rear than of the most formidable enemy in the front." For this expression President Polk declined to order him to Mexico at that time, and when Scott was nominated for president six years later he never heard the last of "the fire upon the rear."

The other expression occurred in a note to the secretary of war. One day the secretary called at General Scott's office and found that he was absent. On returning and learning that the secretary had called the general wrote a note in explanation of his absence, saying that he "had only stepped out for a moment to take a hasty plate of soup." When he was nominated for president the "hasty plate of soup" figured in all sorts of caricatures and brought upon him ridicule that he did not deserve.

Abraham Lincoln, a frequent speaker prior to his nomination, did not utter a word publicly during the campaign. He made no addresses, wrote no public letters and held no conferences. His letter of acceptance contained only 134 words. The practice of speechmaking by candidates after their nomination began with James A. Garfield.—Indianapolis News.

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

Effect It Produced on Her Husband's Business Affairs.

A delegation of young men lately waited on their employer's wife with the oddest request on record. "You see, madam," said the spokesman, "we want to have a half holiday every Saturday. Now, if you will be particularly nice to Mr. Page for a few days we'll go to him and ask"—

"Gentlemen," the lady haughtily interrupted, "do you imply that I do not understand what is due to my husband?"

"Oh, I know all about it, madam," the spokesman went on. "I'm married myself. Things go wrong in the house, and you're tired and cross at breakfast. Then we suffer at the office. You stay up late to chaperon your daughter at a ball, and we have more trouble at the office. You're a bit cross three mornings in succession for one reason or another, and we have a—a—terrible time at the office.

"You see how the matter stands and how greatly you will oblige us by being more than usually agreeable to Mr. Page for three or four days. The fourth day give him the best breakfast you can—everything that he likes best—and we'll get what we want in three minutes.

"Talk about a woman having no influence in the business! Why, the humor she's in has more effect than a bank failure or a boom in trade."

She thought she ought to be angry, but instead she laughed and agreed to the proposition, and four days later when they waited on the head of the firm he made the closing hour 12 o'clock and said never in the history of the firm had things run as satisfactorily as they had during the last four days.—London Tit-Bits.

The African Elephant.

Shunning man and, as a rule, fleeing at his approach, the African elephant when attacked often shows fight and is dangerous prey. Kongo specimens have very large ears that even stretch back beyond the neck and cover part of the flank. In color the Kongo elephants are of a grayish blue, almost slatelike tint. No one has even reported seeing specimens of the sacred white elephant of India there. In size Kongo elephants have been killed more than fourteen feet high at the withers and reckoned at more than eight tons in weight. Tusks obtained are sometimes more than 200 pounds in weight and six feet and a half in length.

A Shock.

Mrs. Youngwife—Now, tell me, Alfonse, what papa said to you when you asked him for my hand. Alfonse—He said "Thank goodness! At last!" and went on writing.

Fraud lurks in loose generalities.—Law Maxim.

Colds on the Chest

Ask your doctor the medical name for a cold on the chest. He will say, "Bronchitis." Ask him if it is ever serious. Lastly, ask him if he prescribes Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for this disease. Keep in close touch with your family physician.

Ayer's We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.

When you tell your doctor about the bad taste in your mouth, loss of appetite for breakfast, and frequent headaches, and when he sees your coated tongue, he will say, "You are bilious." Ayer's Pills work well in such cases.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

Holding Trumps

By W. F. BRYAN.

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Bitter Creek cared little for the presidential race. It was too remote from the center of things to care which of the two Williams occupied the White House. It was the tail of the ticket that interested Bitter Creek, and interested it mightily.

The camp had reached a stage in its development where a local sheriff was of greater importance than a national ruler. The fight was to be made strictly on party lines, but the parties were the Colcordites and the Myliusites.

It was agreed that either man would admirably perform the onerous duties of the office, but Ben Colcord and Tom Mylius both wanted the place, and the contest would be none the less exciting because the two men were close friends.

"This sure is going to be a fight," announced Colcord when he met his chum after the nomination. "No hard feeling if I beat you, Tom?"

"If you can," confirmed Mylius, with a laugh. "I think I see myself wearing that badge already, Ben."

"Not if I can help it," denied Colcord. "I've a few ideas as to how to run a campaign myself, and I'm going to try them."

"Anything short of shooting," assented Mylius. "I hold the trump card, though. You wait and see."

Bitter Creek did not have long to wait. Colcord led from the first and took the first trick by fitting up the old Bella Union as a picture show. In between reels he made a speech to the audience, and the audience included most of the townspeople in the course of the evening.

The pictures were changed every evening, and even the barkeepers at the new Bella Union and the Yalta were permitted to take time off to see the new reel run through.

Business at the faro tables suffered, and Colcord would have become unpopular had it not been that at the conclusion of each performance he led the audience across the street for a drink, patronizing first the Bella Union and then the Yalta.

It was the general opinion that Colcord had set a pace too swift for his rival to follow, but Mylius only smiled.

This smile grew broader the following week when Mylius played and took the second trick. Bitter Creek sadly lacked the feminine element. Save for Mrs. Mulligan, who ran the Golden West hotel, the census of Bitter Creek was entered in the male column of the records.

The arrival of Edna Mylius created nothing less than a sensation, and that evening the picture show was deserted, while the voters of Bitter Creek slowly filed past the Golden West in the hope of obtaining a sight of the new arrival.

Edna Mylius was well worth the trouble. She was a slip of a girl with a coronet of silky hair the color of virgin gold. She dressed with an artful simplicity far more fetching than the latest fashion, and her smile was simply irresistible. She was just out of college, in love with the west and delighted to be one of the factors in an election contest.

Tom fitted up a store near the picture show, and waffles, with real honey, vied with the pictures as an attraction. Waffles were Edna's specialty, and with sleeves rolled above her dimpled elbows, with dainty apron and a coquetish cooking cap, her face flushed from the heat of the fire, she was a picture—and a moving one—far more effective than the product of lantern and film across the street. Bitter Creek decided that of the two Tom Mylius was better fitted to be sheriff.

Colcord racked his brains for something to counteract the effect of the waffles and brought down to the Creek half a dozen minor pugilists, who battled for the benefit of a mere handful of spectators, while the rest of the camp watched Edna make fudge.

Colcord left the fight and went over to see what success the fudge maker was having. The room was packed with men solemnly masticating the toothsome compound, while Mylius made a speech.

They listened, as in duty bound, but all eyes were upon the trim little figure hovering over the stove at the end of the hall. She had impressed Mrs. Mulligan as assistant, and the ponderous figure of the elder woman made an excellent foil for the girl.

Edna looked up, with a smile, as Colcord entered and made his way to the stove. It was by no means his first visit, and she had come to like the frank, breezy man who at once was her brother's friend and rival.

"I'm perfectly happy," she whispered as she offered Colcord a plate of the sweets. "When we made fudge in a chafing dish I used to say that I hoped some day to be able to make all I wanted to. I've got my wish sooner than I expected."

"I wish I might have mine," retorted Colcord.

"You can't," was the prompt reply. "I'm going to elect Tom as sheriff. Perhaps if you are real good I'll elect you the next time."

"It's hard to fight fudge," assented Colcord, with a laugh, "but there is still the home stretch to be run off. You wait and see."

Edna smiled as she shook her head in disapproval of the claim.

"The way to men's hearts is through their stomachs," she reminded.

"A lesson you have taught me," he admitted. "You have dealt me the trump card."

"I thought you told Tom you held it all along," she retorted.

"This is a new deal—and a new trump," he declared mysteriously. "You wait and see."

He would not explain further, and presently he made his way back to the picture theater, where the concluding bout was just over. It had been an expensive experiment, and Colcord reflected that if fudge could beat fighting in Bitter Creek he had already lost.

His trump card was a burgoo. Colcord was from Kentucky, and he had pinned his last faith on this savory stew, the weapon of the politician, the delight of voters for generations.

Two aged negroes were imported to superintend the making, and Colcord had selected a field on the outskirts of the town where the crowds would have to pass his rival's house on the way to the grounds.

The day before election was selected for the function, and all business was suspended by common consent that every one might participate.

Colcord watched Mylius sharply for a counter move, but no announcement came, and, with a chuckle, Colcord assured himself that at last he had played a trump, and played it at a moment when it would save the game.

He made an early trip to the grounds, where already the great stew was bubbling and seething in its caldron. Edna was in the yard in front of the shack her brother had taken when he had arranged for her coming, and he stopped to chat and brag a little on his success.

"I don't suppose that you'd care to come to the grounds," he said, "but you really ought to taste the burgoo. There is nothing else like it. I'll send or bring some over."

"I shall be delighted," was the demure reply, and Colcord rode on rather sorry that he had to whip Edna's brother. It might reduce his chances of winning Edna, and that was even more important now than the office on which he had once set his heart.

It had been announced that the burgoo would be served at 2 o'clock, but it was well past that time when a single rider came to explain why the crowd had not shown up.

"Mylius is giving a lawn party," explained Colcord's friend. "There's a dancing floor laid down in his yard and a band from Silver City. You can't get a man past the place, for Miss Edna is dancing with all in turn. Looks as though we were beaten, Ben."

"I'm rather glad that we are," was the unexpected reply as Colcord turned to give an order.

Some time later the guests at the lawn party were surprised to see Colcord drive up. In the wagon box were the two negroes and the caldron of burgoo.

"I promised to bring you some," explained Colcord as he approached Edna, "and as no one else seemed to want any I brought all of it. It may help out with the refreshments. It's rather a cold day for a lawn party, and the hot stew will be appreciated."

"Splendid!" cried Edna. "If you will drive round the house I'll show you where you can have it served. We only have cakes and lemonade."

She led the way to the back of the house, where the two cooks unloaded Colcord's addition to the refreshments and prepared to serve it. Colcord made the best use of his time, and when he appeared in the front yard again he approached Mylius.

"Tom," he said, "you can be sheriff, for I'm going to be your brother-in-law. I told you that I would win, but I didn't realize that my trump card would be the one you held."

A Hungry Mexican Shark.

Pursued by a nine foot shark, which when they abandoned their boat at the shore put his front fins on the edge of the boat and ate the fish therein as a pig would eat out of a trough until in its greed it swallowed a big hook thrown into the pile of fish, is the story told by several fishermen and people who saw the windup of the affair. The fishermen were returning to port with their sloop filled to the gunwales with fish when they noticed a great fish pursuing them and rapidly gaining on them, although still about 1,000 feet away. They hurried to the pier, where in terror they scrambled out of the boat. The shark, for such the fish proved to be, followed them and immediately mounted part way into the boat, where he began devouring great quantities of fish in single mouthfuls. The fishermen hurriedly secured a shark hook, which they threw in with the fish. The shark, after a mouthful or two, took the hook into his mouth along with several fish and swallowed it. A crowd of people had gathered by this time, and all lent a hand in pulling the monster in.—Mexican Herald.

The Meeting and the Parting.

They had met by chance at Atlantic City. They were strangers to each other, but he was convinced that she was a southern girl of high caste, and she in turn believed him to be a New York man of money.

"You are from New York, aren't you?" she abruptly asked when they had paused for a moment after a stroll along the beach.

"Yes," he answered, determined to reveal himself in his true station. "I live in East Sixteenth street, where I grovel among my fellow clerks on $10 a week. But you—you are a southern lady of social distinction and"—

"No," she coldly rejoined; "I live in East Sixteenth street among the clerks also."

"Anywhere near 258?" he faintly asked.

"Next door—256!"

Then they parted.—New York Times.

Motion Denied.

A man arrested for murder was assigned a counsel whose crude appearance caused the unfortunate prisoner to ask the judge:

"Is this my lawyer?"

"Yes," replied the judge.

"Is he going to defend me?"

"Yes."

"If he should die, could I have another?"

"Yes."

"Can I see him alone in the back room for a few minutes?"—Pick-Me-Up.

A Dull Letter.

"The only news I have to tell you," wrote the Billville citizen, "is that the river has riz an' drowned all yer cattle, an' yer uncle has broke jail; likewise the widder woman you wuz goin' ter marry has runned off with a book agent. Outside of these heer things we air all a-doin' well."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, OCT. 16, 1908

☞ The WOBURN JOURNAL is getting to be quite venerable as compared with the average age of newspapers. It is 57 years old today, the first sheet having been pulled from the old Franklin handpress by Mr. Fowle, Editor and Proprietor, on Oct. 16, 1851. He has that first sheet now, and we have the original subscription list, each name in the subscriber's own handwriting. Occasionally an old one comes in and looks over the list. As his eyes run down the column he sighs, for he sees but few names the owners of which could respond to rollcall today, they having crossed the Great Divide, and are now on the other side. Although old, the JOURNAL is still sprightly, and hardly ever loses a subscriber except by death from old age.

☞ The New England Food Fair, from its second annual opening on Oct. 5 in Mechanics Building, Boston, to the present time, has been a marvelous success from every point of view. The daily attendance has been simply immense, the great building overflowing with interested visitors from opening to the evening close, and the crowd constantly increasing. In variety and size the exhibition is a wonder; to fully appreciate it one must repeat his visits day after day. The music and entertainments are better even than the Managers promised, and nowhere can time be made to pass more pleasantly and profitably than at the N. E Food Fair in Boston, which closes on Oct. 31.

☞ Last Monday, Oct. 12, Joe Mitchell Chapple, Editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, a popular Boston monthly publication founded by him some years ago, gave a reception and luncheon to the NATIONAL'S friends and patrons at Mechanics Fair in Boston, which was subsequently described in the papers as a grand affair. Besides the reunion, feast and exercises, Editor Chapple gave an exhibition of the way the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is made by his Miehle presses and monotype equipments.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Edison Co.—Light.
Advertiser—Wanted.
Success Magazine—Wanted.

— Trinity church are to hold a Fair in November.

— There is a donation party at our house almost every day.

— Towanda Club are to have a smoker next Monday evening.

— The Sons of Veterans and Club are to give a unique entertainment soon.

— "Birds in their little nest agree," but the Mayor and City Council don't seem to.

— Mr. Charles Fitz of the Boston Branch has been at Minneapolis for a fortnight, or so.

— Presidential and election of State officers comes in two weeks from next Tuesday in all the States.

— Capt. McCarthy of Co. G won the grand medal at the Brookside shootingmatch last Saturday.

— There was a heavy and much needed rain from 1 to 8 o'clock on the morning of Oct. 11.

— November 25 will be Thanksgiving Day, and the work of fattening the turkeys has already begun.

— After the heavy white frost on Monday night the trees were rapidly denuded of their Autumn robes.

— Mrs. James McGovern of 17 Church avenue will please accept our best thanks for a large contribution of splendid pears.

— Halloween is close at hand, and the crop of punkins is abundant. No danger that the boys and girls will forget the date.

— Corp. Frank H. Kean of Co. G and Miss Lillian E. Barrett were married by Rev. Dr. Williams last Sunday evening.

— The High school football team are showing up in very good form, and are likely to win some credit marks before the season is over.

— Miss Annie Wood, Second Assistant Librarian, was generously remembered by her friends on her birthday anniversary last Tuesday.

— Mrs. Minnie Shay of Worcester paid a visit to her father, Mr. Bryan McSweeney, at her old home on Munroe street last Saturday.

— Some personal recollections of the late Miss Susan Edgell, from the pen of a former resident of Woburn, may appear in the JOURNAL soon.

— Not much business was done at the meeting of the City Council last Monday evening. The Union street matter was tabled for the next session.

— The evening school opened at 7.30 p. m. last Monday with nearly 150 entries. If there are 100 at the close of the term, it will be better than we look for.

— Mr. Elmer E. Silver of Woburn, General Manager of an Ohio Insurance Co. for New England, gave his subordinates a fine luncheon in Boston the other day.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— The annual meeting of the Mass. Postmasters Association was held, with a banquet, at the American House, Boston, on Oct. 14. Capt. Wyer, of course, was there.

— The kind regards and good wishes for the JOURNAL that subscribers are forwarding with their renewals these fine Autumn days are comforting and cheering to the Editor's heart.

— At the home celebration of the 20th anniversary of their wedding day last Sunday evening Mr. and Mrs. Peter Carlson were presented with a solid silver candelabra by their friends. The event was observed with refreshments, songs, and pleasant converse.

— St. Joseph's church at Montvale, also, has a flourishing Holy Name Society, to which members are being constantly added. It is a grand good organization, and deserves encouragement.

— Mr. George Buchanan said the nearly tubful of pears that he toted over to our house the other evening would be just right for mellowness to top off our Thanksgiving turkey with. Thanks.

— First Congregational Parishioners are beginning to talk about their annual supper. Well laden banqueting boards, and a lively social evening, appeal as strongly to the average churchman and woman as to world's people.

— The new contract with the Edison Co. for street lights all night every night is something our city government deserve thanks for. Woburn has this year a municipal administration as efficient as any city in Greater Boston.

— A few days ago Mr. Charles O. Ames, whose home is on New Boston and School streets, was run into by a cyclist, knocked down and badly injured. Mr. Ames is about 85 years old, and one of our best citizens.

— The Phalanx had glorious weather last Wednesday for the celebration of their 73d birthday, and they improved it. The program for the big shootingmatch in the afternoon, and meeting in the evening, was carried out as announced in last week's JOURNAL.

— As exclusively announced in last week's JOURNAL that they would do so, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Taylor of 23 Pleasant street are observing the 15th anniversary of their marriage today in a quiet and decorous manner. They were united in the silken bonds of wedlock on Oct. 16, 1893. A few members only of the families are present at the keeping of the anniversary.

— Who should put in a very welcome appearance last Monday evening but Lou Merrill, granddaughter of Engineer Cy Chase, with a whole aprонful of the largest oranges we ever laid eyes on. She said her "Jim" knew about it and was agreeable, so along came the fruit. This neighborhood lost its favorite lass when Lou moved on to Pleasant street last Spring.

— Mr. Harry F. Parker and Elliot DeLoriea attended the 9th in the series of great Gospel Services for Railroad Men at Haverhill last Sunday. A special train took 1000 people from Boston to the meeting. These Sunday Services were inaugurated 8 years ago by the B. & M. Station Agent at Haverhill, and have grown from a handful of devout railroad men to congregations of thousands.

— Late Sunday evening James M. Callahan, city dog-catcher, was notified that a dog was acting strangely off Arlington Road. He responded to the summons, found the animal, and lassoed him. It wasn't a dog at all, but a real live bear. After a severe fight, in which Callahan lost about all the clothes he had on, he slew bruin, and, shouldering him, lugged him home. The bear was probably an estray from some showplace.

— Last Tuesday morning Mrs. Geo. H. Newcomb, wife of the JOURNAL'S Foreman, tripped and fell down a flight of stairs at their residence, 23 Mishawum Road, and received serious injuries. Her right arm was broken below the elbow; her tongue was painfully wounded; and she was badly bruised and shaken up. She is now comfortable, but expects it will be some time before she will be able to resume her household duties.

— It is reported that there are already not less than half a dozen Democratic candidates for election to the place on the Board of Public Works which the expiration of Com. McHugh's term will open up on Jan. 1, among them McHugh himself, and a lively contest for the nomination is promised. Mr. Edward T. Shea, a good man for the office, and nonpartisan, has not determined whether he will gratify his friends and become a candidate, or not.

— This is the nut gathering season of the year, and the harvest here is abundant, and of the best quality. Chestnuts, beechnuts, oilnuts, and other good fruits of the woods, were never more plentiful than they are this Fall, and the harvesters never more numerous. A favorite locality for their pleasant work is found on the Lowell road from Billerica to Lexington, for there chestnuts abound in generous measure; and in some of the groves in Woburn beechnuts are gathered in great abundance. Nutting affords rare pleasure for those who love the woods, and it is profitable, too.

— The mystery is solved at last. Considerable curiosity was felt as to the cause of a drumcorps being heard about 8 to 10 o'clock every other evening, or so, evidently marching over Academy Hill and along other city thoroughfares; but it exists no longer. The drumcorps heard marked marching time for the Holy Name Society of St. Charles Parish, a Society organized, as we understand it, for the Suppression of Profanity by rightminded men who have the welfare of their fellowmen at heart. It is a good thing, and may it live long and prosper. Every young man in the city ought to join the Holy Name Society now, and it wouldn't hurt some of the old ones to do so.

— We have been informed that the Woburn Woman's Club have decided on a program for this season's entertainments better, in many respects, if possible, than those in years past. It includes lectures by eminent people; concerts; readings, etc., all to be first-class. The Club hold their first Fall meeting at 3 o'clock this afternoon in Lyceum Hall, when and where a sample of the new program will be exhibited. Not so very long ago some of the leaders conceived the idea of changing the Club into a society of fashion—an imitation of Sorosis—for the display of smart gowns and sparkling jewels; where to "pour" gracefully at a pink tea would be considered a more desirable accomplishment than the ability to write a poem; but it didn't work; the crisis was safely passed; and the members settled down to the prosecution of the grand work designed by the founders of the Club. Since then the organization has prospered in every way, and is, and will continue to be, a power for intellectual improvement in this city.

PRIVATE STREET LIGHTS

A good many people do not know that they can have **PRIVATE STREET LIGHTS** in front of or on either side of their residences at exceptionally favorable rates.

Such private street lights mean the best form of protection against burglars, and are, moreover, not just a convenience and source of safety but they mark the user as a public spirited citizen interested in the general welfare work of his street and city.

The new Tungsten lamps in different sizes—the most efficient modern light of the day—will be furnished for this class of work, and are also furnished for residence lighting.

Telephone or write us now while the matter is fresh in your mind, and let us lay before you interesting details, not only as to the small cost but as to the **GREAT SATISFACTION, COMFORT, CONVENIENCE** and **SAEETY** to **YOU**.

EDISON ELECTRIC ILLUMINATING CO.
TELEPHONE OXFORD 3300 39 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.
Telephone connection.

NEW FALL STYLES
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Fine Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Wobur

— Read the ads wanted in another column.

— The alarm from box 41 last Tuesday afternoon was for a brush fire near the Reading line. The alarm box 21 last Wednesday noon was for a brush fire at Central Square.

— Mr. Thomas J. Feeney of Warren avenue in this city, who is General Manager of the Advertising Department of the New England Telegraph and Telephone Company of Boston, as President of the St. Charles Holy Name Society, is doing a splendid work in behalf of the young men of Woburn. It is not only of great present benefit, but its influence for good will be felt in years to come, when even greater credit is in store for him. The aims of the Society are not solely the suppression of profanity, but are to raise the standard of living, to make more manly men of its members, and more worthy citizens when they come to take their places on the stage of life. The Society is a School of Deportment.

— Madams Peter Carlson, Peter Matson and Emil Lentz, prominent members of the Danish Sisterhood of this city, all of them married in October, 1888, were given a real and most gratifying surprise at a meeting of the Danish Brotherhood and Sisterhood in their hall last Friday evening. These estimable ladies, former active members of the Danish Sisterhood in Boston, were chiefly instrumental in organizing a Society in Woburn, some years ago, in the management of which they have always been influential. To the intense surprise of these Matrons of 20 years, at the meeting they were met with warm congratulations and cordial greetings by the assembly, after which there was a fine collation in their honor, which was followed by dancing to excellent music by Paulson's Orchestra. It was a hearty, most enjoyable and admirably conducted affair.

— There exists the highest authority for the saying that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, but the case of Mr. Leon L Dorr, an important piece of the machinery that successfully runs the mercantile business of Copeland & Bowser in Bank Block, appears to be an exception to the statement made in the Book. Mr. Dorr is a zealous and energetic Sunday School worker, and, as such, is honored here in his own country. He is recognized as a leader in the work, not only by the Methodist church, but by other denominations. And he is as favorably known in parts outside of his own country. Last week Mr. Dorr was elected a member of the Executive Committee at the annual convention of the Massachusetts Sunday School Union held at Worcester, a position he is amply qualified to fill with honor and profit to the Association.

Edison Improvements.

Improvements and alterations in the system for supplying electric service to its customers in Winchester, Woburn and Stoneham which the Edison Electric Illuminating Company has been making this summer will be completed and the new service put into operation sometime this month. This new work has cost the Edison Company upwards of $75,000. The result is a doubled capacity for supplying electric service and improved conditions which will prove absolutely satisfactory. A new main has been put in from the Willow Ave. Sub-Station of the Company through Highland Ave., Holland street, and Broadway, in Somerville, Broadway, Warren, Chestnut, Mystic, Cambridge and Pond streets to the Woburn Station. This line will be connected through the Somerville Sub-Station directly to the high power lines running from the Company's big power station in South Boston. This means a constant, unvarying supply of power from one of the most perfectly developed and equipped electric light stations in the world.

Changes have been made in the old Woburn Station, but the machinery that has been in use there will not be discarded. The steam will be cut off, but the steam plant will be retained in position ready for use on rare occasions, if one should ever come, when there is an interruption in the big, new service.

No changes will be made in the conditions of service for street lighting, nor for residence and other commercial lighting, nor in the power service; that is, what is known as the voltage or pressure will remain the same as it is now under normal conditions. It will be possible, however, for the Company to furnish electricity for motor power service in large quantities, the service being limited only by the time that might be necessary to build more lines.

Mr. Fred F. Walker's Response.

If there had ever been the slightest question of the favor with which Woburn Republicans regarded the candidacy of Fred F. Walker, it must have been effectually dispelled by them at the Republican R presentative Convention held Friday evening, October 9th

Not for years has any candidate for political honors been received with such flattering enthusiasm, and though such an ovation might well have disconcerted a much more experienced politician, candidate Walker bore his honors with his customary modesty and responded in a few well chosen words which were in part as follows:

"Mr. Chairman and fellow Republicans of the 20th Mid. Dist.:—I am grateful to you for the honor you have done me. Grateful, because I feel this nomination you have proffered me—a nomination by a Republican convention—to be an honor and one well worthy of any man's ambition.

"For the generous and united support by which you have made this honor a personal possibility to me—I thank you.

"But greater by far is my appreciation of the recognition and consideration you have shown my town, where I was born and where I have thus far spent my life.

"Burlington makes but little noise in the world but her people are Godfearing, lawabiding, American citizens, and since honor conferred on any individual son of hers is shared by all, in her name—I thank you.

"In accepting this nomination you have tendered me I make this pledge and this only: To do my best, if elected, to serve the whole District faithfully, and to do my duty, always and everywhere, as I see it to be just and right You have nominated Representative Killam and myself to this high office; may we now ask you to supplement tonight's work by hearty and united support on election day. Gentlemen—again I thank you."

Mrs. Richardson.

MRS. ANGELETTA W. RICHARDSON, wife of Rev. M. L. Richardson, died in Montague, Mass., suddenly, Sunday morning, Oct. 4, aged 77 years, 2 months and 16 days.

Fifty years since, on a November day in 1858, Mr. Walter Wyman, member of the School Board of Woburn, engaged Miss Wilson to take the position of First Assistant teacher of the Grammar School, in the building now occupied by the city government. At sixteen years of age, in Maine, her native State, she began to teach in district schools, serving in several difficult ones, of more than sixty pupils.

After an experience of several years of this work, she taught Drawing, French, Latin and Algebra, in the Litchfield Liberal Institute and later, in the Litchfield Academy.

It may be, that some of her Woburn pupils, will remember her, and will like to review their experience and study under her tuition.—COM.

Woman Suffrage.

The Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association will hold its 39th annual meeting in Boston on Oct. 27 and 28. Mrs. Ethel Snowden, the wife of a member of Parliament, a very charming woman, will speak on the evening of Oct. 27, in Faneuil Hall. On the afternoon of the 28th, a reception will be given to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe at the Association's headquarters at 6 Marlborough St. The other session will be devoted to business.

Andrews—Winn.

Last Wednesday evening, October 14, 1908, MR. JOHN COLE ANDREWS and Miss DORA ALLINE WINN, daughter, and only child, of Mr. and Mrs Frank A. Winn of No 6 Highland street, Woburn, were joined in wedlock at Trinity Episcopal Church, of which the groom is one of the Vestry, by the Rector, Rev. W. H Osmond, who was assisted in the performance of the interesting ceremonies by Rev. Stephen A Norton, Pastor of the First Congregational church.

The parties thus happily united were born and bred in this ancient and historic town; are members of two of its most prominent families; have been associates from childhood and school mates; belonging to the same clubs; and leaders in the best and most popular musical organizations in the city.

A large gathering of the friends of the bridal couple assembled at the church to observe the marriage rites, and extend congratulations.

At the alter Mr. Fred E. Leathe officiated as Groomsman; and Miss Maude H. Littlefield, the noted violinist, daughter of ex-Fire Chief Clarence and Mrs. Littlefield, discharged the duties, in a graceful manner, of Maid of Honor.

The bride was richly dressed in a Directoire gown of white satin with embroidered silk fillet lace, in which she presented a charming appearance. She carried lillies of the valley.

The Maid of Honor was a picture in a Directoire gown of yellow lace over liberty satin of the same shade.

The gentlemen appeared in regulation suits.

At the close of the ceremonies at the church, members of the immediate family and Gabalotte Club were delightfully entertained at the residence of the bride's parents.

Hern's Tremont orchestra furnished music for the occasion.

There were many valuable wedding presents, which measured, to some extent, their popularity, and the high esteem in which the bride and groom are held.

At the end of a honeymoon trip Mr. and Mrs. Andrews will return to their permanent residence in this city.

Their card date for "At Home" is after Dec. 1, at 17 Green street.

Boston Theatres.

THE BOSTON.

Many changes have taken place in the Boston Theatre, both in the house and on the stage, and that they are attracting widespread attention and the approval of the amusement going public, is evidenced by the large attendance both afternoon and evening. Such attractions as "If I Were King?" and "Salomy Jane," have been presented in a manner that would leave no doubt as to the intentions of Mr. Keith in regard to the present season. Next week, another production, entirely in keeping with his plans, will be Robert Marshall's play, "A Royal Family." This is one of the most recent successes, and in it Miss Annie Russell had a most prosperous season. The present production will be given with all the original stage settings.

KEITH'S

The week of October 19 will be memorable by the first vaudeville appearance of Annette Kellerman, the woman championship swimmer of the world, who promises to be as big a feature in this new line of work as she has ever been with her remarkable swimming exhibitions. Miss Kellerman is nothing, if not versatile, and at Keith's Theatre she will not only give exhibitions of swimming in an enormous tank, but also dancing and diabolo, in the latter of which she holds the championship, which she won in Paris last winter. As a dancer she is also in the front rank.

THE ORPHEUM.

There are at least five star acts in the Orpheum bill for the week beginning October 19, and the number of novelties is very large even for a vaudeville house. First on the list are the Four Mortons in their only vaudeville appearance this season. They bring their great farce, "Breaking Into Society." Alex Carr and his company, for the first time in vaudeville present what has been termed the greatest sketch on the stage, "Toblitzky" or the End of the World. This sketch was played by him all last season in New York City. The last but not the least of the Lloyd's, those popular English girls comes to Boston in the person of Daisy Lloyd, the dainty singer of dainty songs.

CASTLE SQUARE.

The past few weeks since the opening of the Castle Square Theatre under the management of Messrs. Gulesian and Craig have revealed the fulfillment of their promises to make that house the leading theatre in Boston. Not only have the plays been of the highest class and the greatest popularity, as has been shown by the large audiences that have assembled day after day, but the members of the John Craig Stock Company have demonstrated an all round ability that is exceptional. It is without exaggeration that the company in each play produced may be called an "all-star cast" and it is especially interesting to note that not only are all the old-time Castle Square patrons gathering in full force every week, but large numbers of others who have never been inside its doors are awakening to the fact that the very best plays and the very best acting may be seen there.

THE PARK.

A special correspondent of the Woburn JOURNAL writes concerning "The Thief," the great play now drawing crowds to the Park Theatre as follows: "Just now I want to tell you about things theatrical in Boston and chiefly about 'The Thief' at the Park. There are several things at the Boston theatres that are well worth seeing, but whatever else you miss don't miss 'The Thief'. For a playwright who knows his business from A to Z, commend me to M. Henri Bernstein. He is the boy for me and what he doesn't know about the inner workings of a woman's heart and mind and soul isn't worth knowing. Why, he knows so much about it that he almost made me blush once or twice during the performance of 'The Thief' and you know I'm not one of the blushing kind either. Now don't go away with the idea that 'The Thief' is risque—whatever that may mean, but I know it's the right thing to say when you are talking about a French play. But this isn't that kind of a French play. There isn't anything suggestive about it. Any young girl can take her mother to see it and ought to. And every wife ought to take her husband to see it, too. Arthur Brisbane said it was a play specially meant for husbands and wives, with a lesson for both, and this time I take my hat off to Mr. Brisbane. He's right—plumb right and all the way through."

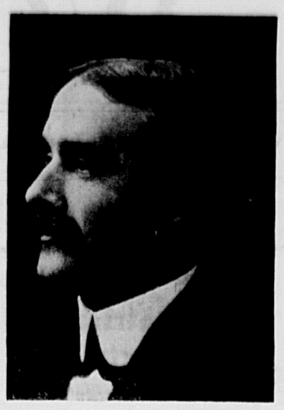
Real Estate Transfers.

Through the office of C. E. Smith papers have been passed for the transfer of the Mary Barrett Estate Kilby street consisting of single house and about 4,000 ft. of land. The purchaser is L. P. Bonnin who buys for investment.

Through the same office agreements have been signed for the transfer of the O'Connell estate No. 9 Madison street consisting of single house, stable and about 5400 feet of land. Purchaser Frans T. Franson who will improve and occupy.

Also a lease of the property No. 4 Bennett street formerly the Woburn House to Mr. A. M. Churchill of Bridgewater who will open a firstclass boarding house, all thoroughly renovated and newly furnished. Mr. Churchill is experienced in the business and will no doubt give entire satisfaction.

Also leased store No. 325 Main street formerly Kelley's drug store to Miss E. F. Brophy who will open millinery parlors. Also to Miss Annie R. McHugh for a full line of ladies shirt waists, neckwear, &c.



Mr. Killam's Speech.

Delegates to the Representative Convention of the 20th Middlesex District:

One year ago you honored me by nominating me as your candidate for the office of Representative, and I was elected later by a large plurality. Tonight you have still further honored me by a renomination by acclamation and without opposition to the office I have filled during the year, and I wish to thank you heartily at this time.

Last year when nominated, I made one promise which was that if elected I would serve the District to the best of my ability, and I wish to renew that promise.

It seems hardly necessary for me to say anything about myself: in Reading everybody knows me and throughout the District I am pretty generally known, and in the press of this city I have seen from time to time items which would seem to show that the people had a Representative in whom they had every confidence.

Perhaps, however, you have a right to hear a few personal words from me at this time.

I have been a student in some form most of my life; first in the public school of my native town, second at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, third in the large school of every day experience, and fourth in the General Court during the last year, which I have attended by the permission of voters in the 20th Middlesex District.

My education, training and experience had fitted me for legislative work, so that the duties were less burdensome than they otherwise would have been.

But passing for the moment from this to the Legislature, we find there a body of men capable, alert and for the most part alive to the interests of their constituents and the interests of the State as a whole, as fine a lot of men as one could expect to meet.

I know well and have been associated intimately with all the leaders of the House and have made a careful study of legislative forms and methods of procedure and if I return to the House, as I expect to, I feel that I shall be amply equipped with the experience which I have gained to take my position with leaders in the thought and action of that body.

I received an appointment on the Committee on Water Supply and was the ranking new member of that committee. I was elected Clerk and the work of the committee has been, as might be expected, most congenial to me. The Water Supply Committee has been given considerable prominence in the last few years as before this committee are heard all questions relating to the establishment, improvement and protection of public water supplies and the proper solution of these problems has an intimate bearing on the public health of the various communities. I found at once a place where my training as an Engineer could be of Legislative value.

We have had a very busy session, one of the most strenuous for several years, and I have tried to act conscientiously and conservatively and to keep close to the path of duty, ever keeping in mind the interests of my District and the welfare of the State as a whole.

Again I thank you for the honor you have conferred upon me, and promise you my best service.

JOHN G. FLAGG.

John Gardner Flagg, who passed away October fourth at his home on Eastern Avenue in this city, was descended from one of the early settlers of Woburn. Lieutenant Gershom Flagg, who was born in Watertown in 1641, came here in 1668 and erected a dwellinghouse near the present sites of the Baptist church and common. He was killed in New Hampshire in 1690 in war with the Indians. One of his descendants was John Flagg, who was a soldier in the Revolutionary War and participated in the battle of Lexington, capturing the second prisoner there taken.

From the earliest days the family has resided in this town continuously and has been identified with its growth.

The suject of this sketch was a great grandson of John Flagg, and the son of John G. and Sarah Reeves Flagg. He was born April 2, 1841, in the old Flagg homestead now standing at the corner of Main and Salem streets, and lived here all his life.

He married, August 18, 1863, Maria Malville, daughter of the late Hon. Stephen M. Allen. She survives him, as do their three daughters, Annie, Edith and Alice. He also left two sisters, Mrs. William H Loring and Mrs. David B. Clark, and a brother, Charles H. Flagg.

He was very simple in his tastes, kind and affectionate. He took delight in nature, and his love for his home and family was very strong.

LOWNEY'S
Chocolate Bonbons
are the most delicious and the most wholesome of confections and have the largest sale of any in the world.

They are sold in sealed packages, are always of the same superfine quality and always the best.

The Walter M. Lowney Co.
Boston, Mass.
Cocoa, Chocolate, Chocolate Bonbons
"NAME ON EVERY PIECE"

LOCAL LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

Telephone Talks

Keep in touch with the world —and see to it that the world may keep in touch with you.

Party-Liners And the Golden Rule

PARTY LINE telephone subscribers virtually are CO-TENANTS. They jointly pay for a single telephone line.

If they were co-tenants of a building they would be careful not to infringe upon the rights of others. THAT SAME REGARD FOR THE EQUITIES should keep them from infringing by appropriating to themselves more telephone service than can be exacted as their fair share of the capacity of that line.

Lengthy conversations on unimportant matters, the prattling intercourse of children, phonograph concerts, and the like—these sometimes congest party lines and give cause for protest from other tenants in common.

A party line telephone has been likened to a spur track on a main line of railroad. But there is this important qualification—when the telephone spur track is in use, THE ENTIRE MAIN LINE IS CLOSED TO TRAFFIC, not merely to the other spur tracks on the line, but also to incoming trains consigned to any part of the line.

Ordinary regard for the principle of the Golden Rule will do more to avert party line difficulties than all the rules any telephone company may promulgate.

New England
Telephone & Telegraph Co.

1908 Wall Papers 1908

Picture Framing a Specialty
Agent for the Oliver Typewriter

Repairs on Estates, and Collection of Rents. Houses For Sale and To Let.
Established in 1879.

C. E. SMITH. 439 Main St.
HOME OFFICE: 11 Bennett Street.

Call to Patriotism

¶ The peal of the old State House Bell announcing the Declaration of Independence, told of heroic deeds already done, and of yet greater deeds to do. It was a Call to Patriotism.

¶ The current revival of interest in things Colonial is likewise a Call to Patriotism—a call to preserve and cherish the principles and ideals for which our Colonial Ancestors labored and fought.

The Paul Revere

in Towle Sterling Silver is in harmony with the spirit of this Colonial Renaissance. Following so faithfully the Patriot Silversmith's ideas for silver decoration and preserving the elegant simplicity of the Period—the Paul Revere might almost be treasured as an heirloom from Colonial times.

¶ Intrinsic value—clear worth in beauty and strength—constant association with high ideals of workmanship and the Patriotism of its namesake, are the portion of the bride whose Sterling Silver service is Paul Revere.

Smith & Varney,
No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D. Sunday School at 12 M. At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting. Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—18th Sunday after Trinity. 10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon. 12 M., Sunday School. 7 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon. Rev. W. H. Osmond, Rector.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street. Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor. SUNDAY SERVICES.— Preaching, 10.30 A. M. Subject: "Immortality." Sunday School, 12 M. Preaching, 7 P. M. Prayer Meeting, Friday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Doctrine of Atonement." Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45. The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 10, by Rev. Oscar Lindegren of Everett, Eric Breineng of Boston and Emma Otillia Olson of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 13, by Rev. Geo. H. Tilton, August Belgin and Anna Aray both of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 11, by Rev. Henry B Williams, Frank Herbert Kean and Lillian Everett Barrett, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 11, Rosa Epolite, aged 66 years.

In this city, Oct. 11, Elizabeth M. Carpenter, aged 78 years, 1 month, 22 days.

In Waltham, Oct. 13, Sarah L. Cox, aged 5 years.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Edward Foster, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, Charles H. Foster, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirtieth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
☞ Season opens Sept. 29.

Banjo and Mandolin Instruction
GIVEN IN WOBURN BY
Miss Emma Fosdick
11 Winn Street.
Next to the Baptist Church.
Telephone 40 Medford.

Artistic and Scientific
MUSICAL INSTRUCTION
Mrs AnnieM.S. LEWIS Pianoforte
Mr.F. Percyval LEWIS Theory, Organ
Private and Class Lessons in Woburn
Address Winchester; or consult in Woburn Unitarian Vestry, Sat. 10-12, 2-4.

Commissioner's Sale.

Pursuant to a warrant from the Probate Court for the County of Middlesex, dated Sept. 24, 1908, the undersigned, appointed sole Commissioner to make partition of the real estate hereinafter described, among Lawrence J. Purtell, Emma T. Purtell, Margaret J. MacDonald, Julia A. Burke, John H. Purtell, and Mary Kenney, and Annie Kenney, tenants in common thereof, will sell for the aforesaid purpose, at public auction, upon the premises, on

Tuesday, October 27, A. D. 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, about 2880 square feet of land with the buildings thereon, situate in Woburn, in said County, and bounded:—Southerly by land of the City of Woburn, called the "Old Burying Ground," there measuring 65 50-100 feet; easterly by land of the City of Woburn, there measuring 44 6-10 feet; northerly by land formerly of Margaret Sheehan, there measuring 65 8-10 feet; westerly by land of Rebecca Looney, and a passageway leading from Centre street; there measuring 47 feet.

The above described premises will be sold subject to taxes laid and assessed May 1, 1908.

$100.00 deposit. Other terms at time and place of sale.

ARTHUR E. GAGE, Commissioner as aforesaid.

WE SELL

Shredded Wheat	10c. pkg.
Cream of Wheat	12c. "
Triscuit	10c. "
Quaker Puffed Rice	10c. "
" Wheat Berries	10c. "
" Oats	10c. "
" Corn Flakes	10c. "
Force	10c. "
Saxon Wheat Food	15c. "
Ralston Breakfast Food	14c. "
Pillsbury's Cereal	15c. "

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-1.

CRACKS
IN SKIN
CHAPS
ON HAND AND FACE.
Rose Glycerine Lotion
CURES. 25c. a Bottle

Whitcher's PILL BOX

28th year in use.
U. S. Food and Drug Act, No. 17722.

Pure Spices.

The strength, flavor and taste of spices depend largely, in most cases wholly, upon the volatile oil contained in them. Ordinary spices are widely adulterated, not only by the removal of the volatile oil, but by the adition of foreign, inert, harmful, ingredients; all for the purpose of cheapening the product and rendering it more profitable to the seller.

Squibb's Spices are absolutely pure and for many years have enjoyed the highest reputation for excellence among those who have employed them. We want you to make a trial of these spices, of which we have a full line.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main Street,
WOBURN

REAL ESTATE

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the devisees, legatees, and all other persons interested in the estate of Caroline R. B. Hayes, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testate:

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration with the will annexed, on the estate of said deceased not already administered, to John H. Sweetser of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without requiring sureties on his bond or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all devisees and legatees named in said will, seven days at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Adaline B. Church wishes to announce to her patients and friends that she will resume practice in Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church street.

Office Hours:
Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 A. M.
Tel. Winchester 54. Consultations by appointment.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

PALACE CRAWFORD

Crawford Cooking-Ranges

Our New Range a Winner!

The new range that we introduced last year has won all hearts. The old End Hearth is gone—there is more room on top—the ashes fall into a Hod far below the fire, making their removal easy and the grate to last longer. The Ash Hod when emptied is returned full of coal. Three sizes, "Palace," "Castle," "Fortress."

All the famous Crawford features are present: Single Damper, Patented Grate, Cup-Joint Oven Flues, Asbestos Backed Oven, Improved Oven Indicator. Booklet free.

Made by Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co., 31-35 Union St., Boston

For Sale by E. CALDWELL, Woburn.

Scene from "THE THIEF," now playing at the Park Theatre, Boston.

HON. EBEN S. DRAPER
OF HOPEDALE
Republican Candidate for Governor

HON. LOUIS A. FROTHINGHAM
OF BOSTON
Republican Candidate for Lieutenant Governor

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of David E. Condon, sometimes called David Condon, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Nora T. Condon, of Woburn, in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-first day of October, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in said estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirtieth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

WANTED.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE requires the services of a man in Woburn to look after expiring subscriptions and to secure new business by means of special methods unusually effective; position permanent; prefer one with experience, but would consider any applicant with good natural qualifications; salary $1.50 per day, with commission option. Address, with references, R. C. Peacock, Room 102, Success Magazine Bldg., New York.—3

WANTED.

An educated Lady or Gentleman to place a new, highest class literary work in Massachusetts families. Address, 16 Brooks Park, Medford, Mass.

Montvale.

The youngsters in this section of the city are organizing a military company and to that end held a meeting in the Congregational church last Tuesday evening which was well attended. Capt. McCarthy of Co. G will have the management of it. Wouldn't it be wiser for the boys to attend more to their school-books, and less to guns?

Mr. William Mitchell of Buttonend found out that what he feared might be an attempt to shoot him one evening last week at the W. T. Kendall home was an innocent firing off of a gun by a boy who meant no harm to anybody, and let the matter drop.

The Social Workers of the Congregational church have elected the following officers for the current year: President, Mrs. C. W. Calkins; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. E. R. Timson, Mrs. G. A. Perry; Secretary, Mrs. Pratt and Mrs. Zepp; Treasurer, Mrs. Dana Gay; Entertainment Committee, Mrs. Boicourt, Mrs. MacPherson, Mrs. Lovering; Supper Committee, Mrs. Young; Calling Committee, Mrs. Mott, Mrs. Hooper and Mrs. Hosmer; Committee on Work, Mrs. Grace Stowers, Mrs. Foster; Quilt Committee, Mrs. Herbert Warren, Mrs. Nutting. Voted to meet Mondays during the winter. They gave a fine Harvest Supper last evening, which was handsomely patronized.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

WINCHESTER.

We lose a few trains by the new B. & M. timetable.

The Assessors will hold a final meeting to hear and act on places for abatement of taxes from 2 to 4, and 7 to 9, p. m. Oct. 27 in Town Hall.

Hereafter Sunday services at the church of the Epiphany will begin at 10.45, instead of 10.30. Thereof take due notice and govern yourselves accordingly.

C. E. L. Wingate, Business Manager of the Boston *Journal*, has been elected a member of the School Board. It is an excellent choice; he will fill the bill nicely.

The regular winter bowling tourney at the Calumet Club will begin about Oct. 20. There will be no mixed tourney by the Club this season on account of a falling off of patrons.

A few days ago Doctors Church and Ordway performed a successful surgical operation on one of the feet of postmaster Richardson, by removing a piece of diseased bone, from which Uncle Sam's faithful servant is rapidly recovering.

The Republicans are well pleased with the nomination of Mr. Frank E. Barnard of this town for Representative to the General Court, and his vote will be a heavy one on Nov. 3. He was nominated by acclamation, the Medford delegates heartily endorsing Winchester's choice.

The Registrars of Voters will hold meetings to receive the names of new voters as follows: Tuesday evening, Oct. 20, Wednesday evening, Oct. 21, Thursday evening, Oct. 22, Friday evening, Oct. 23, from 7 to 8 o'clock p. m. Saturday afternoon and evening, Oct. 24, 1908, from 12 o'clock, noon, until 10 o'clock in the evening, which will be the last day of registration.

As Bryan's Right Bower in Winchester, aye, in Middlesex county, as for that matter, the political swath Mr W. Tuck is cutting a wide one. Apparently, he has sent the Democratic State Committee to the rear, and is himself the whole shootingmatch. The Committee aforesaid are not zealous Bryan supporters; they do not take to him; and it is the State, not the National, ticket they are most interested in. That was what maddened Tuck, and caused him to cut loose from the Machine, and devote his time, money and energies to the success of Bryan. Of course, the Committee don't like Tuck overly much under these circumstances.

The God of Murderers.

In a certain mountain village called Laituk, on the northwest frontier of Burma, is a sacred pool, in which is said to live a nat—i. e., a demon—called Shearpaulai, who is the guardian spirit of murderers. When a murder is committed anywhere in these hills, the water of this pool is reported to turn blood red.

Now, when this happens it is a warning sign to the villagers, who are the wardens of the pool, to be on their guard lest the murderer, whoever he may be and from whatever village he may come unobserved, succeed in reaching the pool, for the Chin law or custom is that if a murderer manages to elude the "avengers of blood" (who are usually some near blood relatives of the victim) and the vigilance of the guardians of the pool and succeeds in gaining it and washes his hands in its blood red water, which as soon as this occurs resumes its usual appearance, testifying that the god of murder is appeased, he is absolved from his blood guiltiness and is thereafter a free man, and no one may henceforth molest him.

On the other hand, if he were overtaken by his pursuers or were he prevented by the village guardians from reaching the pool he would speedily pay the penalty of his crime with his life.—London Answers.

Proper Way to Ride.

"The fatigue of a long journey of which persons often complain," said an experienced traveler, "is quite unnecessary and comes from an unconscious effort to carry the train instead of letting the train carry us. This is in resisting the motion instead of relaxing and yielding to it. In a railroad car one should always rest the feet on the rail of the seat in front, if such is provided, as to keep the feet off the floor lessens the vibration that is conveyed to the body and prevents just that much strain. In a Pullman, where foot rests are not usually provided, a bag will do as well for a footstool if nothing else is to be had. The body, while you are sitting in a car, should be as completely relaxed as possible. Until one attempts this relaxation on a railroad car it is not noticed how tense is the effort to resist the motion, all of which is in direct accordance with modern physical culture, which has discovered that true repose goes further than mere nonaction."

It Worked All Right.

One day a barber's shop in Liverpool had but one empty chair. A man wearing a very big hat and walking with a great deal of swagger, entered, hung his hat on a peg and then, drawing a revolver, turned to the idle man and said:

"I want a shave—just a common shave. I want no talk. Don't ask me if I want my hair cut or a shampoo. Don't speak of the weather or politics. If you speak to me, I'll shoot."

He took the chair, held the revolver across his legs and was shaved with promptness and dispatch.

When he got up he returned the shooter to his pocket, put on his hat and after a broad chuckle to the cashier said: "That's the way to keep a barber quiet. He didn't utter a word."

"No, sir; he couldn't."

"Couldn't?"

"No, sir; he's deaf and dumb."—Liverpool Mercury.

Her Great Memory.

The gift of memory was being discussed when Alice wisely said:

"Mother's got a good memory. She can remember things a heap further back than any of us children can."—Lippincott's.

Prehistoric.

Little Girl—I've got a father and a muvver and a grandfather. Old Gent—And how old is yer grandfather? Little Girl—I don't know, but we've had him a long time.

Advertise!

The speedy way to market a product is to give it publicity, and the newspaper is the medium through which to reach all the world.—Waco Times-Herald.

BAY STATE POLITICS

The Campaign Shows Enthusiasm For the Whole Ticket

WILL BOSTON GO FOR TAFT?

Some Predict That It Will--Independence League Is Making a Strong Fight In State --Gompers Labor Campaign Falls Flat

The campaign has opened with considerable enthusiasm. The first Republican rally was held at Wayland with a large gathering. The applause showed that there was no particular apathy lurking in that vicinity. The Republican rallies since then have been equally enthusiastic and well attended. As a campaign speaker Lieutenant Governor Draper is showing excellent ability. The talk of a plain business man certainly appeals to the thinking people of the commonwealth.

The Democrats also, and the Independence League, have held ratification meetings with good attendance at each. There is a tendency this year among the voters to hear what is to be said on every side of the political question.

Undoubtedly all the parties are more or less handicapped by the lack of funds. The campaign contributions of the Republican end, at any rate, have been very seriously cut, and many who usually contribute liberally are either not contributing at all or have cut their gifts in halves. In a presidential year the greater part of what Massachusetts contributes goes to the national committee and very little usually finds its way back into the hands of the Republican state committee. This year more than any other year it is felt that the needs of the party are in the western states rather than in the east.

The Independence League is making quite a vigorous campaign. William N. Osgood, its candidate for governor, was for many years a leading member of the Democratic party and once was a candidate on the state ticket of that party for secretary of the commonwealth. He afterwards trained for a while in the ranks of the Republican party, but his restless soul could not be satisfied with long abiding in one political organization, and he drifted about until finally he became affiliated with the League. He is a lawyer and a fair speaker, and it is possible that he may secure a considerable vote.

Little Vahey Enthusiasm

There is not such a tremendous wave of enthusiasm following in the wake of the Vahey campaign as there might be under ordinary circumstances. Mr. Vahey is regarded as a tolerably estimable gentleman who has made the practice of law a business ever since he left school. He does not have, however, the ardent support even of his own party, and it seems to be certain that the Republican candidate will receive thousands of Democratic votes on the 3rd of November next. Mr. Draper has made such an admirable official as acting governor and has conducted the office in such a splendid business way that he has won the confidence of the people, regardless of their party affiliations. His evident intention to check any tendency toward extravagance on the part of the commonwealth has made him hosts of friends among the taxpayers of the state. With him the administration of the state finances is a plain business proposition. Under his leadership no expense will be incurred which is not justified by conditions. The advantage of having, in the governor's chair, a man who has had a thorough business training is herein notably demonstrated.

It is significant of the drift of things to note that the Boston Herald is not supporting the candidacy of Mr. Vahey. In an editorial article The Herald states that Mr. Draper's "record of public service offers no opportunity for attack. To the evidence of ability shown in his personal business enterprises has been added the service of three years as lieutenant governor, during which time he has been called to active service in the executive chair. His purpose to apply principles of business prudence to public administration has been shown; his courage and the strength of his convictions have been tested. He has been tried and not found wanting." It is as handsome an endorsement as anyone could wish, and it states no more and no less than the truth.

Will Boston Go For Taft?

The progress of the campaign indicates clearly that Judge Taft, the Republican candidate for president, will have a very large vote in this state. There are some who are sufficiently sanguine as to believe that he will come close to carrying the Democratic city of Boston. It may be said here that these prophets are men who have had long political experience in Boston affairs. They may be mistaken, but they certainly are not merely guessing. They find a great army of Democrats who refuse to vote again for Mr. Bryan and who are awaiting an opportunity to cast a vote for Mr. Taft.

The campaign of President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor does not seem to be meeting with great success in Massachusetts. A great number of labor leaders deprecate the position he has taken and the attempt he has made to drag organized labor into partisan politics and to attach the American Federation of Labor to the Democratic procession. In a recent letter, Norman E. McPhail, president of the Boston Typographical Union, declares that "in my opinion, the vote of organized labor in this country, as a body, will not, should not, and cannot be delivered to any one party by any man or set of men. To allow such a thing would be suicidal to the labor movement of the country." Terence V. Powderly, for many years the head of the Knights of Labor in this country and one of the most upright and most respected labor leaders that ever held such a position, has declared over and over again similar sentiments and condemned any effort to turn over the votes of organized labor to any political party. The effort of Mr. Gompers will fail because it ought to fail. It was a most unwise move on his part to start out on such a mission as he has attempted.

The Democratic Dilemma

The state has been watching with considerable interest the action of the Democrats in the fifth congressional district, where Congressman Butler Ames is a candidate for re-election. It must be admitted that the endorsement of Mr. Ames by the Democratic district convention was a good deal of a surprise. It was, of course, generally believed that the district was safely Republican, owing to the hold upon it which Congressman Ames has secured by his course in congress. It was hardly expected, however, that the Democratic district convention would standing the record he has made as a standing the record he has made, as a friend of the people and a worker for the interests of his district.

There are other men, however, who do not consider themselves straight Democrats who have been similarly honored by the Democratic party. One of these is Ferdinand Strauss of Boston, who has declined to serve on the Democratic ticket as a candidate for presidential elector. Mr. Strauss has sometimes voted with the Democracy, but this is not one of those years. In his letter declining to serve he states that he is an ardent admirer of Judge William H. Taft, and that he will vote for him at this election, in preference to Mr. Bryan. Another man who has declined a nomination for the position of presidential elector is Charles S. Davis of Plymouth, who does not propose to vote for Bryan anyway.

Gave Him All the Lot.

"So that is your final word?" said the rejected one. "Very well, then, Arabella. In your presence I will end the life you have blighted."

He drew forth a small bottle labeled "Poison," drank off the contents and fell senseless at her feet. Did she sink beside him sobbing with remorse? No. She hastily left the room and in two minutes had returned and was kneeling beside him. Then she forced between his lips the following: Half a cup of turpentine, one pint of milk, a cup of warm soapsuds, a tablespoonful of aromatic ammonia, a cup of black coffee, a glass of mustard and water, a gill of vinegar, the juice of a lemon, the beaten whites of six eggs and one cup of flour and water.

"Algernon," she observed coldly as he slowly opened his eyes, "it is evident you had forgotten that I am a graduate of a correspondence course in first aid. My one regret is that, as I could not on the instant ascertain whether you had taken an acid or an alkali, I was compelled to administer all the antidotes I had learned."—London Scraps.

A Picture Romance.

It is said that one of the most beautiful ladies in French society today was first revealed to her husband on the walls of the salon. It was while visiting the salon in 1878 that the youthful Marquis de C. was struck by the childish beauty of a young girl, one of the prominent figures in a picture of a village fete. Her tumbled golden locks, her dancing blue eyes and the freshness and graceful abandon of her figure so fascinated him that he sought out the artist and learned from him that the "little witch" was the daughter of a poor peasant near Avranches, where the picture was painted. To seek out the peasant and to make the acquaintance of his fascinating daughter, child of nine summers, was soon accomplished, and the marquis lost his heart even more completely to the real than to the pictured maid. With the father's approval he had the girl educated at one of the best schools in Paris, and nine years later, on her eighteenth birthday, the maid of the village fete blossomed into the still more lovely Marquise de C.

Ivory Jelly.

The jelly was singularly pale. It almost resembled junket.

"It is ivory jelly," said the invalid. "My English cousins sent me a case of it from Sheffield."

"But why is it called ivory jelly?" they inquired.

"Precisely because it is made of ivory. A third of England's ivory goes to Sheffield, and in the process of grinding and cutting it for knife handles, and so forth, a lot of ivory dust remains, a fine dust, similar to the best flour. Of this the Sheffield folk have made jelly for many years.

"The jelly for some reason is nourishing, extremely so. The doctors prescribe it for the anaemic. And of late a Sheffield firm has taken to manufacturing it on a large scale. Sheffield ivory jelly is now on the market.

"Out of courtesy to my cousins I tried it. To my surprise I found it good. My doctor, sampling it, found it good too. He told me to take the whole case."—Buffalo Express.

An Interesting Book.

A French marquise whose country house is crowded with guests during the hunting season hit upon the original idea of placing a register at the disposal of her visitors in which to record their desires and criticisms. The pages of the richly bound book soon began to be covered with notes such as:

"Count de R. still owes 25 louis. He knows to whom."

"The green peas yesterday were burned."

"Baroness M. flirts—unfortunately not with me."

The marquise has withdrawn the register.

Put to Flight.

The baby in arms was screaming lustily, and the man in the gray suit could not hide his irritability.

"What on earth, madam," he spluttered, "do you mean by bringing such a howling brat into a public vehicle?"

"It isn't a brat!" retorted the mother, with natural indignation. "And if I'm any judge it doesn't howl half as much as you did at its age, going by the looks of you!"

The man in gray wriggled uneasily under the general scrutiny.

"Baby, see the ugly man?" pursued the infuriated female, pointing at him. "See the monkey-ponkey, gorilla man what might take a first prize at a beauty show for the 'orriblest face? Baby, hush, or the ugly monkey man will"—But the sentence remained unfinished, for the man in the gray suit had bolted.—London Graphic.

Surf Birds.

That birds of the family termed surf birds in the Hawaiian Islands should leave that paradise of the Pacific to go and rear their young in the tundras of Alaska would seem to many an extraordinary proceeding, yet the turnstone and the black bellied plover and the Pacific golden plover make the long journey of about 4,000 miles thither annually.

Two Reasons.

"You mustn't play with Mr. Borum's hat, Bobby," said a young lady who was entertaining a caller to her small brother.

"Why mustn't I?" asked the youngster.

"Because you might break it," replied his sister, "and, besides, he will want it shortly."

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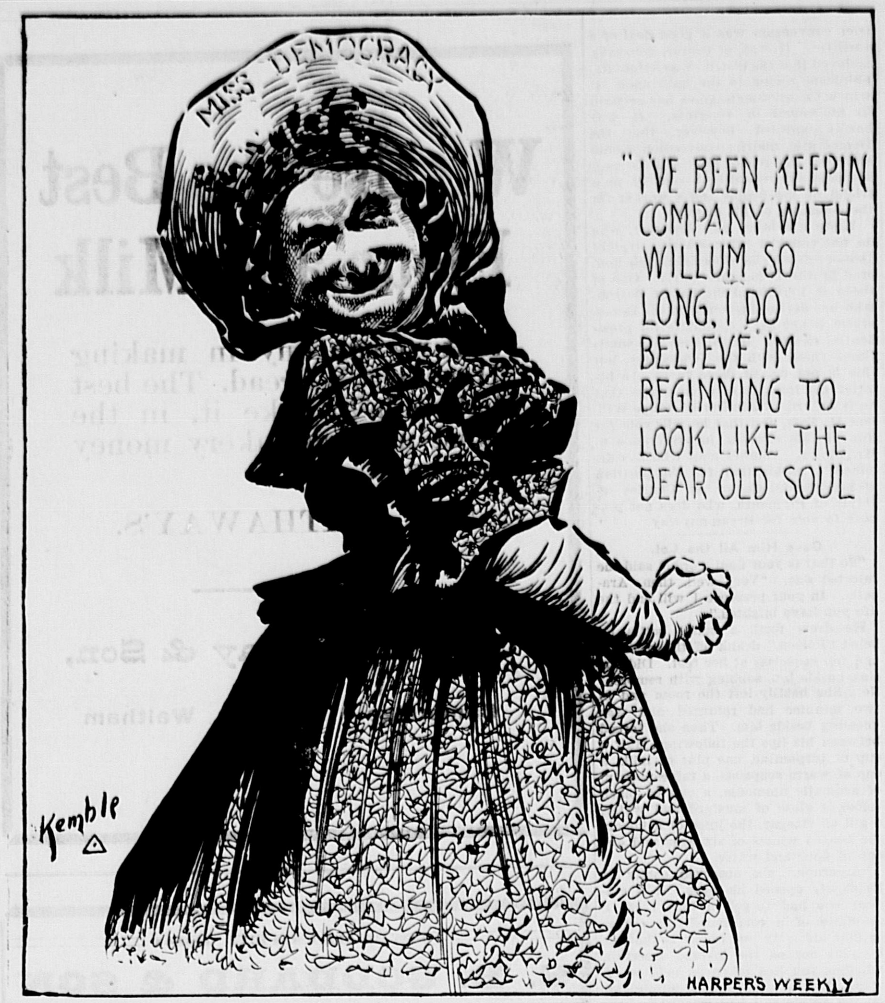
MISS DEMOCRACY
"I'VE BEEN KEEPIN COMPANY WITH WILLUM SO LONG, I DO BELIEVE I'M BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE THE DEAR OLD SOUL
Kemble
HARPER'S WEEKLY

Where Did It Come From? A Story In Seven Chapters.

I.
Mack and the Campaign Fund.

(New York Newspapers.)

Just before leaving New York for Chicago Chairman Mack of the Democratic national committee said that he had secured $300,000 from the past committee administration.

II.
What William Randolph Hearst Said In His Speech at Columbus, O., Sept. 17.

"Mr. Roosevelt prosecuted the Standard Oil, and the Standard Oil went out of the Republican party and into the Democratic party. The Democratic party welcomed it. Mr. Bryan appointed C. N. Haskell, political paymaster of the Standard Oil, to be chairman of his committee on platform. After a platform had been drawn up by Mr. Haskell which was satisfactory to the Standard Oil Mr. Bryan made Mr. Haskell treasurer of his national campaign fund to collect from the Standard Oil substantial evidence of the great monopoly's appreciation."

III.
What President Roosevelt Said.

"Governor Haskell stands high in the councils of Mr. Bryan and is the treasurer of his national campaign committee. * * * The publication of this correspondence not merely justifies in striking fashion the action of the administration, but also casts a curious side light on the attacks made upon the administration both in the Denver convention, which nominated Mr. Bryan, and in the course of Mr. Bryan's campaign."

IV.
What Haskell Said In His Telegram to Hearst on Sept. 19.

"Should this committee (of newspaper editors) find your charges sustained I shall withdraw from all connection with the present presidential campaign."

V.
What Chairman Mack Said.

"I regarded the question as to whether Taggart had turned over $300,000 to me as a joke, and my answer was intended as a joke also."

VI.
What Governor Haskell Said.

(From New York Evening Post, Sept. 22.)

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 22.—Charles N. Haskell, governor of Oklahoma and treasurer of the Democratic committee, passed through Kansas City last night, bound for his home in Oklahoma, from the east, where he has been making speeches. * * * As his train pulled out Mr. Haskell shouted, "And don't forget to say that the campaign fund is growing fine."

VII.
What Governor Haskell Did.

(From Newspapers of Sept. 26.)

Chicago, Sept. 26.—Governor Charles N. Haskell of Oklahoma resigned as treasurer of the Democratic national committee shortly after midnight after a protracted conference with Judge Wade of Iowa and Josephus Daniels, director of the Democratic publicity bureau.

DUNCAN OPPOSES GOMPERS' IDEA.

James Duncan, first vice president of the American Federation of Labor and international secretary-treasurer of the Granite Cutters' International Association of America, has sent out numerous identical letters declaring the absolute independence from partisanship of the American Federation of Labor. The letter is written on the stationery of the Granite Cutters' union. Mr. Duncan is next in command of the American Federation of Labor to Mr. Gompers, and his letters are a direct repudiation of the attitude of the president of the American Federation of Labor in taking the organization into politics and exerting his influence to elect Bryan and Kern. Mr. Duncan is not advising union workingmen to vote either for Bryan or Taft, but to rely on their own judgment and to exercise their own individual preference. The letter is as follows:

Sept. 17, 1908.

My Dear Sir—Your inquiry is similar to a number of other inquiries on the same subject and therefore needs the general answer.

The labor movement of our country, in as far as the political situation is concerned, is now, as heretofore, independent of parties. Those who have given the greatest thought to the subject within the ranks of organized labor have been busy from year to year for a long time, as part of their trade unionism, teaching or at least advising organized workers to not be bound to any particular party, but to vote for the principles they believed were for the greatest good to the greatest number of all the people, and that if any person aspired to public office to deal with the aspirant upon his merits and not because of his belonging or not belonging to any particular party. The intensity of recent events has caused more activity among the organized workers, in as far as political affairs are concerned, than in the past, and we may expect as men become educated to the public needs and study the science of government they will become still more active politically.

The labor movement advises study of the different subjects and principles of the great political parties and admonishes each organized worker who is a citizen and a voter—and all should qualify as fully as possible in both ways—to cast his vote on election day in strict accordance with his conscience as to what would be the best for the whole people.

The hue and cry sent out by a portion of the public press that the labor vote was being bartered is but one of the forms of political buncombe which is used for exaggeration and to befog the public mind. The views, beliefs and inclinations of candidates for public office should in each instance be carefully scrutinized by all good citizens, and which includes all voting organized workers, instead of simply voting for a man because he may hold certain party affiliations, and the election this year and the campaign leading up to it, as far as organized labor is concerned, will be no exception to that rule. Very truly yours,

JAMES DUNCAN.

Lightning has struck the Bryan farm, but it has a confirmed habit of not striking the owner.

Sterne's Destitution.

Laurence Sterne, the writer, was the victim of the intensest poverty. A little time before his death, being in a state of destitution, he went one evening to borrow £5 from his friend Garrick. Upon arriving he heard music and knew that a party was going on. He heard the merry laughter and, gently replacing the uplifted knocker, retraced his steps.

We never feel our miseries so keenly as when contrasted with the joys of others, and it is only then that we realize Wordsworth's picture:

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood
And near a thousand tables pined for food.

Another story of this writer does not evoke so much sympathy. It was known that Sterne used his wife very ill, and in talking with Garrick one day in fine sentimental style of conjugal love and fidelity he said, "The husband who behaves unkindly to his wife deserves to have his house burn down over his head."

"If you think so," said Garrick quietly, "I hope yours is well insured."

A Tongue Twister.

A member of the Players' club whose simple delight in life is collecting old blue china returned the other day from England and as usual after such a trip had some new blue treasure got on one of his customary off the beaten path tramps. He showed it freely, talked about it eloquently, but always when asked where he found it evaded answering. Finally one who had noted several such evasions said to him: "You've reached the very worst stage of the collector's mania. You refuse to tell the place of your treasure house for fear of rival looters."

"You are wrong as to my motive, but right as to the fact that I won't tell. I can't, but I'll write the name for you."

Laboriously he wrote on a card this fearsome thing: "Mynyddyslwyn."

As his questioner stared with startled eyes at the nerve shattering word the collector explained that it was the true and lawful name of a parish in Monmouthshire, near Pontypool, England. —New York Sun.

Almost at Rest.

A kind hearted but somewhat close fisted man who was sorely afflicted with a conscience came to a friend, holding a visiting card in his hand. He looked deeply troubled. "I know," said he, "this man wants to borrow money. I know he will drink it. What am I to do?"

"It is perfectly simple," said the friend. "Send down word that you are out."

"I cannot," he said. "I have never told a lie in my life."

"Then," said his friend, "lend all your money to me, and you can tell him you haven't a penny in your pocket."

After some hesitation the kind hearted man complied and, having seen his caller, returned.

"Well," asked his friend, "are your conscience and mind at rest?"

"Not quite, man," he replied, "but they will be as soon as you have given me my money back."—Bellman.

Discussing the merits of a man's opponents gives him a decided ascendency over them.—Goethe.

TAFT LABOR'S FRIEND

Rendered Valuable Service to Railroad Men.

THE TOLEDO-ANN ARBOR CASE

Advice Given In Judge Taft's Decision Adopted by the Railway Brotherhoods—Democratic Politicians Use Trickery to Deceive the Toilers.

The members of the various brotherhoods connected with the great railroad systems of the country are generally regarded as possessing more than the average degree of intelligence. Their callings and the obligations springing from those callings make the possession by them of a high order of intelligence indispensable.

Notwithstanding this fact the same system of absurd falsehood is relied on to deceive and trick them into withdrawing their support from the Republican party that is in general use by Democratic politicians to influence even the commonest and most ignorant of the unskilled laborers of the country.

One form which this system of trickery most frequently takes is that of hinting at what terrible things William H. Taft did against labor organization and its members while he was on the bench.

The one official act and declaration of Judge Taft which is being used in that way on railroad men is his decision in what is known as the Toledo-Ann Arbor case. Yet in that case through his decision Judge Taft rendered an actual, tangible and really invaluable service to the cause of labor organization. His advice given to labor organizations in that case has been generally adopted by the various brotherhoods and their members. One of the rules of a great labor organization, the Brotherhood of Engineers, which was the cause of the trouble (rule 12) has long since been voluntarily dropped as being contrary to the best interests of both the public and the organization itself.

More than all that, Judge Taft's decision in the Toledo-Ann Arbor case contains as good, broad and sound labor doctrine as ever found its way into print.

Now, what was that Toledo-Ann Arbos case? Most enlightened railroad men know all about it. Many of them, particularly the younger generation of them, do not.

A strike of locomotive engineers prevailed on the Toledo, Ann Arbor and North Michigan railway. One of the rules of the brotherhood (rule 12) required in substance that when so ordered by the head of the organization the men of the brotherhood or other roads should refuse to handle the cars of the road on which the strike prevailed.

This rule was a dangerous one. It probably never should have been adopted. The attempt to enforce it in this case brought eight or ten railroads into court. They sought protection against what on its face was at least an unwise policy for any body of men to adopt and involved in operation a possible stoppage of the carrying commerce of the entire country.

It was a case of sympathetic strike. And the sympathetic strike stands today, from choice, repudiated by all responsible organizations of laboring people and their members.

The principal outcome of that Ann Arbor case was that the right of employees to leave their employment whenever dissatisfied with its conditions was fixed beyond all possible future question and some admirable advice given to the members of the organization, to which they have faithfully lived up, both individually and collectively, since.

"We wish to make plain if we can," said Judge Taft in his decision, "to the intelligent and generally law abiding men who compose the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, as well as to their usually conservative chief officer, what we cannot believe they appreciate—that, notwithstanding their perfect organization and their charitable, temperance and other elevating and most useful purposes, the existence and enforcement of rule 12 under their organic law make the whole brotherhood a criminal conspiracy against the laws of the country."

That the rendering of this decision by Judge Taft was, then, in result an enduring service to all railroad men instead of embodying anything conflicting with their rights and privileges before the law must appear plain to any ordinary man. If there still remained any doubt on that score it would be removed by the reflection that the rules laid down by Judge Taft in that case are now made a part of the contracts and agreements of all great railroad brotherhoods.

President Roosevelt on Taft's Judicial Record.

Mr. Taft's record as a judge makes the whole country his debtor. His actions and decisions are part of the great traditions of the bench. They guaranteed and set forth in striking fashion the rights of the general public as against the selfish interests of any class, whether of capitalists or of laborers.

A Question the New Bryan Has Not Answered.

If you were president and were called on to exercise your discretion affirmatively to maintain the parity between gold and silver, what would you do?—Judge Taft to Mr. Bryan.

Mr. Taft can be trusted to exact justice from the railroads for the very reason that he can be trusted to do justice to the railroads.

Parents' Hairs and Heirs.

It is possible to predict from the hair of parents the form of their children's hair. Two blue eyed, straight haired parents will have only blue eyed, straight haired children. Two wavy haired parents may have straight, wavy or curly haired children, but the chances of curly hair are slight. Two curly haired parents may have children with either straight, wavy or curly hair, but the proportion of curly haired offspring will probably be large. —American Naturalist.

The Bolster.

The crusaders are said to have brought home with them the bolster, and, according to Dr. Cantile, their wives, in ignorance of the only rational way of using the article (i. e., lengthwise as a support for the back of a person when lying on his side) and not knowing what else to do with it, put the bolster where it is still found on the beds of those who have not learned the wisdom of discarding it altogether—under the pillow.—London Chronicle.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson III.—Fourth Quarter, For Oct. 18, 1908.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, II Sam. ix—Memory Verse, 7—Golden Text, Eph. iv, 32—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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In today's lesson chapter we find the king showing the kindness of God to the poor and needy, and we read that the coming King shall judge the poor of the people and save the children of the needy and shall break in pieces the oppressor (Ps. lxxii, 4, 12-14). David did not forget his covenant with Jonathan and began to inquire if any were yet left of the house of Saul that he might show them kindness for Jonathan's sake. Learning that there was a son of Jonathan who was lame on both feet, he sent and brought him into his presence, restored to him his father's possessions and had him dwell in Jerusalem and eat at his own table continually. This story of David and Mephibosheth, while literally true, is a wondrous picture of the kindness of God to sinners, "the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man" (Tit. iii, 4). The same is seen in the story of the young man of Egypt in I Sam. xxx, in the vision of the filthy garments and the change of raiment of Zech. iii and in so many of the Old Testament stories, the whole of which, while pointing onward to the coming kingdom, might be called God's picture book of redemption.

The Lord says of Himself, "I am a great King" (Mal. i, 14). He is not only King of the Jews, but King of kings and Lord of lords. All kings shall fall down before Him, and all nations shall serve Him (Matt. ii, 2; Rev. xix, 16; Ps. lxx, 11). All that He does He does royally as a king and for His great name's sake. In Mephibosheth we see a picture of every sinner. His name signifies shame proceeding from the mouth and suggests the picture of the sinner in Rom. iii, 12-14. He was lame on both feet, and that is the condition of all, for no one is able to walk with God or of his own power take one step toward Him. The impotent man at Bethesda and the lame man at the temple gate (John v, Acts iii) are illustrations. He was lame through no fault of his own, for when tidings came of his father's death his nurse picked him up to flee, and in her haste she let him fall, and he became lame (chapter iv, 4). When Adam fell the whole race fell in him (Rom. v, 12), and so we are by nature children of wrath (Eph. ii, 3). He was at Lodabar (verse 4), which means a place of no pasture, and that is surely the condition of all who are not in Christ, and of them the question might be asked, "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" (Isa. lv, 1.) All who live at Lodebar shall thirst again (John iv). David sent to the place where he was and fetched him from thence. The Son of God came from heaven down to where we are, became one of us, sin excepted, and then bare our sins in His own body.

Like the good Samaritan, He came to the helpless just where they were. He finds us in our lost condition and brings us to Himself, as He did Israel from Egypt (Ex. xix, 4). He suffered, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God (I Pet. iii, 18). The kindness of David broke Mephibosheth down, and he fell on his face and did reverence (verse 6), so the love and goodness of God when once seen work true penitence in the sinner's heart and also give the saint a true view of himself (Rom. ii, 4; Job xlii, 5, 6). Then comes the great word, "Fear not" (verse 7), as in Rev. i, 17, and like the "Be of good cheer" of Matt. ix, 2, and the welcome to the king's table to eat bread continually. Contrast Lodebar, the place of no pasture, with the King's table and its bounty and the invitation, "Eat, O friends, drink—yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." "Eat ye that which is good and let your soul delight itself in fatness" (Song v, 1; Isa. lv, 2). Then think of the inheritance that becomes ours, lost in the first Adam, but more than fully restored in Christ (verse 9), I Pet. i, 3, 4; Eph. i, 13, 14. Note the phrase "I have given" and remember Rom. viii, 32, "With Him freely all things." Think of the outcast from Lodebar dwelling in Jerusalem (city of peace) eating continually at the king's table and yet continuing lame on both his feet (verse 13).

We will never lose our lameness, our sinful nature, but the divine nature given us in Christ when He saves us may have control and the old be continually reckoned dead. When we are filled with thoughts of the King and His great love we will not be found contemplating our lame feet, much less speaking of them, as many do, from whom we are always hearing about their unworthiness, their weak faith, their lack of love and zeal and devotion. Rather let us be telling of His salvation from day to day and be occupied with His loveliness, for He is altogether lovely. The devotion of Mephibosheth to David is seen in his mourning for him all the time that he was absent because of Absalom's rebellion and in his wanting no portion of the inheritance so long as David had returned in safety (chapter xix, 24, 30). When the love of Christ constraineth us after that fashion we shall not be found conformed to this world nor seeking any satisfaction from it.

A Shrewd Doctor.

"This incident," said a doctor, "happened in France two or three centuries ago, in the days when public criers were always in evidence. There was a physician of Montpelier who used to go from place to place to practice the healing art. He employed a very ingenious trick to help him on his way. When he came to a town where he was not known he pretended to have lost his dog, which he declared was a very valuable animal, and ordered the public crier to roam about, beat loud on his drum and offer a reward of 25 louis to whoever should bring the dog to him. At the same time the crier was directed to mention all the titles and academic honors of the doctor as well as his place of residence. Of course it happened that the doctor was not long in becoming almost the sole topic of talk in the town. The people made up their minds that he must be a famous physician as well as a very rich one, as he could offer 25 louis for finding his dog. You might reasonably judge that the dog was never found, but plenty of patients were."

CLERGY INDORSE TAFT

Class Him as Highest Type of Christian Gentleman.

FREQUENT HIS HEADQUARTERS

Declare He Is Broad Minded and Represents Ideals of Best Statesmanship—A Bishop's Opinion of the Republican Nominee.

"Because he is the highest type of the Christian gentleman."

This is the way in which I heard the pastor of a Methodist church in southern Illinois end an argument with a layman on the train coming over here from St. Louis, says the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat in a dispatch to his paper from Cincinnati. The dispatch continues: The layman, paying due respect to the cloth of his opponent, was trying to convince him that he should not support Mr. Taft for the presidency and instead should vote for his Democratic opponent. The churchman defended the principles of the Republican party and, as indicated, defended the man for whom he said he expected to vote from his personal standpoint of a churchman, "because he is the highest type of a Christian gentleman."

It gave me a new idea about Mr. Taft. It seemed to answer some of the criticisms I had heard of the Republican candidate and his creed. In recent years the Democratic candidate has interlarded his well paid Chautauqua lectures with Sunday sermons before religious and semireligious societies. It seems that he has made the most of this influence in this campaign, and I was curious to discover on my arrival here whether there was support from the church and semireligious elements in the country for the Republican nominee.

My arrival in this connection could not have been better timed. As I entered the office of Mr. Taft's private secretary Friday I saw Bishop J. C. Hartzell of the Methodist Episcopal church emerging from a conference with Mr. Taft. The bishop, I knew, has episcopal supervision over the work of his great church in Africa. He has been so engaged for the past twelve years and has met and formed the acquaintance of many leading men not only in Africa, but in Europe and America. His acquaintance and influence within the Methodist church are second to those of few men, as he was for fifteen years an officer of the society which founded and now maintains a system of institutions of learning among both white and colored people in the southern states. He came to induce Mr. Taft to make a speech in Chicago before a society of which the bishop's son, Rev. M. C. Hartzell, is president.

It seemed odd to attempt to interview a churchman of his prominence on a political question at the headquarters of the Republican candidate, but I asked him for his view of Mr. Taft and the support of him by Christian people. He answered very readily:

"The American people are to be congratulated upon the fact that whether Mr. Taft or Mr. Bryan is elected president of the United States they will have a man at the head of the nation who is not only clean in moral character, but whose pen and speech and example are always for the best ideals of our civilization as represented in the teachings of the Christian church."

The bishop thought for a moment and then continued: "On some theological points I differ from both. As a good Presbyterian I suppose Mr. Bryan assents to the doctrine of 'divine decrees,' which teach that from all eternity it has been fixed who should be saved and who should be lost. I do not so read Scriptures. Mr. Taft, I understand, is one of the Edward Everett Hale type, believing that Christ was a divinely perfect man whose precepts and life on earth are the key to man's salvation in time and eternity. With the church I believe that in that perfect man dwelt the divine nature."

Applying his discussion in a practical way, Bishop Hartzell continued: "Which of these men I shall vote for will not be decided by their religious beliefs, but what they are as men and by the principles and policies they stand for in the administration of the government. I believe that in acting upon this view, as an American citizen, I am in harmony with the spirit and purpose of the founders of our republic, who put into the constitution that there should be 'no religious test as to qualifications to any office or public trust under the United States.' My conviction is that the future safety of the nation depends very largely upon our people heeding that constitutional prohibition. Our nation owes much in moral character, statesmanship, literature, art and religion to those who have not been in strict harmony with some of the dogmas of the church. The days of the inquisition are past."

Secretary Root on Tariff Wars.

Threatened tariff wars between the United States and Germany and the United States and France have been averted by commercial agreements under the power conferred upon the president in the third section of the Dingley tariff act.

Perhaps the Bryan managers display such fondness for campaign rainbows because they dream of the traditional pots of gold at their end.

It is possible to concede that after Mr. Gompers' speeches in Texas that state may go Democratic.

Winning a Juryman.

It is related of Lachaud, the most famous of French criminal lawyers in the last century, that in pleading a certain case he perceived that one of the jurors seemed to be hostile to him and his argument.

In the faces of all the other men in the box he saw with his practiced eyes that his oratory or his shrewdness was having its effect, but this man, in spite of all Lachaud could do, remained frowning, suspicious, obdurate.

Lachaud continued with his work, however, and presently saw that his opportunity had come. It was a hot day, and a ray of sunlight had penetrated a crevice on the curtain and was shining on top of the head of this juryman, who was quite bald. The lawyer paused in his argument and addressed himself directly to the court.

"If your honor would please," he said, "to order that the curtain in yonder window be lowered a trifle I am sure that the sixth juryman would appreciate it."

This sign of watchful attention won the obstinate juryman's heart and Lachaud's case.—New York Tribune.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 55 p m, 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9 32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6 52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

William E. Maloney, Div. Supt.
Albert E. Myer, Div. Supt.
Thomas Lees, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6 52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7 07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10 37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

Albert E. Myers, Div. Supt.
Thomas Lees, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

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"Glad to know it, as its an extra choice roast." When it comes to prime meat you always find it at this

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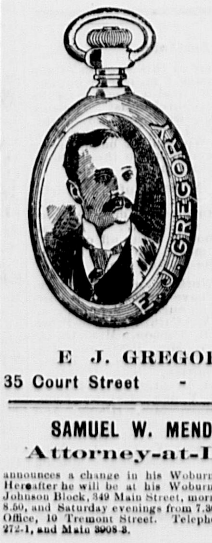

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Leave Melrose Highland for Stoneham and Woburn at 5 00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 7.30 A. M., then every hour until 1.30 P. M, then every 30 minutes until 10.30, P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn for Melrese Highlands at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.15 P. M.

Leave Melrose Highlands for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Sept. 14, 1908.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $1.50 a Year. Single Copies 3 Cents.

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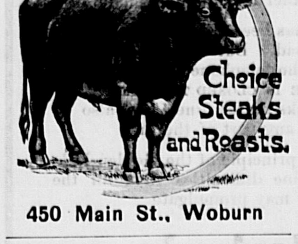
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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston, Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect October 5, 1908

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55, †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8 21, †8.55, §9.23, †10.21, §11.01, †11.17 a. m., §12.05, †12.59, §2.00, †2 04, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.22, †5.02, †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.

LOWELL — †8.20, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, †4 42 §5.28, †6.42, §9.27, †10.59, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H. — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D 42 p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell. H Saturdays only.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, *Pas. Traf. Mgr.* C. M. BURT, *Gen. Pass. Agt.*

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS,

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

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Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

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21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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Why They Were Generous

By M. MONROE JAMES.

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In 19— I was invited to make a Memorial day address in my native town of Eastport. When the exercises were over I wandered among the tombs, watching the friends who were bestowing fragrant tokens of remembrance over the ashes of their dead.

I was standing beside a grave which was literally covered with choice flowers when my friend C. joined me.

"Those people are generous," I said, pointing to the flower strewn grave and indicating a gentleman and lady who had just left it.

"They have reason to be," he answered.

That evening he told me the story:

For a time it was difficult to guess which of the rivals for the hand of Cora Dixon would carry off the prize, for she seemed equally gracious to Fred Nevius and Geoffrey Burns.

There was one intensely interested spectator, who, had the question been left for her decision, would have settled it easily. To Cora's mother money was the key to all things desirable, and as Burns had an abundance of the commodity, while Nevius was but indifferently provided, she wondered at her daughter's indecision.

But Cora was unlike her mother, and when the supreme test came to her she did not let the superior financial advantages of one lover outweigh the fact that her heart had gone into the keeping of the other.

Scarcely had the story of Fred's good fortune become known when the town was startled by strange news. The lover had forged his employer's name and had fled.

While the matter was being discussed elsewhere Cora was reading with tear wet eyes and agony of soul a letter from her accused lover:

> Dear Cora—When you get this I shall be far away, where I do not know. Fate is against me; but, as there is a God in heaven, I did not do the thing they charge against me. I shall love you always, but of course you are free from any promise to me. Unless I can clear my name I shall never return. I trust you will believe me though I suspect the world will not. God bless you. Goodby! Your unhappy FRED.

The story was this: A check presumably drawn by Samuel Blake, his uncle and employer, was presented by the young man at the bank and cashed. Mr. Blake declared the check a forgery. Fred said it was received in a letter which stated it was a gift. Unfortunately the letter could not be produced. With an indignant denial he paid back the money and demanded to know if his uncle intended to prosecute. Receiving a negative reply, he left the store and, packing his belongings, left town without notifying any one of his destination.

As Cora faced the situation she saw that, as he had said, his explanation would not be accepted. She was worldly wise enough to know that, notwithstanding the maxim of the law to the contrary, public opinion is apt to adjudge an accused man guilty unless he can show his innocence. Her cheeks tingled as she thought of the covert sneers about that gift. Oh, if he had only kept that letter!

But what did it all matter? She knew he was innocent. Whatever the world might say, that was her verdict. This verdict she announced with quiet emphasis whenever the matter came to her attention, but she sadly saw that few stood with her; hence it did her a world of good to receive a note from Geoffrey Burns announcing his faith in her friend.

As time wore on Cora, bearing the double burden of her own desolation and her lover's shame, saw, with an added pang, how quickly the world forgets. Fred Nevius had been the idol of the social circle in which they had moved. Now he was as one who had never been.

So went a year. Then came an event which broke somewhat the dreary tenor of her life. David Nelson, a fellow employee, on his dying bed made a statement which wiped the blot from Fred's name. He said he sent the letter and check as an April fool jest, expecting to tell Fred of it before he could present it at the bank. When he saw it was likely to get him into trouble he became alarmed and held his peace.

Shortly after this disclosure Burns called on Cora and congratulated her on the clearing of her lover's name.

"I cannot thank you enough for your loyalty to Fred," she said gratefully.

"He was my friend, too," he answered.

Then he told her of having sent Nelson's confession to the papers of the large cities with the hope that the innocent man might see it.

Somehow after this it seemed the most natural thing for Burns to call now and then. So went another year.

Meanwhile a report came to Eastport that Nevius was dead. When Burns next called Cora questioned him about it.

"Yes, I have heard it," he answered evasively.

"Do you know what foundation it has?"

"There does not seem to be much that can be called foundation."

"Then you don't think it is true?"

He hesitated, dreading to give her the direct answer, which must come now.

"You don't think it is true?" she asked again.

"I fear it is," he said at last. Then he told her of a railroad wreck in a western state in which a young man answering Fred's description had been killed. On his linen they found the word Nevius. He told her also that he and Mr. Blake had put personals in the city papers all over the country, making inquiry for the missing man, but months had gone by and they had heard nothing.

"My heart says no," she replied only when he had finished.

Love cannot remain hidden. When Cora chose Fred Nevius, Burns had put his love away. But now, believing his rival dead, it had come back in greater volume. And so, though she ever put him aside, he sued persistently for her hand.

One day she told him if he would put like inquiries for Nevius in the papers again and in six months no tidings came she would give him an answer.

When the time was past and he falteringly reminded her of it she said: "Mr. Burns, you have been a true friend to me when such were very few. I respect you, honor you, but the love which you deserve is not mine to give. Living or dead, Fred Nevius still has my heart."

"I will be content if you will but say yes," he urged.

And thus the compact was made.

Now that it was settled Burns begged for an early marriage, and, being abetted by Mrs. Dixon, Cora consented. Listlessly she did it as if it mattered not to her, as indeed it did not.

So in the days after Burns noted the same apathetic agreement with every suggestion from her mother or himself. It cut him to the heart, for, though counting it earth's choicest blessing to have her by his side on any terms, he could not escape the conviction that he was requiring too great a sacrifice of her.

One day when she was more than usually distrait he offered to release her. She told him that, while she could not give him what his truth and devotion deserved, she would be true to him if such was his desire.

"It is my heart's dearest wish," he answered fervently. "And love like mine must have its reward by and by. I will be patient."

Deeply touched, even more by his tone than the words, she answered gently, "Geoffrey, I wish I might do more, but all that I can give shall be yours."

After this for his sake she strove to bring back some of her old time cheerfulness. And when she succeeded, as in part she sometimes did, his happy face paid her for the struggle. But when alone in her room, where she could be herself, her sore heart cried out against the fate which forced this hollow life upon her.

On the evening of the day before that set for her wedding she was sitting in a rustic chair on the lawn. Wrapped in the contemplation of her strange position, she did not know that a man was approaching her until he had called her name. As she turned the face of Fred Nevius, full of a hungry longing, met hers.

With a little cry of gladness she sprang up, and the next moment his arms were about her. How long they remained thus they could not have told, when they saw the grave eyes of Geoffrey Burns, not in anger, but full of unutterable sadness, resting on them.

Tearing herself from Nevius' clasp, Cora went to Burns and put her hand upon his arm.

"Forgive me, Geoffrey," she said humbly. "Forgive me. I forgot." Then, turning to Fred, she added, "Tomorrow night I am to be his wife."

Nevius recoiled as if she had struck him and, like one dazed, stood, with a dumb misery on his ashen face, looking from one to the other. At last he broke the painful silence.

"Great God," he cried passionately, "did ever a man have such bitter fate? On a scrap of paper a few days ago I saw an account of the cruel jest which ruined my life. I hurried home, hoping to find what evil fortune had snatched from me. I thought I had, but, oh, my God"— His words ended with a wail of despair, and, turning, he staggered away like one who had lost all hope.

Burns, watching them, saw that while Cora still kept her hand upon his arm her eyes followed the retreating form, and all her heart went with them.

* * * * * * *

Impatiently the guests, sitting in Mrs. Dixon's parlor, waited the coming of the bridal party. The groom had been with Cora fully half an hour, and the clock had announced the hour for the ceremony more than that long ago.

Presently it was whispered they were coming. The organist made ready, touching the initial chords. The clergyman took his place. All eyes turned on the door saw Geoffrey Burns come in alone.

The astonishment of the assembled company found expression in one smothered murmur. Then all grew silent as the chamber of death as they saw Burns was about to speak.

With a mighty effort to be calm, he began: "Friends, there will be no wedding tonight. I had thought that this hour would crown my life with the fulfillment of its fondest hope, but God wills otherwise. My love for Cora Dixon has not abated one jot, and she stands ready to make good her promise to be my wife. But he whom God hath joined to her is now returned, and, though it leaves my life a barren waste, I have released her from her vow."

Shortly after Fred and Cora were quietly married. And the first news they had of the noble man whose sacrifice had made their union possible was that he had been killed in Cuba, and in his will he had left his property to Cora.

Useless.

There was some speculation as to whether the instrument would benefit the old gentleman or not. One was holding the ear trumpet, while another was explaining its use and showing old Mr. Borrows how to hold it to his ear.

"Say something to him through it, Joe," said one to the other.

Now, Joe had long waited for an opportunity to reach Mr. Borrows' ear. So, speaking very distinctly into the trumpet, he said:

"You've not paid me that sovereign you owe me yet, Mr. Borrows."

But the old gentleman put the instrument down, with disappointment on his face, and they could see it was a failure even before he had time to say:

"That thing's not a bit of good to me!"

And he sighed, but his sigh was not so deep as that which came from Joe. —London Express.

SLANG OF THE SAILOR

The Lingo That Is Used by Uncle Sam's Bluejackets.

MANY QUAINT EXPRESSIONS.

The Man-of-war's Man May Be a "Snowdigger" or a "Sloper," but He Uses the Language of Every Other Sailor.

There is a language that is neither English nor American, down east nor southern, western nor Yankee. It is just sailors' lingo.

No matter what part of the country may be the birthplace of a bluejacket or what his language at home, sooner or later he uses the language of every other sailor.

To the civilian a conversation between two bluejackets about his life on shipboard is hardly intelligible. The other day on the water front two sailors were overheard talking, says the San Francisco Bulletin.

"Oh, he's nothing but a beach comber. He was run up for breaking it once and got sent to the pie wagon," said one of them.

"I heard he got six months and a bob before he come here," replied the other.

A small boy standing near asked what all those things meant. The sailors were in a good humor and explained.

"'Beach comber,' lad? Why, that's a fellow who hangs around a saloon ashore and never wants to work. 'Breaking it' is staying overtime on shore, and 'run up' is brought to the mast for offenses. The 'pie wagon' is the place where they put prisoners, and 'six months and a bob' is sentenced to six months in prison and given a dishonorable discharge."

There are many other terms and expressions that do not show their meaning on the surface.

A "rookie" is a recruit. A man who "ships over" enlists again. A man who is on the report for mast call is "down for a chance." Canned beef is known as "canned Willie," and a bottle of liquor is a "dog." All things lost on shipboard are put in a room called the "lucky bag." An honorable discharge is "a big ticket," and desertion by a sailor is "jumped." When the mail arrives on board and is ready for distribution "mallo" is the cry which carries the news. A ship's carpenter is called "chips," a coppersmith "coppers," a blacksmith "blacky" and the chief of the engineering department "the chief."

When a ship is traveling at sea it is "seagoing," and if it hurries it is "making knots." A prison on shore is a "stone frigate." When a man is disrated to a lower rating he is "busted;" when he deserts and voluntarily gives himself up within a period of six months he is a straggler; when he is sitting next the dealer in a friendly game of "draw" he is "under the gun;" when he is continually quoting the naval regulations he has "swallowed the blue book," and when he thinks he knows more about the blue book than the captain he is a "sea lawyer."

"Pipe down" means in American slang "shut up." "Put in his oar" is "butt in." "Shove off, Jack," is a hint to move on. When a man is dishonorably discharged he gets a "straight kick." A sailor who draws more pay "draws more water." One who talks too much "blows off at a low pressure."

Wednesday afternoon, when the crew overhaul their clothing, is "rope yard Sunday." Any part of the United States is called "God's country," and the man from the eastern coast is a "snowdigger," while his brother tar from the west is called "sloper." The duty of calling the men in the morning falls to the master at arms, and he says "show a leg" or "rise up and shine." When a man has had no night watch and gets up in the morning with a good appetite it is "all night in and beans for breakfast."

One of the more familiar sea terms is "caught a crab," meaning caught an oar in the water. When a sailor has several enlistments to his credit he is called "a sea dog" or "an old salt."

A gentle hint from one sailor to another that he does not believe something which is being told to him is "tell it to a marine." To re-enlist is to "slip over," and when more than half the enlistment is in a sailor is "going downhill."

His Office Hours.

Pat, a miner, after struggling for years in a western mining district, finally giving up in despair, was about to turn his face eastward when suddenly he struck it rich. Soon afterward he was seen strutting along, dressed in fine clothes. One day an old friend stopped him, saying:

"And how are you, Pat? I'd like to talk to you."

Pat stretched himself proudly.

"If you want to talk to me I'll see you in me office. I hev an office now, and me hours is from a. m. in the mornin' to p. m. in the afternoon."—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

Crack or Break.

Edwin and his mother went for a walk Sunday afternoon. Coming to a tree of cherries, the mother bent a low limb so that the little fellow could pick some. Seeing some fine ones higher up, he begged to be allowed to climb the tree. "Oh, no," said his mother, "that would be breaking the Sabbath."

"And we are only cracking the Sabbath now, are we, mamma?" inquired Edwin.—Delineator.

A clever man turns great troubles into little ones and little ones into none at all.—Chinese Proverb.

Sensitive.

"I hear you is out of a job, Willie?"

"Yes. I may be a little too sensitive, but when the boss sez 'Git to blaze out of here before I kick you out!' then I got mad and resigned me position."—Illustrated Bits.

He Knew.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, what was Washington's farewell address? Johnny—Heaven.—New York Sun.

ALPINE GUIDES.

Some Are Experts In "Snow and Ice Work," Some In "Rock Work."

Some of the Alpine guides are experts in climbing. There are a number who are noted for their skill in what the Alpinist calls "snow and ice work." That means going up a peak which has so many snow fields and glaciers that its sides and summits may be nearly covered with them. The glacier guide can tell you all about "cornices"—snow masses which project from the edge of precipices and overhang the valley beneath like the roof of a house. Experience has told him whether a cornice can be crossed safely or whether it may break off if one ventures upon it. He is also an expert with the ice ax carried in his belt, cutting footholds in the glittering walls that may rise fifty or a hundred feet above your head. These ice precipices are frequently found at the heads of glaciers, which, as the schoolboy knows, are merely rivers of frozen water slowly moving down the face of a mountain on account of the force of gravity and the great pressure of the ice masses which form their source on the upper part of the slope. Other guides make a speciality of "rock work," conducting persons up peaks which may be only partly covered with snow and ice, but having sides of bare rock so steep that in places the cliffs may be almost straight up and down. Here it would seem that one must be as spry and as sure footed as the chamois—the rare goat that lives up amid the Alps. While the crevasse and other dangers of the snow and ice fields may be absent, the mountain may be so abrupt that the climber must ascend hundreds of feet pulling himself up with arms aiding his legs, while often the guide hauls him to the top of the most difficult slopes by main strength. —St. Nicholas.

A MANSFIELD FAILURE.

When the Famous Actor Fainted of Hunger In London.

Mansfield was taken to the Savage club, where his cleverness was attested by the leading entertainers of London. When Corney Grain was taken sick in the spring of 1877, Mansfield was at once recommended as his substitute in the German Reed entertainments. He was to receive £8 a week. This was a splendid salary for any young man as salaries went then or as they stand now on the London stage. To Mansfield it was a positive windfall.

As a member of this distinguished little coterie of entertainers Mansfield felt that his fortune was made. His whole interest, attention and hope now centered on April 20, the night of his debut. He was assigned the small role of the beadle in the comedietta "Charity Begins at Home," which opened the evening. After that he was to change to evening dress and hold the stage alone for half an hour after the manner established by Corney Grain. Every shilling he could scrape together went for a wardrobe, linen, boots, cravat, a boutonniere and other irreproachable appurtenances.

His friends crowded St. George's hall for his first appearance. It was observed as he uttered the few lines of the beadle that he was excessively nervous. When later in the evening he sat down at the piano and struck a preliminary chord he fainted dead away.

Mr. Reed relieved him of his position at once. In discharging him he said, "You are the most nervous man I have ever seen." It was not all nervousness, however. Mansfield had not eaten for three days. He had fainted from hunger.

It was many a year before he again worked up to the munificence of £8 a week, but this pathetic incident was later made an asset as employed by him in an attractive little comedy of his own writing.—Paul Wilstach in Scribner's.

Iodine and Light.

If it is necessary to use iodine for painting the skin in medical treatment it is worth remembering that the painting should be done in the dark or in a red light such as is used in photography.

If this is done and the painted portion of the skin be covered without being exposed to white light it will not blister nor stain the flesh even if the painting is repeated a good many times.—New York Sun.

Deer.

Deer will eat almost any kind of grain or grass, even preferring the rankest weeds to the choicest hay. They should always have an abundant supply of clear, running water. About the greatest item of expense connected with raising deer is the cost of fencing. The fawns are usually born in the spring or early summer. Does, as a rule, have but one fawn at first, but subsequently twins are born and in rare cases triplets.—Kansas City Star.

Our New Hair Vigor

Ayer's Hair Vigor was good, the best that was made. But Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, is better. It is the one great specific for falling hair. A new preparation in every way. New bottle. New contents. Ask your druggist to show it to you, "the new kind."

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says

As we now make our new Hair Vigor it does not have the slightest effect upon the color of the hair. You may use it freely and for any length of time without fear of changing the color. Stops falling hair. Cures dandruff.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

Words to the Wise

By GERTRUDE LEWIS.

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To begin with, Mrs. Mook was not even Ben Melville's mother-in-law. She was his stepmother-in-law, and Letty disliked her as much as her husband did.

They had welcomed the change in Ben's business affairs which required his removal to California, and as they boarded the train that was to take them on the first stage of their journey Letty breathed a little sigh of relief.

"I suppose it's wicked," she said softly, "but I wish we were going to China or Japan."

"What's the use?" asked Ben, with a laugh. "She would follow us out there. The last thing she said was that if you grew homesick to wire a ticket and she would come out at once."

Letty sat up very straight in her seat.

"Ben Melville," she warned impressively, "if you ever dare send such a message I'll never speak to you again."

"I won't," he promised teasingly, "unless you need punishment."

Thereafter impending quarrels were checked when Ben irrelevantly inquired if there was a telegraph blank handy. The threatened trouble always ended in a laugh.

The first six months of California life seemed like a dream, so different was everything from what it had been in the east. A flower garden that bloomed the year round was new to the little New England girl, and Wah Ling, once his oriental makeup was mastered, was like a gift of the gods. After a quick succession of raw immigrants of all nationalities the Chinaman was a revelation.

Silent footed, competent and scrupulously neat, Wah Ling was a great relief to the little housekeeper, and Melville declared his home to be a paradise with a thirty dollar a month angel in charge.

Then the blow fell. Letty met her husband at the door of their little home with an expression on her face that filled him with alarm.

"What's wrong, little woman?" he asked anxiously. "Is is bad, dear?"

"It couldn't be worse," she sobbed as he gathered her into his arms. "Mrs Mook's coming."

"Wire her not to," he said sharply. "I know that she's your stepmother, darling, but that doesn't entitle her to come out here and make life miserable. I should not think that she would want to. You don't even call her mother."

"She doesn't mind a little thing like that," sobbed Letty. "She writes that the doctor says that her lungs are weak and that six months in the mild California air is just what she needs. She's coming to stay with us because dad can't afford to send her out here and pay her board too."

"Wire her not to come," repeated Ben sternly. But Letty shook her head.

"We can't," she wailed. "She started the day after she mailed this, and she'll be here tomorrow."

"Then we'll have to make the best of it," said Ben, with the peculiar tightening of the lips that marked his displeasure. "Perhaps we may find some way of housing her elsewhere. Let's have dinner. The situation will look better after we have had something to eat."

But even Wah Ling's perfect cooking did not bring the customary sense of contentment, though he had done his best, because he had seen that his mistress was worried.

He moved about the dining room in his spotless white costume like some accomplished ghost and took a dislike to the new guest before he had seen her because she had made the mistress cry.

But his dislike became personal when he entered the dining room the following afternoon. Mrs. Mook had arrived only a half hour before, and she had not been apprised of the employment of a Chinese "boy."

"The person's in his night clothes!" she cried, eying Wah Ling's snowy garments with disfavor. "My dear Letty, your father wears those things to sleep in."

"It is the native costume," explained Letty. "It is very cool and comfortable."

"It's indecent," commented Mrs. Mook, and Wah Ling scowled.

A melancholy trio sat on the piazza that evening in the soft dusk, heavy with the scent of flowers. Mrs. Mook found fault with everything and announced that on the morrow she would readjust the household affairs.

Letty sought to make reply, but a warning pressure on her arm caused her to remain silent, and not until Mrs. Mook announced herself ready for bed was the riddle explained.

Immediately after breakfast Mrs. Mook announced that the process of reform would start in the kitchen. Mrs. Melville drew back.

"You mustn't go in there!" she cried. "Tell Wah Ling what you want done, and he will do it perfectly, but the Chinese boys will not stand for any supervision."

"That's all nonsense," declared Mrs. Mook militantly. "He can ride rough shod over you, but he'll find he has some one else to deal with now."

With majestic mien she strode into the immaculate kitchen. Wah Ling looked up inquiringly from the chicken he was disjointing with a hatchet. Mrs. Mook gave a cry of disapproval.

"You mustn't do it that way," she commanded.

"Was malla?" asked Wah.

"Get a knife," commanded Mrs. Mook. "That is the proper way."

"Velly good way," commented Wah serenely as he severed a wing from the body.

"Do as I tell you, you impertinent heathen!" cried the exasperated Mrs. Mook. "I am going to take charge of this kitchen and things must be done as a Christian does them. Mrs. Melville has been too easy with you. You will find that I am not so easily imposed upon. Get a knife and cut the chicken with that."

Wah dropped the chicken, and with a docility that brought a smile of triumph to Mrs. Mook's face he trotted over to the cupboard and procured a knife with an eighteen inch blade.

"You get out here," he commanded as he brandished knife and hatchet. "You velly bad. You buttin."

With a whoop he started for her, and Mrs. Mook fled to the front porch, where Letty waited developments.

"Get a policeman! Call for help!" she panted. "That Chinaman has gone crazy."

"It's just his way," said Letty placidly. "All Chinamen are like that. They make splendid servants, but they will not stand interference in their work. You can tell them what you want done and how you wish it done, and you can count on its being done, but when you interfere— Wah nearly scared me to death the only time he chased me out of the kitchen. He had a knife and the fire shovel."

"He must be dismissed," said Mrs. Mook firmly.

"What's the use?" said Letty. "If he goes he will leave his mark somewhere. Then we never can get a boy at any price. Mrs. Morgan tried that. She let her boy go, and they had eleven in two days. They all knew where to look for the sign, and when they saw it they went."

"Either that heathen goes or I shall," said Mrs. Mook sternly.

"We can't let Wah Ling go," declared Letty with equal firmness. "I simply will not be without a servant."

Mrs. Mook paused to give her stepdaughter a chance to reconsider. As she stood there she caught sight of Wah Ling's face contorted with rage peering through the dining room door. He still held the carving knife, and, with a scornful sniff, Mrs. Mook turned and marched upstairs to pack her trunk.

Wah Ling departed cheerfully for the livery to order the carriage to take her to the resort down the road, and her last glimpse of the little redwood cottage showed Wah Ling performing a solemn dance on the porch, with a knife in one hand and a club in the other.

The best dinner Wah had ever cooked was spread on the table that evening when Ben came home from his work, and from the kitchen came the shrill notes of what Wah Ling was pleased to consider a song. Ben laughed as he took his place at the head of the table.

"I always said that Wah Ling was a jewel," he declared. "He is a pearl without price."

"I am a little afraid myself," confessed Letty. "He never was so violent when we had our trouble."

"No be flaid," counseled Wah, who had noiselessly entered. "Hear chinchin yess'day. 'Word to wise man plenty 'nough.' Savvy?"

"And you did it on purpose?" cried Letty reproachfully.

"You no like?" asked Wah in simulated surprise.

"It was very wrong," declared Ben as he drew a bill from his pocket and passed it to Wah. "But if she comes again we will speak more words for the wise."

"Me savvy," agreed Wah as he pocketed the bill.

To Polish Mahogany.

"If others are troubled as I have been," says a writer in Harper's Bazar, "with a blue gray appearance on the surface of any of their highly polished furniture they may feel perfectly safe in using the following:

"To about a quart of clear water add a tablespoonful of good strong vinegar. In the solution saturate a soft cheesecloth and wring out as dry as possible. With this rub lightly the surface to be cleaned and dry—always rubbing lightly—with a dry piece of cheesecloth.

"If afraid of this at first, you might experiment on a section of the furniture that does not show. The inside of the top lid of the piano might do if that is the article to be cleaned. In case of the first application not entirely removing the cloudy look repeat the operation in about a week and you will have the satisfaction of seeing your furniture look as fine as it did the day it left the factory."

A Phillips Brooks Story.

The spirit of love and kindliness to all which pervaded every word and deed of Bishop Phillips Brooks did not hinder his keen appreciation of others' failings and shortcomings or his own.

"Why in the world doesn't Brown write his autobiography and have it published?" said one of the bishop's friends, referring to an incessant talker and most egotistical man who had been wasting an hour of the bishop's most precious time by a rehearsal of some unimportant happenings.

"Why, he'd rather tell it, of course," said the bishop, and then like a flash came regret for the quickly spoken truth, and he turned on his friend with a half humorous, half distressed face. "What do you mean by asking me such a question as that when I'd off my guard?" he demanded reproachfully.

Talking Down.

The superintendent of a Sunday school class in Philadelphia recently called upon a visitor to "say a few words" to the class, the members of which are mostly children of tender age.

The visitor, a speaker well known for his verbose and circumlocutory mode of speech, began his address as follows:

"This morning, children, I purpose to offer you an epitome of the life of St. Paul. It may be perhaps that there are among you some too young to grasp the meaning of the word 'epitome.' 'Epitome,' children, is in its signification synonymous with synopsis."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not Like Father.

"Do you think Mr. Skinnum's baby will take after its father?"

"Not at all. The other day they persuaded it to cough up a nickel it had swallowed."—Washington Star.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, OCT. 23, 1908

THE POLLOCK BOLT.

It is a universally recognized rule with all political parties that a voter who participates in the business of a caucus or convention is morally bound to accept the acts of the same, whether favorable, or otherwise, to him. He must be governed by what the caucus or convention decides on. That is the rule. It is a prominent feature of the ethics of politics, and not to conform to it marks the voter as a "Bolter." When that tag is pinned to the lappel of his coat he must not look for future favors from the Party he professes to train with. To be recognized as a "Bolter" is a bad thing for a man who seeks political honors and emoluments.

Reports say that Mr. Thomas Pollock of Burlington is a rank one. He made the best fight he could in the Burlington caucus to secure the Representative nomination, and lost. Fred Walker was chosen. Instead of taking his defeat manfully, Pollock came out as an independent candidate, and not satisfied with that, he sought and obtained a Democratic endorsement to enable him to defeat Walker, which, of course cannot be done.

It was a dishonorable thing for Pollock to do; and he will probably find out that it was the worst political step he ever took. We understand that many Burlington Democrats will vote for Fred Walker on account of Pollock's bolt. They dislike that kind of business, and the man engaged in it

"THE BOSS."

The opposition, meaning the Democracy of this town, call Hon. Herbert S. Riley, Chairman of the Woburn Republican Ward and City Committee, the "Republican Boss," oblivious of the fact that by so doing they are paying him a high compliment. They thus indirectly, but to all intents and purposes, concede his ability and success as a Party leader, but fail to see the point, which is quite in keeping with their proverbial political obtuseness.

In years past the Republican Committee of this town and city have had many able Chairmen; but it is doubtful if one of them has been a harder worker, more consciencious in the discharge of his duties, or has accomplished more for the best interests of his Party, than Mr. Riley. And, yet, he is as far from being a "Boss" as it is possible to imagine.

FOR PRESIDENT OF SENATE.

Last week Hon. James Wilson Grimes of Reading was nominated by acclamation for a third term in the State Senate, an unusual honor, as political favors are distributed by the Republicans in this part of the Commonwealth. Mr. Grimes, however, was worthy of it.

The present outlook is favorable for the election of Mr. Grimes to the Presidency of the next Senate, for which he is a candidate with numerous staunch supporters. His candidacy was unanimously endorsed by the convention at which he received a third nomination last week, and it now looks as though he might win the prize. He would make a capable and popular President of the Senate.

GREATER BOSTON.

For the information of those interested in the subject we give below the 38 cities and towns outside of Boston commonly known in Greater Boston. They are: Arlington, Belmont, Braintree, Brookline, Cambridge, Canton, Chelsea, Cohasset, Dedham, Dover, Everett, Hingham, Hull, Hyde Park, Lynn, Malden, Medford, Melrose, Milton, Nahant, Needham, Newton, Quincy, Revere, Saugus, Somerville, Stoneham, Swampscott, Wakefield, Waltham, Watertown, Wellesley, Weston, Westwood, Weymouth, Winchester, Winthrop and Woburn. Including Boston, the total population in 1905 was 1,262,841. It is estimated that the total population in 1915 will be 1,573,368.

A SURE THING.

The Republican National Committee, Managers of the Republican campaign, and leading members of the Party East and West express the utmost confidence in the election of Judge Taft on Nov. 3 by an overwhelming majority. President Roosevelt is confidently counting on more electoral votes for Taft than he himself had in 1904, and nobody steps up to join issues with him on that statement.

Bryan, it is said, is losing ground every week. His campaign drags. The sober second thought of the people is more than likely to work to his undoing at the ballotboxes next month.

KILLAM AND WALKER.

The Republicans are to be heartily congratulated on the selection they have made of candidates to represent the 20th District in the Massachusetts House next year.

Messrs. Killam and Walker are young men of high character and recognized business ability; and what is of equal importance, they are men whose personal integrity has never been called in question. That they will prove a credit to themselves and the District in the next Legislature nobody doubts.

ELECTION DAY.

One week from next Tuesday will decide the question of who is to be President of the United States for the next four years after March 4, 1909, Taft or Bryan. Interest in the election grows stronger every day, and from a dull, spiritless campaign it has come to be the livliest Presidential contest on record.

Everything points to the election of Judge Taft by a larger majority than Roosevelt had in 1904, which was phenomenal.

DISTRICT COMMITTEE.

The following gentlemen constitute the Republican Committee for the 20th Middlesex Representative District:

S. W. Mendum, H. P. Johnson, H. C. Hall of Woburn; A. R. Prentiss, Arthur J. Davis, Reading; Edward N. Eames, Wilmington; H. L. Abbott, North Reading; Harry H. Nichols, Burlington.

☞ Glancing from end to end of the abundantly laden banqueting boards at the 73d anniversary celebration of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx (Co. G, 5th Mass. Regt.) last week a familiar face was missed that for many years has been seldom absent from celebrations of the old Company—that of Col W. T. Grammer—whose physical infirmities, the result of nearly 87 years of life, prevented him from appearing on the firing line that night, filled to the teeth, as has always been his wont, with a stiring speech for the occasion. The gap at the tables made by the absence of the venerable Colonel of the Fifth was observed with sincere regret, and a note of it voiced in an appropriate resolution. Col. Grammer has seen a great deal of military life in his day, and the Phalanx has been his favorite nearly from its birth 73 years ago to the present time. It was but natural, then, that his absence from the celebration of the Phalanx last week was painfully noted and officially acted on. The Phalanx were proud of the success of their celebration this year, and properly so, for it was one of the very best and most enjoyable they have ever held. Capt. McCarthy is a whole team on such a festive occasion, and in a right soldierly style did he carry himself that night.

☞ Mrs. Carrie Dow of Arlington Road, and her sister, Miss Ellis, are greatly pleased at being informed of the marriage engagement of their friend, Miss Amalia Lieberknecht, whose acquaintance they formed at the American Consulate in Zurich, Switzerland, a few years ago, to Mr. Louis N. DeVausney, Assistant Cashier of the Seaboard National Bank of New York City, and that the wedding is to take place early next March. Miss Lieberknecht is at present visiting her sister, Mrs. Dr. Metz, at Newark, N J., where her affianced resides, but is soon to leave for her Illinois home. She is the daughter of Hon. A. Lieberknecht of Geneseo, Illinois, who, a few months ago, after eleven years of faithful and approved service, resigned the office of American Consul at Zurich, and returned to his home in the West, where he has been engaged in the newspaper business since 1857, to spend the remainder of his days peacefully under his own vine and figtree. While in the public service at Zurich, and earlier, four years as Consul at a Mexican port, his newspaper, the *Republic*, has been ably conducted by his sons. Miss Amalia, while living abroad, studied vocal music under famous teachers in Berlin, Germany, where she won honors as a singer.

☞ Mr. William F. Kenney, for many years a member of the Boston *Globe's* Editorial Staff, a native of Woburn, and up to a recent date a resident here, delivered an address before the St. Paul's Catholic Club of Harvard University last Thursday evening week, which was quite liberally reported in the Boston *Transcript* of Oct. 16. Being a devout Catholic, of course, Mr. Kenney gave that denomination chief credit for the preservation of literature, the arts and sciences in the world during the Dark Ages and their progress since. He, also, spoke of the Harvard men who have succeeded in journalism and of the thousands of Catholics in Massachusetts who hold positions of influence. Editor Kenney is a Trustee of the Boston Public Library, a highly honorable position.

☞ We unblushingly confess to a weakness for a little praise once in awhile, which fact the gentle reader will please accept as a reason for clipping the following complimentary notice from the columns of our neighbor, the Woburn *News*, and reproducing it here. It seems to be of an honest brand, and we do not hesitate to reprint it, although it might seem to some people as a case of blowing our own trumpet.

The WOBURN JOURNAL is celebrating its fifty seventh birthday anniversary today. The first edition came out Oct. 16, 1851. The JOURNAL has in all that time held a high position in the estimation of the public. It has steadily advanced in the charge of the present Editor and Manager, George A. Hobbs. The *News* offers its sincerest congratulations to the Editor and well wishes to the paper.

☞ In a speech delivered at the Phalanx banquet last week Minister Parker of the Unitarian church launched a third term boom for William E. Blodgett, who he regards as a model Mayor, and whose election next December, he thinks, is demanded by the welfare of the city. Minister Parker is opposed to licensing the liquor traffic and is one of the most earnest and efficient workers for the temperance cause in this city. In Mayor Blodgett he finds a colaborer after his own heart; therefore, the boom last week. If Mayor Blodgett should consent to run for another term, his election would not admit of a doubt.

☞ The move that Ald. Sam Highley has made for the restoration of the Boston & Maine Railroad train that, for many years, has left Boston about 6 o'clock, a. m., and reached Woburn at 6 30 a. m., but dropped by the October schedule, is heartily approbated by the business men of this city. That train enabled Postmaster Wyer to give our merchants and others at the Center an early morning delivery of their mail, which was a great convenience; but its withdrawal deprives them of it, and the loss is severely felt. It is hoped that Ald. Highley will succeed in convincing the Railroad Company that the train ought to be restored.

☞ It would make for the peace and happiness of the people of this city if that Union street conflict between the Mayor and City Council could be settled in a satisfactory manner. It is not of vital importance how it is decided; at least, life and death are not involved in the question.

☞ Last Tuesday Hon. Joshua B. Holden, member of the Charles River Basin Commission, pressed the button that closed the great dam, and announced the completion of that part of the work. Commissioner Holden has taken a lively interest in this important public enterprise.

HIGHEST CANDLE POWER
STREET LIGHTS

Special high candle power street lights can now be had where municipalities desire them for special lighting.

These lamps are of 80 candle power and are extremely desirable for lighting public squares or other points where more light is required. They are also very useful where lamps are spread greater distances apart than ordinarily.

In such cases they tend to secure a more uniform and satisfactory lighting.

The cost is proportionately **less** than for 60 candle power lamps.

EDISON ELECTRIC ILLUMINATING CO.
TELEPHONE OXFORD 3300 39 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

HARDWARE
Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.
H. B. BLYE & CO.,
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.
Telephone connection.

NEW FALL STYLES
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Fine Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Wobur

☞ The centennial anniversary of Rev. Dr. Francis S. Smith, author of "America," was observed in Boston at noon last Wednesday, Oct. 21, by a company of cornetists playing that grand old authem in the belfry of Park Street church where it was first sung on July 4, 1832. Rev. Dr. Smith was born in Boston on October 21, 1808, and spent the most of his life in Newton.

☞ Of course, no one can tell what a day may bring forth in politics, but from present appearances, Ald. John M. Wallace is to be the only Republican candidate for election to the Board of Public Works this Fall, and if it should turn out to be so, he will be elected high and dry, for there are to run not less than half a dozen Democrats, each one of whom will get votes enough to cut their poll into slices that will defeat them all.

☞ At the close of registration last week for the National and State election the Board reported the number of voters in this city to be 3175, a clear gain of 70 over 1907, which was 3105, and the largest for several years. This would seem to indicate that Woburn is more than holding its own in the matter of population.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Edison Co.—Light.
Advertiser—Wanted.
City of Woburn—Election.
F. W. Williams—Agents Wanted.

— Thanksgiving Day Nov. 26.

— Who is your choice for Mayor?

— Candidates for the B. P. W. continue to multiply.

— Forest fires have been raging fiercely in Wilmington this week.

— Mr. and Mrs. John C. Andrews have returned from their bridal tour.

— This afternoon the Woburn High school team are to play the Winchester High School team at Winchester.

— A. E Kenneson has recently had his stable at 66 Arlington Road wired for electric lights and will use the Edison Company's service.

— A squash weighing 59 pounds was shown at the exhibition of the S. of V. last Monday evening. It would make a whole lot of pies.

— The offensive billboards on the Clough lot opposite the railroad station have been removed, thanks to whoever did it. They were an eyesore.

— The annual inspection of W. R. C. 161 is to be held on Tuesday evening, Oct. 27, by Mrs. Hallie Whitney of Lowell, the inspecting officer.

— Last Saturday, Oct. 17, it was from 86 to 90 in the shade—the hottest 17th of October ever known in this latitude. It was simply melting.

— Should Mayor Blodgett consent to stand for a third term, the opposition to him would be weak. He would be easily elected, and No License with him.

— The Fall meeting of the Woburn Conference is to be held in the Congregational church at Winchester on Oct. 27. The theme for consideration and discussion will be "The Opportunity of the Church."

— The party who has bought the Clough property opposite the railroad station is going to build two large houses on the open space in the rear bordering on the tracks. It will be a great improvement.

— The present is the Hunters Moon, because in old times it was associated with the chase in "Merry England," when "the fox roused before us away seems to fly, and pants in the chorus of hounds in full cry."

— Last Tuesday, Oct. 20, was "Apple Day," a festival set apart at the great St. Louis Fair a few years ago. Wonder how many of our readers remembered anything about it? It was intended to induce everybody to eat apples on Oct. 20 each year, but more especially, to send them to hospitals, charitable institutions, and poor people.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— Many Woburn people interested in Sunday Schools attended the International Sunday School Association convention in Tremont Temple, Boston, last Monday evening, and enjoyed it very much indeed.

— Hope Lodge of Daughters of Rebekah celebrated the 25th anniversary of their organization in Odd Fellows Hall last Tuesday evening. There was a large attendance, and those present spent a pleasant few hours.

— Burlington officers say they found quite a liquor outfit in the woods of that staid old town last Sunday, and several patrons of the same, who claimed that the liquors were not there for sale, but to help out a good time.

— Preparations for the First Parish annual supper, the date for which is fixed for Nov. 12, are well advanced. The numerous committees are at work, and the supper promises to be an event worthy to be marked with a white stone.

— The hot wave of a week's duration, when, on warm days, the mercury went up to nearly 90 in the shade, subsided suddenly on Monday night, and produced an agreeable change in the temperature. Tuesday was a bright, cool October day.

— The following scholars in the High School have been honored by the Woman's Club to be admitted by the Club on the score of highest rank in Class '09; Dorothy Blake, Edna Nichols, Dorothy Coburn, Madalene Taylor, Mary Marrinan, Ethel Wallace.

— The school teachers in this city have been granted the privilege of attending the annual convention of the Middlesex County Teachers to be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Friday, Oct. 30, of which privilege a large share of them will probably avail themselves.

— Favorable reports reach us from the Evening school both as to attendance and application of the pupils to their books. The school has an excellent corps of teachers, and Superintendent Clapp is expecting a profitable session and an abundance of good fruits from it.

— Towanda Club have arranged to give a smoker and entertainment at the Clubhouse once a month this winter, with Ladies Nights and other attractive features. The smoker given last Monday evening was a fine one, greatly enjoyed by a large number of the members and friends.

— The milkmen and their carts, with an occasional dog, no longer disturb the slumbers of the people and rob them of sleep and rest, for night delivery has been changed to day, as is the custom every Fall. The change is appreciated by those who love their early morning nap.

— At the office of C. E Smith agreements have been signed for the transfer of the property No. 5 Flagg street consisting of single house and about 4,000 ft. of land owned by T. P. Brown, the purchaser is R. F. Smith of Somerville who will improve the property and hold as an investment.

— Last Sunday thermometers in this city showed the heat to be from 82 to 90 in the shade. Open trolleys were rushed all day to accommodate the crowds of people who were out for pleasure and cool breezes. Division Superintendent Myers handled the traffic in fine shape, as is his custom.

— Mrs. Charles H. Taylor of 23 Pleasant street went to North Berwick, Maine, last Wednesday to attend, as an invited guest, the wedding of Miss Susan Francis Hill, daughter of the late Hon. and Mrs. Charles E Hill, of that town, and Mr. Theodore Gould of Portland, formerly Cashier of the North Berwick National Bank, which took place at the residence of Hon. and Mrs. Daniel A. Hurd, who are uncle and aunt of the bride, on Wednesday, Oct. 21.

— It must be admitted that, for presenting outre, or unique, entertainments the brains of the Sons of Veterans are more prolific than those of any other Order of Society in this city. They are always conjuring up something new and out of the ordinary with which they satisfy the public and make money for their Camp. The S. of V. are worthy of liberal patronage, too.

— Col. Gihon of Wakefield, formerly of the Governor's Staff, reviewed the St. Charles Holy Name Society last Monday evening, when the Companies showed off to fine advantage. He is to command the 11th Div. in the great Holy Name parade in Boston on Nov. 1, and St. Charles is to train in that Div. The Colonel spoke highly of the Woburn Company, both of officers and privates.

— Numerous Woburn hunters are scouring the Maine forests for moose and deer, some of whom have sent back home, in the shape of slaughtered deer, proof of their skill with rifles, and good fortune in finding victims of their marksmanship Hunting and shooting big game away up in the Maine timberlands is rare sport for those who like it. Moose and deer are plenty this Fall down there, and the hunters seem to be thicker than ever before.

— We regarded it as a feather in Woburn's cap when told that all the tile being used on and in the new Union Depot in New York city, and the quarters for elephants in Bronx Park, both now in process of construction, were made by the Guastavino Company at their factory in this city, of which Company Mayor Blodgett is an officer and Business Manager. The contract for furnishing the above building with tile is a large one, and demands frequent visits of Mr. Blodgett to New York.

— The Woburn Woman's Club opened the season on the afternoon of Oct. 16 by a reception. The President, Mrs. Alice Bond Winn, was assisted in receiving by Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward, Mrs. Elizabeth West Parker and Mrs. Mary F. M. Partridge. The Euterpe Ladies' Orchestra furnished the musical programme. The meeting was in charge of the Arts and Crafts Committee, Mrs Clara I. Cottle, Chairman; the Hospitality Committee, Mrs. Emma M. Low, Chairman; and the Reception Committee, Mrs. Mabel O. Blodgett, Chairman. There was a large attendance.—*Boston Transcript.*

— Mr. James O'Connor of Richardson street, a well known and esteemed resident of this city was run over and killed last Saturday at the North Union Station, Boston, by the train that leaves there at 5 44, and arrives at Woburn at 6 20, p. m., of which Richard Carton was conductor, and Mr. "Cy" Chase, the engineer, both of Woburn. He was about 60 years old, and left a wife and four children to mourn his sad and untimely death. It was reported that he was passing from one car to another with an armful of bundles when he fell from the platform and was run over by the moving train. It was a sad accident.

— Thomas Mulkeen, the school censustaker of this city for many years past, has just finished the job for this year, and makes a favorable report of the number of persons of school age in Woburn. As the JOURNAL said recently, Mr. Mulkeen never fails to find a few more scholars each succeeding enumeration, and his present figures are very encouraging. In 1907 the total number of those falling within the school limit was 5,303; this the report he now submits increases to 5,375, or 72 more this year than last. Mr. Mulkeen's figures can be relied on, for he is not only a careful counter of young polls, but he knows, personally, about everyone who attends school, or ought to, in the city. This count and report of his is not only gratifying in itself, but as showing a substantial increase of population is equally so. Mr. Mulkeen finished the work in good season.

— At the modest celebration of the 15th anniversary of their wedding day on the evening of Oct. 16, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Taylor of Pleasant street received the surprise of their lives. The surprise came in this way: They were pleasantly entertaining Mrs. Taylor's two sisters, Mrs. William J. Sullivan and Mrs. Daniel Smith at their home in the evening when a company of ladies and gentlemen, about 50 in number, headed by Rev. Dr. Williams, Pastor of the First Baptist church, with Mayor Blodgett as Aide, swooped down on the Taylor domicile and took possession of it. The object of their unceremonious visit was speedily made known. After congratulations Dr. Williams stepped to the front and, in a neat little address, presented Mr. and Mrs. Taylor with a plethoric purse of gold money; nor was Marion, the daughter, overlooked in making the generous donation. It was a surprise, indeed, but an exceedingly pleasant one, for which Mr. and Mrs. Taylor returned hearty thanks. The invading party brought refreshments with them, and a gay and happy hour was spent by all concerned.

TO THE DAUGHTER OF MRS. MARY A. REED AT HER FUNERAL.

Your mother has passed on beyond from your sight;
She is now in the Home of the beautiful Light.
Jesus, He called her, she no longer in this world could stay,
And is now with her loved ones that have passed away.
United together in that bright World above,
They are now waiting the coming of those that they love.
As you turn back and think on the days that have flown,
And remember the kindness to each she has shown,
Your hearts should fill with gladness to dispel all the sadness,
When you think of the love to you shown,
As you remember the kind words to you she has spoken,
They will seem like a golden chain, unbroken.
How careful she looked out for each one of you good;
She did everything for you she could;
She has finished her work in the land of the living,
And is now at rest in the beautiful Heaven.
And may you all live so that when God calls you to rest,
You will go on to meet her in the land of the blest.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Samuel K. French, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ELLEN L. FRENCH, Adm.
5 School St., Woburn, Mass.

October 20, 1908.

Local News.

— The North Congregational church are to provide a harvest supper on the evening of Nov. 5.

— Hugh Martin is putting the roads in good repair for winter service. He is a faithful public servant.

— We wouldn't give two cents to be warranted a Republican victory of huge proportions on Nov. 3.

— Country wells hereabouts are low, and the question of a water supply is already a serious one in places.

— Gateman Callahan has been on the sick list ever since his arrival home from Ireland several weeks ago.

— Miss Jennie Trecartin, soprano member of the First church Quartet, lives with her parents at Melrose.

— The Danish Sisterhood held a successful Fair in Kelley Hall last Wednesday evening. It was their third annual, and the best.

— It is suspected that a considerable number of Woburn Endeavorers are attending the grand Rally of the Order at Lynn today.

— Commissioner Kennedy is the most levelheaded member of the Board of Public Works. He is sound corn, as they say out West.

— With its piles of fine fruit Crovo's store has an inviting appearance these days, and it will look still more so about Thanksgiving time.

— The Fire Department have been trying, with but indifferent success, to extinguish the fire in the peat bog at Central Square this week.

— The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. Church will give their annual supper and entertainment on Wednesday evening, Oct. 28. Supper at 6.30.

— In the way of desirable goods and low prices Copeland & Bowser are just now making it an object for purchasers to call at their well filled and popular store.

— Years tell! It is noticed that many of the champion whistplayers and bowlers of a few years ago are dropping out of the ranks, and a younger crop taking their places.

— Maude Littlefield's piano and violin classes are filling up with additions of new pupils for winter study. She is a prime teacher of both instruments, and has a plenty to do.

— When the present plans of the Water Department are fully carried out, which will be soon, this city will have an inexhaustable supply of the best water in Massachusetts.

— We had an agreeable call from Miss Abbie Lewis of East Vassalboro, Maine, last Wednesday afternoon. She is in Boston on business, and calling on relatives there and in the vicinity.

— Raking up and burning dead leaves is a favorite occupation of a good many people about this time. A heavy frost last Tuesday night furnished additional work for these industrious gentlemen to do.

— Last Tuesday Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds returned from North Weare, N. H., to her home on Church avenue, this city, in good health and spirits. She was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Minnie Nichols of North Weare, and Mrs. Morse.

— The marriage engagement of Mr. John L. Parker, Editor of the Lynn *Daily Item*, and for 10 years next preceding 1880 Proprietor of the WOBURN JOURNAL, and Miss Addie Simonds, sister of Mrs. James Walker of Pleasant street, this city, is announced.

— It is predicted that not much of a fight will be put up by the liquor dealers against no license at the coming city election, and that the temperance party will win by a large majority. The saloonmen feel that there is not much encouragement in sight for them.

— Early this week after a change of the wind to the east, this city was enveloped in a volume of thick smoke from brush, woodland and peatbog fires in localities near here that invaded houses and made things disagreeable. The long, severe drouth has crused forest fires in New England and the timberlands in the West that have destroyed millions of property, and still they rage. At last accounts Maine and New Hampshire were ablaze with them. In many parts of the country public meetings are held to pray for rain. Why not? There is the highest authority for the assurance that answers will follow, for we read: "And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

— Smoke at night from the burning peatbog on Lowell street grows worse as the underground fire progresses. During the last few nights it has been next to impossible to distinguish objects across the street, and reports of pedestrians becoming confused and losing their way, some even at their own doors, are frequent. The odor is especially disagreeable. The fire being not less than 10 feet below the surface of the bog it cannot be determined how extensive it is. The firemen are afraid to take their horses and carts onto the ground lest it cave in and serious accidents follow. Trees on the bog, their roots burned off, are falling, and where it will all end nobody can tell. Some timid people fear it may result in the burning up of this section of the inhabited globe. The Boston papers say that Woburn and Waltham are the sorest victims of the fires.

Boston Theatres.

THE BOSTON.

Following the plan of presenting the latest successes, the attraction at the Boston Theatre next week, will be the "Hypocrites," by Henry Arthur Jones, a play which has met with tremendous success, and is the only one of this English author's works that received its first production in America. It was in the "Hypocrites" that Jessie Millward made her great success. The play is all that the name implies, and it is one of the cleverest works of an exceedingly clever author. The action of the piece takes place in a small English village, where, with few exceptions, there is pitiable immorality.

KEITH'S

The attractions at Keith's Theatre of late have been of such a character and have attracted such widespread attention that there has been some doubt as to the ability of any manager to keep up to the standard that has been set, but it doesn't seem to bother Mr. Keith. After having introduced Annette Kellermann to the vaudeville patrons in one of the most novel acts ever devised, and creating a sensation, he will next week not only keep Miss Kellermann on the bill, but have another attraction—Eva Tanquay, who enjoys the distinction of a run of twenty weeks in New York City, a record, heretofore believed impossible, for any artist, no matter how popular or how clever.

CASTLE SQUARE.

Further evidence of the enterprise of Messrs. Gulesian and Craig in their management of the Castle Square Theatre is apparent from the announcement that "The Admirable Crichton" is to be produced there next week. It is to be their endeavor to provide the public with stock company novelties, and to that end they have secured many popular plays for their repertory that have never before been given at the Castle Square. "The Admirable Crichton" as one of these. Written by the inimitable J. N. Barrie, author of "The Little Minister" and "Peter Pan", it is as original and as clever as both those plays put together, the novelty of its plot and its characters being striking evidence of its author's ingenuity and imagination. Its theme is merely the development of the idea that "a man's a man for a' that. Crichton is a butler in the family of the Earl of Loam, who has strange notions about equality.

Wilmington.

An elaborate program for a celebration of the 175th anniversary of the founding of the Congregational church of this town, of which Rev. George J. Bloomfield is pastor, has been issued, and a grand time is confidently anticipated. The services, which are to open on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 24, and continue that evening and all day Sunday, are to be conducted by the pastor and ministers of many neighboring churches, and Hon. Chester W. Clark is to deliver the Historical Address. Other addresses, poems, and fine music are features of the program. Among the former is to be one by the venerable Rev. Dr. March, Pastor Emeritus of the First church of Woburn, the parent of the Wilmington church. The celebration will, doubtless, attract a great assembly of people.

LOCAL LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

Telephone Talks

Keep in touch with the world —and see to it that the world may keep in touch with you.

Party-Liners
And the Golden Rule

PARTY LINE telephone subscribers virtually are CO-TENANTS. They jointly pay for a single telephone line.

If they were co-tenants of a building they would be careful not to infringe upon the rights of others. THAT SAME REGARD FOR THE EQUITIES should keep them from infringing by appropriating to themselves more telephone service than can be exacted as their fair share of the capacity of that line.

Lengthy conversations on unimportant matters, the prattling intercourse of children, phonograph concerts, and the like—these sometimes congest party lines and give cause for protest from other tenants in common.

A party line telephone has been likened to a spur track on a main line of railroad. But there is this important qualification—when the telephone spur track is in use, THE ENTIRE MAIN LINE IS CLOSED TO TRAFFIC, not merely to the other spur tracks on the line, but also to incoming trains consigned to any part of the line.

Ordinary regard for the principle of the Golden Rule will do more to avert party line difficulties than all the rules any telephone company may promulgate.

New England
Telephone & Telegraph Co.

1908 Wall Papers 1908
Picture Framing a Specialty
Agent for the Oliver Typewriter
Repairs on Estates, and Collection of Rents. Houses For Sale and To Let.
Established in 1879.
C. E. SMITH. 439 Main St.
HOME OFFICE: 11 Bennett Street.

As In The Past
we will sell nothing but first quality, steel blue, white Wesselton stones of guaranteed perfection.
Smith & Varney,
JEWELERS.
No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.
Fine Repairing in all its branches.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—19th Sunday after Trinity.
10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Rev. W. H. Osmond, Rector.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street.
Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Friday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Probation after Death."
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 14, by Rev. W. H. Osmand, assisted by Rev. S. A. Norton, John Cole Andrews and Dora Alline Winn, both of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 14, by Rev. Austin H. Herrick, Waldo Mosley Brooks and Ida Grace (Allen) Lamb, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 19, Ellen McFeeley, aged 64 years.

In this city, Oct. 19, Mary A. Reed, aged 80 years 4 months, 20 days.

In Boston, Oct. 17, James J. O'Connor of Woburn, aged 57 years.

In Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 15, Catherine McKee, aged 36 years. Interment at Woodbrook, Oct. 17.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Edward Foster, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, Charles H. Foster, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirtieth day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

WANTED.

A girl for general housework in a small family and is fond of children and appreciates a good home. Apply at 9 Myrtle street, Winchester, Mass.

Musical.
MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
☞ Season opens Sept. 29.

Banjo and Mandolin Instruction
GIVEN IN WOBURN BY
Miss Emma Fosdick
11 Winn Street.
Next to the Baptist Church.
Telephone 40 Medford.

Artistic and Scientific
MUSICAL INSTRUCTION
Mrs AnnieM.S. LEWIS Pianoforte
Mr.F. Percyval Theory,Organ
Private and Class Lessons in Woburn
Address Winchester; or consult in Woburn Unitarian Vestry, Sat. 10-12, 2-4.

Commissioner's Sale.

Pursuant to a warrant from the Probate Court for the County of Middlesex, dated Sept. 24, 1908, the undersigned, appointed sole Commissioner to make partition of the real estate hereinafter described, among Lawrence J. Purtell, Emma T. Purtell, Margaret J. MacDonald, Julia A. Burke, John H. Purtell, and Mary Kenney, and Annie Kenney, tenants in common thereof, will sell for the aforesaid purpose, at public auction, upon the premises, on

Tuesday, October 27, A. D. 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, about 2880 square feet of land with the buildings thereon, situate in Woburn, in said County, and bounded:—Southerly by land of the City of Woburn, called the "Old Burying Ground," there measuring 65 50-100 feet; easterly by land of the City of Woburn, there measuring 44 6-10 feet; northerly by land formerly of Margaret Sheehan, there measuring 65 3-10 feet; westerly by land of Rebecca Looney, and a passageway leading from Centre street; there measuring 47 feet.

The above described premises will be sold subject to taxes laid and assessed May 1, 1908.

$100.00 deposit. Other terms at time and place of sale.

ARTHUR E. GAGE, Commissioner as aforesaid.

WE SELL

Shredded Wheat	10c	pkg.
Cream of Wheat	12c.	"
Triscuit	10c.	"
Quaker Puffed Rice	10c.	"
" Wheat Berries	10c.	"
" Oats	10c.	"
" Corn Flakes	10c.	"
Force	10c.	"
Saxon Wheat Food	15c.	"
Ralston Breakfast Food	14c.	"
Pillsbury's Cereal	15c.	"

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-1.

CRACKS
IN SKIN
CHAPS
ON HAND AND FACE.
Rose Glycerine Lotion
CURES. 25c. a Bottle

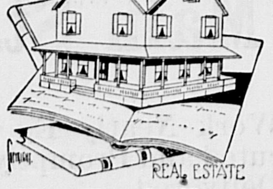
Whitcher's PILL BOX
28th year in use.
U. S. Food and Drug Act, No. 17722.

Pure Spices.

The strength, flavor and taste of spices depend largely, in most cases wholly, upon the volatile oil contained in them. Ordinary spices are widely adulterated, not only by the removal of the volatile oil, but by the adition of foreign, inert, harmful, ingredients; all for the purpose of cheapening the product and rendering it more profitable to the seller.

Squibb's Spices are absolutely pure and for many years have enjoyed the highest reputation for excellence among those who have employed them. We want you to make a trial of these spices, of which we have a full line.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main Street,
WOBURN



For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the devisees, legatees, and all other persons interested in the estate of Caroline R. B. Hayes, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testate:

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration with the will annexed, on the estate of said deceased not already administered, to John H. Sweetser of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without requiring sureties on his bond or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all devisees and legatees named in said will, seven days at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Adaline B. Church wishes to announce to her patients and friends that she will resume practice in Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church street.

Office Hours:
Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 A. M.
Tel. Winchester 54. Consultations by appointment.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

Crawford Cooking-Ranges

Our New Range a Winner!

The new range that we introduced last year has won all hearts. The old End Hearth is gone—there is more room on top—the ashes fall into a Hod far below the fire, making their removal easy and the grate to last longer. The Ash Hod when emptied is returned full of coal. Three sizes, "Palace," "Castle," "Fortress."

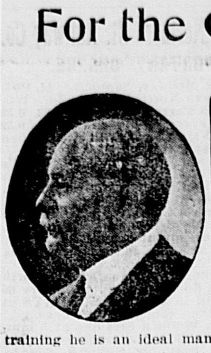
All the famous Crawford features are present: Single Damper, Patented Grate, Cup-Joint Oven Flues, Asbestos Backed Oven, Improved Oven Indicator. Booklet free.

Made by Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co., 31-35 Union St., Boston

For Sale by E. CALDWELL, Woburn.

PALACE CRAWFORD

Hon. Eben S. Draper Fit For the Governor's Chair.



EBEN S. DRAPER, the Republican candidate for governor, stands out as eminently one of the best types of the civilization and spirit of Massachusetts so far as it can be illustrated in the individual. Born on her soil, educated in her schools, from earliest manhood closely identified with one of her leading industries, thoroughly in touch with her institutions, devoted to her history and traditions, he is keenly alive to everything which makes for her development. Both by nature and training he is an ideal man to represent the honor and dignity of the commonwealth of Massachusetts in the office of governor. He is, moreover, a man of culture, a lover of literature and art—a man whom the cares of a busy industrial and commercial life have not hindered from refreshing and endowing his mind with the things which make for mental breadth and refinement. Study and reading he has supplemented by extensive travel, and, like all Americans who travel with their eyes and ears open and their minds in a state of constant receptivity as well, has absorbed broad ideas from a wide world, and no public question which may be submitted to him comes with its claim for attention to a man who is hedged about by a "pent-up Utica" of prejudice.

HE IS QUICK TO PERCEIVE, CAREFUL IN ANALYZATION, COGENT AND SOUND IN REASONING, DELIBERATIVE IN JUDGMENT, AND, WHEN HIS WAY IS MADE CLEAR TO HIS MIND AND CONSCIENCE, FEARLESS IN PURSUING IT.

During the period of his incumbency of the executive chair in the absence of Governor Guild the people of the state have come to know him for themselves and there has been no day but he has gained in their confidence and esteem and in their belief that he was "the right man in the right place," and that they do think so will be generally attested when the votes are counted on the night of November 3.

Sales Agent Wanted.

$36 per week or 400 per cent profit.

All samples, stationery, and art catalogue free. We want one permanent agent in this locality for the largest picture frame house in America. Experience unnecessary. We instruct you how to sell our goods and furnish the capital. If you want a permanent, honorable and profitable position, write us today for particulars, catalogue and samples. FRANK W. WILLIAMS COMPANY, 1214 W. Taylor St., Chicago, Ill.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE,
October 12, 1908

In accordance with the provisions of Section 246, Chapter 560, Acts of 1907, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote for State Officers, will be held on

TUESDAY, THE THIRD DAY OF NOVEMBER, A. D., 1908

in the following places, namely:

Ward 1 Music Hall, Dow's Block, Main St.
Ward 2. Highland Hose House, Prospect St.
Ward 3. Lyceum Hall, Main St., left entrance
Ward 4. Lyceum Hall, Main St., right entrance.
Ward 5. Porter Hose House, Thorn St.
Ward 6. Vidette Hose House, Main St.
Ward 7. Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The Polls will be open at 6 o'clock in the morning and closed at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and all such citizens will, in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes for Electors of President and Vice-President, Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, Attorney-General, Councillor, Senator, Representative in Congress, Two Representatives in the General Court, Register of the Probate and Insolvency, County Commissioner, County Commissioner to fill vacancy, Associate Commissioner, to fill vacancy.

By order of the
MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL.
Attest: JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

WANTED.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE requires the services of a man in Woburn to look after expiring subscriptions and to secure new business by means of special methods unusually effective; position permanent; prefer one with experience, but would consider any applicant with good natural qualifications; salary $1.50 per day, with commission option. Address, with references, R. C. Peacock, Room 102, Success Magazine Bldg., New York.—3

WANTED.

An educated Lady or Gentleman to place a new, highest class literary work in Massachusett, families. Address, 16 Brooks Park, Medford, Mass.

Burlington.

The Republicans of this town are not the only people who are disgusted with the course Mr. Pollock is taking respecting the Representative matter; for many Democrats, in view of its cowardly unfairness, have expressed their determination to vote for Mr. Fred Walker. Pollock is losing personal and political friends by crying baby, a fact that he will learn to his regret when the vote is counted on the night of Nov. 3. He put up a big fight in the caucus and was fairly beaten by Walker, and it was his duty to abide the result—that is the way manly candidates do; but Pollock not only goes in for the office as an independent, but managed to get a worthless Democratic endorsement; which shows that the Republicans did the right thing when they beat him in caucus, for he has proved himself unworthy of their respect and support. But Pollock will get no votes worth mentioning.

WINCHESTER.

It was Old Peoples Day at the Congregational church last Sunday.

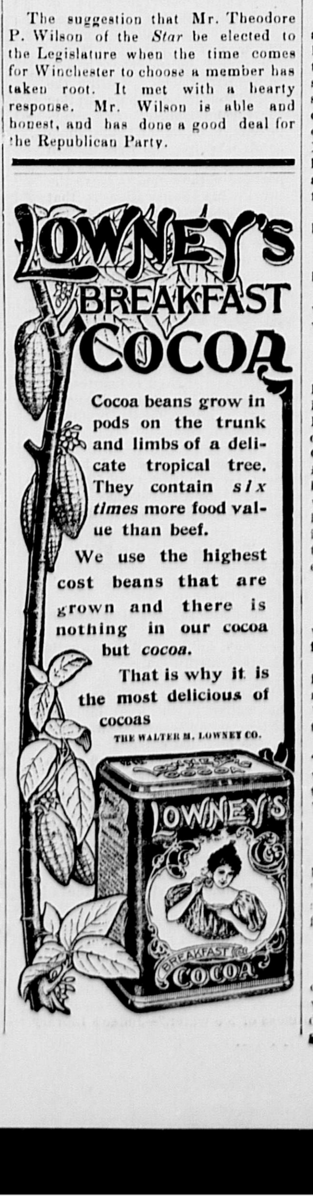
Esquire Elder made a rattling good speech at the Boat Club smoker. That's his style.

The Handycraft Society are to hold their first regular meeting this afternoon, Oct. 23.

The Vincent course of three lectures under the auspices of the Fortnightly Club will open on Nov. 4.

W. L Tuck, the original Bryan man of this town, is in the saddle. He knocked out McCarthy for Senator in one round, and nominated John J. Butler of Wakefield. Tuck is a whole team.

The suggestion that Mr. Theodore P. Wilson of the *Star* be elected to the Legislature when the time comes for Winchester to choose a member has taken root. It met with a hearty response. Mr. Wilson is able and honest, and has done a good deal for the Republican Party.



LOWNEY'S BREAKFAST COCOA

Cocoa beans grow in pods on the trunk and limbs of a delicate tropical tree. They contain *six times* more food value than beef.

We use the highest cost beans that are grown and there is nothing in our cocoa but *cocoa.*

That is why it is the most delicious of cocoas

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.

HUMORIST'S ODD GRAMMAR.

Captain Derby Provided Literally For Figurative Expression.

Among the pieces which made up the quaint output of Captain Derby, whose too early death deprived America of one of the most original humorists, was one entitled "A New System of English Grammar." It seems never to have attracted much attention; but, though there are in the volume containing it articles more broadly amusing, there are none in which wit and wisdom are more fully blended. After the lapse of years the exact words and the particular illustrations employed escape me in part, but the line of reasoning adopted will not vary materially from what is about to be given.

The humorist proposed to have all descriptions and epithets marked on a sufficient scale of comparison—not the beggarly three to which we are now limited, but to a number large enough to indicate every variation of character in the object under consideration and every possible degree of human conception in regard to its nature. The lowest conceivable amount of any human quality consistent with its being at all would be indicated by 1. Its maximum would be represented by 100. Here, then, would be a wide range between the perfection of the idea expressed by the one number and its bare existence merely implied by the other, as well as the feelings of the speaker about it, in which all shades of thought and feeling would be fittingly represented. By prefixing to each epithet a figure between 1 and 100 the precise truth in regard to it as it appears to him uttering it would be conveyed to him hearing it. For example, you are asked about your health. Instead of replying pretty well, tolerably well, very well or some other ambiguous expression, you would say, bearing in mind that 100 indicates perfect health, I am 15, or 50, or 75, or 90 well, or any other number, as the case may be. By this means the inquirer learns definitely what he wants to know. He has not been put off with formulas of speech whose general applicability to different conditions of bodily health conveys nothing precise to the mind. The moment this method of expression comes into general use we shall speedily become exact, mathematical, truth telling in the highest degree.

How well the rule would work can be best illustrated by the narrative of a simple incident of news communicated by a man to his friend in some such words as these:

"On a 76 fine morning I was 53 slowly walking down the 33 clean avenue when I chanced to meet the 22 young and 85 charming Miss Smith, about whom you ask. We at once exchanged the 91 usual meteorological observation. 'It is a 76 beautiful day,' I remarked. 'Indeed, it is a 95 beautiful day,' she replied, 'and I am 97 glad to have met you, for it is a 99 long time since I have seen you.' I felt 77 flattered by words like these coming from a 79 lovely girl, but proceeded to make the 71 usual inquiries about her health, for I knew that on that point you had been 89 anxious. She told me in reply that it had been 78 poor, but she was 100 glad to say that it was now 87 good."—Professor J. E. Lounsbury in Harper's Magazine.

A Large Salary.

Mr. X., a prominent lawyer of Philadelphia, was much addicted to the habit of lecturing his office staff, and the office boy came in for an unusual share of admonition whenever occasion demanded and sometimes when it did not. That his words were appreciated was made quite evident to Mr. X. one day when a conversation overheard on the elevator between Tommy and another office boy on the same floor was repeated to him.

"Whatcher wages?" asked the other boy.

"I get $10,000 a year," said Tommy.

"Aw, gwan!" ejaculated the other boy derisively. "Quitcher kiddin'."

"Honest, I do," said Tommy; "$4 a week in cash and the rest in legal advice."—Harper's Weekly.

Blenheim.

A very "famous victory" was that of Blenheim, which is our corruption of Blindheim, the village on the upper Danube where John Churchill won his dukedom, his magnificent palace in Oxfordshire and his yearly pension of £5,000. This is still enjoyed by his heir, the present Duke of Marlborough, who annually places a French fleur-de-lis flaglet over the bust of his ancestor in the guardroom of Windsor castle, the condition of his tenure of the estate of Blenheim.—London Answers.

The Comparative Method.

Theodore had twice been sent to wash his hands and was now returning for the second inspection.

"My child," said his mother, comparing the two hands critically, "your right is just as dirty as your left. What have you been doing all this time?"

"Why, mamma," explained the youth, "last time you said that my left hand was cleaner than my right, so I tried to make them even. I'll go again."—Youth's Companion.

Her Regret.

The Nobleman — You bought me—bought me as you would buy a hat.

The Heiress—Yes, and what I'm sore about now is that I neglected to wait for my change.—Cleveland Leader.

Chagrin.

Louie—Uncle, what's chagrin? Uncle—Well, it's what a stout man feels when he runs and jumps on a car that doesn't start for half an hour.—Chicago News.

A MARKED REPROACH

The Lack of Interest In the Election of Rulers

It is the lamentable and discreditable fact that in the presidential election four years ago there were upward of 3,000,000 citizens of this free country, eligible to vote, who refused or neglected to exercise their right of suffrage. It cannot be assumed that, strictly speaking, none of these men cared what became of the affairs of their country or state; but for all actual or moral effect they might as well have been Fiji islanders or Hottentots as American citizens.

Neglect of the suffrage is an indirect blow at free government, or at best it evinces a very scant appreciation of the boon of one of the greatest privileges accorded to mankind. If one will not by his vote aid the better forces of society his negative action helps the worse by just so much. At the present juncture, if the voter be inclined to sulk like Achilles in his tent as to national issues, it is of supreme importance that he should at least interest himself in the things pertaining to the conduct of the state. This comes home to him every day in the roads over which he travels, in the education of his children, in his industrial and commercial concerns and in his tax levy, as to which, ten to one, the man who neglects his suffrage complains the most.

Even if he be one of those mistaken persons who think that "politics" is only for "politicians," he should take a second and better thought and realize that politics is really the science and method of government; that the men who are to be voted for for state offices two weeks hence are the men who are to make and execute the laws which are to directly and intimately affect his labor, his business, his home and his pocketbook, and that it behooves him to spend one hour or a fraction of one in saying by his vote what he desires the policy of the state shall be and whom he prefers shall execute it. It is up to him to wake up to the fact that his vote does not simply help to give political preferment to any man or set or men, but that it records his will as to the conduct of the state's affairs and is the only thing which gives him the right of criticism if matters do not go to his liking thereafter. When the millions of other countries are begging for popular government, it is a shame and a disgrace that in this country of the free ballot there should be 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 men with their civic souls so dead that they neglect and hold in so small esteem the high privilege of a freeman.

According to some of the Democratic organs there is a disposition on the part of the Republicans to ignore state issues. This is true in no sense whatever. They welcome discussion of any which can be adduced and are ready to put the Republican record beside the Democratic upon any matter of state administration. There is no important piece of constructive legislation for years which has not been originated, fathered and pushed to enactment by the Republican party and few which have not run up against the Democrats in both branches as obstructionists, either by actual opposition or by filibustering tactics. The party is perfectly ready to call the Democratic bluff, but that party is too wise to precipitate a discussion in which it would find the bulk of facts against it.

The boys of the Spanish war and the citizens of Chelsea will not forget in a hurry the prompt and splendid service rendered by Mr. Draper in two conspicuous exigencies. As a citizen at the time of the breaking out of hostilities with Spain his keen foresight anticipated the possibilities of suffering and the need there would be of quick and efficient relief; and he was the leading spirit in the movement of the Massachusetts Volunteer Aid association, which raised a fund of $200,000, and among other things equipped the hospital ship "Bay State." His immediate and forceful action at the time of the Chelsea catastrophe is too recent history to need recounting.

Such municipalities as shall have occasion to go to the legislature during the coming winter for helpful legislation will not underestimate in advance of how much benefit it will be to them to have in the executive chair a man of Mr. Draper's long and practical experience.

Before he votes the workingman of Massachusetts should ask himself which party it is that has placed upon the statute books the numerous laws enacted for his benefit. A little reflection will tell him and he cannot afford not to be honest with himself in the matter.

Mr. Draper carries into his public acts the same frankness as he shows in his private intercourse. He says just what he thinks and means and acts what he believes without a tinge of what the late Wendell Phillips' wife called "shilly-shallying."

The editor of the Lawrence Tribune has dreamed that the Republican editors of the state are worried for fear Mr Draper will be defeated. He should eschew welsh rarebits; they are not good for him.

Was there ever a campaign in this state before when the Democratic newspapers had so little to say in advocacy of the gubernatorial candidate of their party? If so, we do not recall it.

There is far too much of a tendency in this state to give credence to glittering Democratic promises and to forget Republican performances as illustrated by statutes.

Men Should Brush Their Hair More.

"Very few men brush their hair enough," said a downtown barber. "Fact. Most ills of the scalp can be traced to that fault. You see it's this way: A man is generally in a hurry when he dresses, and he never takes time to brush his hair—simply smooths it down, generally only with a comb—and as a result dandruff is allowed to accumulate and trouble begins. Now, with a woman it's different. A woman has to carefully brush her hair at least once a day. If she didn't it would be a pretty mess. It's very length saves her, for in brushing it each day she gets out all sorts of impurities, dandruff and the like, all of which is for her own good. Now, that is the chief reason why fewer women suffer from dandruff than the unfortunate members of the opposite sex, and it is also the reason why the hair is a woman's crowning glory even if she is fair, fat and forty. So brush your hair every morning thoroughly if you want to keep in the swim."—Philadelphia Record.

FOR LOOKS ONLY.

One of General Robert E. Lee's War time Dinners.

The great simplicity of the habits of General Robert E. Lee was one reason for his popularity with his soldiers. He fared no better than his troops. There were times when for weeks the southern army had but short rations, often doing entirely without meat. In "The Old South and the New" Mr. Charles Morris tells an amusing story of one of these periods of scarcity.

On a very stormy day several corps and division generals arrived at headquarters and were waiting for the rain to abate before riding to their camps when General Lee's cook announced dinner. The general invited his visitors to dine with him. On repairing to the table a tray of hot corn bread, a boiled head of cabbage seasoned with a very small piece of bacon and a bucket of water constituted the repast.

The piece of meat was so small that all politely declined taking any, expressing themselves as "very fond of boiled cabbage and corn bread," on which they dined.

Of course the general was too polite to eat meat in the presence of guests who had declined it. But later in the afternoon, when they had all gone, feeling very hungry, he called his servant and asked him to bring him a piece of bread and meat.

The darky looked perplexed and embarrassed and said in a deprecating tone: "Well, Marse Robert, dat meat what I sot before you at dinner wa'n't ours. I jest borrowed dat piece of middlin' from one of de couriers to season de cabbage in de pot, and, seein' as you was gwine to have company at dinner, I put it on de dish wid de cabbage for looks. But when I seed you an' none of de genelmen touched it I 'cluded you all knowed it was borrowed, and so after dinner I sent it back to de boy what it belong to."

A SHREWD LAWYER.

The Way Jeremiah Mason Floored an Important Witness.

Jeremiah Mason, a celebrated American lawyer, possessed to a marked degree the instinct for finding the weak point.

He was once cross examining a witness who had previously testified to having heard Mason's client make a certain statement, and so important was this statement that the adversary's case was based on it alone.

Several questions were asked by Mason, all of which the witness answered with more or less hesitation. Then he was asked to repeat once more the statement he had heard made. Without hesitation he gave it word for word as he had given it in the direct examination. A third time Mason led the witness round to this statement, and again it was repeated verbatim.

Then, without warning, he walked to the witness stand and, pointing straight at the witness, said in a perfectly unimpassioned voice, "Let's see that paper you have in your waistcoat pocket."

Taken completely by surprise, the witness mechanically took a paper from the pocket indicated and handed it to the lawyer.

There was profound silence in the courtroom as the lawyer slowly read in a cold, calm voice the exact words of the witness in regard to the statement and called attention to the fact that they were in the handwriting of counsel on the other side. He then gathered up his papers with great deliberation, remarked that there seemed to me no further need for his services and departed from the courtroom.

Mason was asked how he knew that the paper was in the witness' pocket.

"Well," explained Mason, "it seemed to me that he gave that part of his testimony more as if he'd learned it than as if he had heard it. Then, too, I noticed that at each repetition of his testimony he put his hand to his waistcoat pocket and then let it fall again when he got through.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Baffling Old Age.

We have it on excellent authority that in a hundred years' time people will only suffer from old age just as we do now from bronchitis or tonsillitis or some other preventable disease. "I haven't seen you lately," our grandsons will be saying to a man at the Twenty-first Century club, to which he will make reply, "Been seedy, had a nasty attack of old age and have just come back from a little aeroplane rip to shake it off."—London World.

A Narrow "Street."

The English town of Great Yarmouth contains a street that well may be considered the narrowest built up street in the world. This thoroughfare is known as Kitty Witches row, and measurement gives its greatest width as fifty-six inches. The entrance would seriously inconvenience a stout person, as twenty-nine inches is all that is spared from wall to wall. The town contains many such streets as Kitty Witches.—Westminster Gazette.

Remarkable.

"Flavia Flipps is the most remarkable girl I know."

"In what special respect?"

"Why, there isn't a milliner in the world who can make her spend one penny more on a hat than she started out to spend."—London Globe.

Well Up.

"Is your son derelict in his studies, Mrs. Comeup?"

"Yes. Indeed he is, and it makes us so proud of the dear boy to have all his teachers say so."—Baltimore American.

Ringing the Breakfast Bell.

An American family who had experienced the difficulty of obtaining and retaining the services of a reliable kitchen girl while on a visit to Ireland became acquainted with a promising young girl and brought her back home with them.

In a few weeks she was installed in her new home and made acquainted with her new duties. Among other things she was told that it was customary when breakfast was ready to be served to ring the breakfast bell. Her "all right, mum," came in such a confident tone that her mistress gave the matter no further thought.

The following morning at 6 o'clock the family were rudely awakened by the violent ringing of the front door bell. Thinking that a messenger must be waiting with some unusual message, the gentleman of the house did not stop to dress, but hurried down in his night robe and opened the door. The new kitchen girl awaited him, her face beaming with a beautiful smile of triumph. Bowing low, she said in her rich Irish brogue, "Breakfast is ready, sor."—Los Angeles Times.

The Human Body Never Tires

of good bread it is so near a perfect food. You can eat Hathaway's three times a day every day in the year. Thousand do. Have tried it?

C. F. Hathaway & Son,
Cambridge Waltham

ESTABLISHED 1884
S. B. GODDARD & SON
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
..BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...
-INSURANCE-
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ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED OVER $150,000,000

Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

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We give you the benefit of 20 years' experience.

Black Cat Brand
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For School and Play

COPELAND & BOWSER,
399-401 Main Street.
WOBURN.

Rubber Goods, All Kinds.

Hot Water Bottles. This is where we excell. Our assortment of Water Bottles and prices for same we offer for comparison with any other house, large or small. Prices from 47c. to $3.00 and quality consistant with prices.
Bulb Syringes 33c. to $2.75.
Fountain Syringes 47c. to $2.75.
Combination Fountain Syringes $1.00 to $3.00.
Rubber Sheeting and Tubing, Nipple Shields, Breast Pumps, Face and Ice Bags, Ice Caps and Atomizers of all descriptions.
Agents for the fomous Kantleek Rubber Goods.

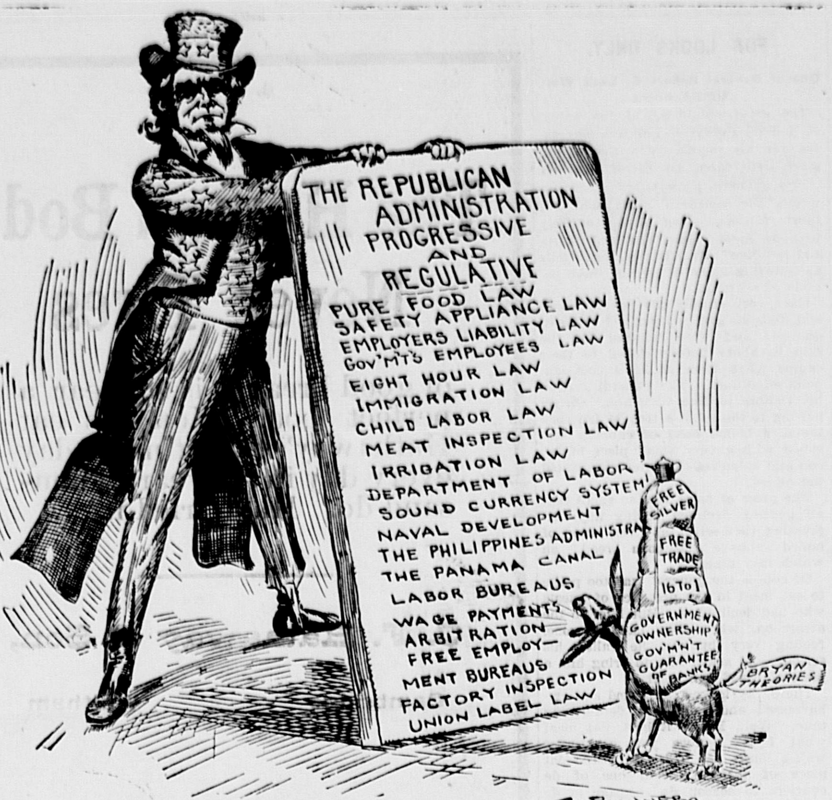
McLaughlin & Dennison,
Woburn's Cut Price Druggists
417 Main Street, Woburn
☞ We Deliver Free by Messenger.

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK
SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

INTREEST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.



KEEP IT UP!

THE WORK OF CONGRESS.

Many Important Measures Enacted by the Majority.

The Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth congresses will go down in history as record breakers because of the large number of important measures enacted, measures having directly to do with the great business interests of the country and standing between the people and corporate greed and oppression. The Fifty-ninth congress opened a new era in American legislation, giving emphasis to the fact that the constitution is amply sufficient for all the needs of the people, safeguarding their interests and furnishing them ample means of protection. The Fifty-ninth congress was a Republican congress, and all the great measures enacted by it were Republican measures, originating with the Republicans and passed by Republican votes.

There is still much to be done to perfect the work begun by the Fifty-ninth congress. Experience has demonstrated that a Democratic congress cannot be depended upon to work out any great system of reform. No reform in administration or in legislation has ever come about under a Democratic regime. As at present constituted the Democratic party is made up of too many isms to be safe in handling great questions of political economy. Two great questions will soon come up for legislation—a revision of the tariff and a remodeling of our currency system. Twice since 1880 the Democrats have attempted tariff legislation, and twice the business of the country was brought to the verge of ruin and hundreds of thousands of workingmen were thrown out of employment. Twice within the last thirty years the Democratic party has set up its standard of monetary legislation. First it declared in favor of putting the printing presses to work in manufacturing greenbacks without limit and, second, by declaring for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. No evidence has been furnished that the party has recanted from its stand for fiat money. Is it safe to trust the party now?

MR. TAFT ON BANK GUARANTY.

Explodes Bryan's Pet Proposition In Speech at Minneapolis, Sept. 26.

My information with respect to the Oklahoma system is that it is developing as might be expected. I have a correspondent who is intimately acquainted with the conditions in Oklahoma. In a letter of Sept. 22, 1908, in speaking of the effect of the guaranty of deposit law, he uses the following language:

"Conditions in Oklahoma are growing worse than was expected on account of the recent decision there whereby it was decided that the bank commissioner has no right to refuse to grant a charter to parties proposing to organize a bank. As an instance, in a town of less than 500 people as many as four banks have been organized. Application is now in for the organization of a fourth bank in one town of only 470 population.

"Men whose past record proved them to be incompetent are engaging in the banking business and getting in control of banking institutions. I have knowledge of one instance where a man was engaged in business some years ago and failed. He went to another town and engaged in the same line of business in his wife's name, but conducted her affairs in such an unbusinesslike way that she failed. Some time afterward he went to Oklahoma territory and started a small state bank, but found he could not succeed and sold to other parties and left the territory. A few months ago, however, he returned and started another state bank, advertising that the depositors are secured under the state guaranty law, and after sixty days' operation he now has over $100,000 deposits. I have it from the best authority that he now proposes to start fifteen new state banks throughout the state, two of which have already been organized and one now doing business."

Bryan declared for small appropriations and for sympathy with the suffering farmer. It isn't the size, but the purpose and the honest expenditure of appropriations, that counts, and the greater the purchasing and consuming power of the rest of the commonwealth the better off is the farmer.

BRYAN HIMSELF AGAIN.

Preaches Economic Adsurdities In Same Old Way.

Mr. Bryan, who started out very conservatively at the opening of the campaign, resolving evidently to get the confidence of certain editors and business men who could not stand his aforetime radicalism, has broken through the traces and given up trying to be good. His speech on the trusts at Indianapolis puts him back in his old position of advocating the destruction of anything that does not meet his views without regard to method or consequences.

As usual, he is not specific as to what means should be employed to carry out his designs. He simply in a general way wants to destroy the so called trusts, both large and small, regardless of the consequences to others engaged in similar business or of the consuming public. He tells us one day that the American people should be allowed to purchase where they can buy the cheapest, and another day he tells us that the money from the pockets of the people is flowing into the coffers of the trusts. If the latter be true it must be because the people are buying where they buy the cheapest, and if the trust made goods are the cheapest then they serve the consumer rather than injure him.

Mr. Bryan simply does not know what a trust is. Mr. Bryan does not know how to handle financial problems, industrial problems or even political problems. We have on our statute books today laws providing for the machinery to punish any illegitimate business and to remedy any inequalities or injustice. Mr. Bryan has not put forth any views showing how to improve present methods.

BRYAN AT TREASURY HELM.

How Would Business Men Regard Secretary Chosen by Him?

How would the financial community like to face a panic under a Bryan secretary of the treasury? This question goes to the heart of the degree of confidence which could be placed in a Bryan administration. Even if we had a new Bryan, sobered by the responsibility of his office, would business men feel the assurance of prompt, energetic and intelligent action to protect the public faith and save the money market from disturbance which would be looked for under a secretary of the treasury named by Mr. Taft? Business men are likely to ponder this seriously between now and November.

It is not necessary to assume that Mr. Bryan still favors opening the mints to the free coinage of silver to raise a grave doubt as to his attitude on all questions affecting the maintenance of the financial fabric of the country. Up to the convention of 1904 he would not even agree to an expression of opinion that the silver question had been sidetracked by the great output of gold, and his present associations and surroundings are such that it is doubtful if he could make any sincere declaration which would go far to establish confidence in his financial sanity.—Boston Transcript.

MR. GOMPERS REBUKED BY TYPOGRAPHERS' CHIEF

Norman E. McPhail Declares Union Labor's Vote Cannot Be "Delivered" by Any Man or Set of Men.

"The vote of organized labor as a body will not, should not and cannot be delivered to any party or by any man or set of men." This is the declaration of Norman E. McPhail, president of the Typographical union, in a letter to Willis L. Moore, chief of the United States weather bureau. Thus another voice is added to the rising protest of union labor against the attempt of Mr. Gompers to "deliver" the vote of free American citizens.

President McPhail's letter is as follows:

"Dear Mr. Moore—Your letter of Sept. 22 has just been received and read by me, as I have today returned from a tour of some of our New England cities for our organization.

"In reply to the question you ask me, I will state that in my opinion the vote of organized labor in this country as a body will not and cannot be delivered to any one party by any one man or set of men. To allow such a thing would be suicidal to the labor movement of the country.

"Members of labor unions, as citizens, have the right and should carefully consider the platforms and promises of the different political parties and should vote as they believe the broadest and best interests of our country lie.

"There can be no objection to this from any source, and it is something which every citizen should do. To claim that any man or set of men, as has been blazoned forth in the newspapers, will deliver the vote of organized labor to any party is absurd as it is an impossibility. Sincerely yours,

"NORMAN E. M'PHAIL."

LABOR LEGISLATION.

Republican Party Aims to Conserve Interests of All the People.

Various injunction bills were considered in committee during both sessions of the Fifty-ninth and first session of the Sixtieth congresses. During the first session of the Fifty-ninth congress several bills were before the judiciary committee, and hearings were accorded and considered. It was found, however, that the labor interests of the country could not agree upon any one bill and that different labor leaders were opposed to one or the other bills under consideration.

Again, during the first session of the Sixtieth congress the judiciary committee of the house gave more time and attention to the various bills presented, but it was found that no bill could be introduced that would be satisfactory to all the labor interests and no bill upon which all members of congress could agree. This so called anti-injunction legislation is by no means a partisan matter, and so far neither Democrats nor Republicans have been able to agree among themselves to a bill that would seem to satisfy all concerned. There is no doubt, however, that in the near future some bill will be enacted into law, and when it is it will be found that it will provide protection for not only labor and capital, but for the public as well. First it must be constitutional, and then it must be of such a nature that it will not lead to disorder and riot, but will conserve the best interests of the people at large and not be drawn in the interest of either capital or labor, but for the good and protection of all.

Economic betterment, not partisan politics, is the true purpose of organized labor. Mr. Gompers has become a misleader.

Walking on Your Hat.

"Nothing is wasted in this house" is the proud remark which you may often hear from the lips of an expert housekeeper. It is a boast, however, that few people could really justify. Take the case of a wornout derby hat. In the majority of instances this discarded article of headgear finds its way to the rubbish heap or perhaps into the hands of a passing tramp. If only people were aware of the fact, the most excellent felt soles for the inside of their boots and slippers are thus being discarded. These soles can be cut from the sides of an old hat and are much more comfortable than the ordinary cork ones.

The Japanese and Their Prisoners.

The Japanese have a rather kindly way of treating prisoners who have not yet been convicted. The regulation prison dress is a kind of strawberry red colored kimono, but men on remand wear light blue as a sign that, although under strong suspicion, they have not yet been found guilty. When prisoners in this class have occasion to pass through the public streets curious extinguisher-like baskets are placed upon their heads.—Wide World Magazine.

Way to Marital Happiness.

"Marry a bright woman for success and a pretty one for happiness," advises a student of the problem. Also one who can cook for the benefit of the digestion might be advisable, but the pesky laws limit you to one.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Penholder.

He had lent her his stylographic pen, and she commenced to write a letter.

She—Oh, it writes beautifully. I declare I'm in love with this pen.

He—I'm in love with the holder.

She saw the point.

His Bluff Called.

"My dear, you grow prettier every day."

"And shabbier, John. Compliments are all very well, but I'd like to see a little ready cash occasionally."

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.—Chatham.

A Limit.

Mrs. Henpeck (to her husband)—What would you do if I were to die?

Henpeck—It would drive me crazy.

Mrs. H.—Would you marry again?

Henpeck—I don't think I would be as crazy as that.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Secret.

Sparks—I wonder why it is a woman lets out everything you tell her. Parks—My dear boy, a woman has only two views of a secret, either it is not worth keeping or it is too good to keep.—Stray Stories.

TAFT AND COLOR LINE

None In Philippines While He Was Governor.

TREATED NATIVES AS EQUALS

Filipinos Welcomed to His Table and to Other Social Functions—Rich and Poor Alike Were the Objects of His Solicitude.

After Mr. Taft assumed charge of the Philippines there was no color line so far as he was concerned. There had been one for centuries. The Spaniards introduced it. The Spaniard would not permit even a suggestion of social equality between him and the Filipinos, although in intelligence, breeding, education and attributes which constitute manliness the upper class Filipino is fully on a par with the Spaniard or American.

Mr. Taft's first care in the prosecution of his "policy of attraction" in the Philippines was to demolish the color line. Leading Filipinos were bidden to dinner and to other social affairs at his home, and their wives and daughters were asked to stand on the receiving line with Mrs. Taft. At dinners Mr. Taft invariably took in the leading Filipino woman. He did not martyr himself in so doing, either, for the Filipino women are bright, vivacious and possessed of a keen sense of humor, which last quality alone would insure their getting on well with Mr. Taft. So far as he could Mr. Taft became one of the people. A man who accompanied him on his first tour of the islands tells of having seen Mr. Taft in close conference with a young Filipino lawyer, who, when he quit Mr. Taft's side, left with him a piece of paper covered with diagrams. The secret came out the next night at the ball, which invariably formed a conspicuous part of the ceremonious entertainments. The ball was opened with the rigadon, or Spanish quadrille. It is a more complicated dance than our quadrille, and the figures are not called out. Mr. Taft, to the surprise of his companions, stepped off with the wife of the presidente and led her through the quadrille without a mistake. He kept his eyes fairly closely glued to a bit of paper. It was the same that the lawyer had left him and upon which he had drawn a diagram of the figures of the rigadon for the instruction of the governor.

In his office and at all times Mr. Taft received the poorest as well as the richest and most influential Filipino. An American contractor tells of having waited in Mr. Taft's anteroom for an hour while he explained to an old Filipino woman what measures she should take to obtain a balance of $1 which, she asserted, the government owed her on an unsettled claim. Had he not met the Filipinos on such grounds of equality Mr. Taft could never have so successfully striven with the problem in the Philippines. He had to have the help of the Filipinos, and he obtained it by making friends of them.

RESTORING CONFIDENCE.

Country Impressed With Utterances of Judge Taft.

Judge Taft has steadily grown on the country since his nomination. His judicial poise, his sobriety of utterance and his attitude of deep responsibility have all impressed the country. They are what is wanted to give confidence in a period of doubt and depression.

S. M. Felton, president of the Mexican Central railroad, who was one of Mr. Taft's visitors last week, said in an interview: "In my judgment the election of Mr. Taft is of the utmost importance to railroad men as a class, because it means the restoration of confidence, which is necessary before we can hope for a permanent revival of business. The great trouble with the railroads has been their inability to raise the necessary money with which to carry on extensions and improvements. To get this money there must be confidence on the part of the investing public, and this confidence will certainly be secured by the election of Judge Taft."

The campaign has reached the point where it is wise to make the personality of Mr. Taft known and familiar over the country. The campaign is marked by its sober discussion and the manifest movement of the great current of public opinion toward a conservative desire to see the great issues now opening handled with care, consideration and a judicial scrutiny.

Judge Taft is a man of action, combative and aggressive. He appeals to the precise conditions of the campaign. He has the qualities which draw men to him in times like these. The speechmaking campaign on which he recently entered will not only win votes by arousing public interest, but it will add to the strength of the Republican party in every doubtful state he visits by showing the people a man they can trust.

Prosperity dwells with the American people, who are not going to turn it out at the door to make way for Bryanism.

"Shall the people rule?" It is a curious outgrowth of democracy that Bryanism should mean the quintessence of paternalism. If all the Bryan theories—abandoned, present and possible—could be put into practice, the United States would be Russianized.

The greater the prosperity of the wage earner the more jocund the farmer, whose produce the wage earner buys. The Republican party is the tried and proved friend of each.

The greatest productiveness and therefore the greatest reward of organized labor are directly in line with the policies of the Republican party.

The gospel of Bryanism regarding those who dissent from its dogmas begins, "With charity for none, with malice toward all," etc.

The supply of spellbinders may not exceed the demand this year, but it appears that spellbinding must be largely its own reward, and Bryan will get his.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IV.—Fourth Quarter, For Oct. 25, 1908.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Ps. xxxii—Memory Verses, 1, 2—Golden Text, Ps. xxxii, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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We turn today to this psalm for a lesson on the joy of forgiveness, and the fact that there is so little joy on the part of those who profess to be forgiven may indicate that there has never been a realization of what sin is or possibly no assurance of forgiveness, for when such a word as (Isa. xliii, 25) "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake and will not remember thy sins" fails to produce great gratitude and gladness it indicates a sad indifference to one's guilt or to the great cost of the redemption which takes it away. Our lesson begins with "Oh, the happiness of him whose transgression and sin and iniquity has been put away." In Ex. xxxi, 4, 7, the Lord proclaims Himself as the one who forgives iniquity, transgression and sin, and in Lev. xvii, 11; Heb. ix, 22, it is very clearly taught that this forgiveness can only be by the shedding of blood, and what or whose blood is stated in Eph. i, 7, and many parallel passages—"In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." In verse 5 of our psalm we see that in order to obtain forgiveness there must be an acknowledgment, an uncovering, a confession of sin, iniquity and transgression, for he that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but he that confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy (Prov. xxviii, 13), or, as in Ps. xxxviii, 18, "I will declare mine iniquity; I will be sorry for my sin."

God is ever ready to forgive if only the sinner will confess his guilt. He says, "Only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God (Jer. iii, 13). Again, it is written, "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (I John i, 9). The result of attempting to cover our sins from God is seen in verses 3 and 4 of our lesson. That men should be so deluded as to think it possible to hide anything from Him to whom all things are naked and open and to whom darkness and light are all alike seem hardly conceivable, but as soon as Adam and Eve sinned we see them attempting to hide from God (Gen. iii, 8), so blind and so foolish does sin make people. In one place the psalmist says, "So foolish was I and ignorant I was as a beast before thee" (Ps. lxxiii, 22).

In verses 6, 7, the safety of the forgiven is spoken of as a hiding in God and thus preserved from trouble and compassed about with songs of deliverance, reminding us of the gracious words of Isa. xliii, 1, 2, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine," and then the assurance that neither flood nor fire can really harm those who are truly His. "Our life is hid with Christ in God," "preserved in Jesus Christ" (Col. iii, 3; Jude. i)—we know that these things are written in the book, but how few comparatively seem to so appropriate them as to cause them to be filled with joy and peace! There seems to be a great failure to possess our possessions (Obad. 17), a slowness to believe that God means what He says and that He means you or me or any one who humbly and persistently comes to Him. We should be like the man in John iv who believed the word which Jesus had spoken and went his way expecting to find his son well. Being forgiven by His great work without any of ours (Rom. iv, 5; Tit. iii, 5) and safely hidden in Himself, we are now free to serve Him, to live unto Him and to walk in the good works He has prepared for us (Eph. ii, 10; Tit. iii, 8), but this also must be His working in us, and for every step we need His sure guidance, which is vouchsafed to us in verse 8 of our lesson. The margin is very helpful, "I will counsel thee; mine eyes shall be upon thee," or I will tell you how to go and watch you to see that you get there. This, however, implies nearness and intimacy, for we can only tell anything by a look to those who are near to us and know us. See this sure guidance clearly and fully promised in Isa. xxx, 21; Ex. xxiii, 20, and illustrated in Israel.

If Israel had wanted to stay when the cloud said go or to go when the cloud said stay, it would have made it very hard for them. It is only when there is perfect submission that all is at rest. The exhortation in verse 9 not to be as the horse or the mule must be taken in the light of the last clause of the verse, for there are horses and mules, too, which put to shame many who drive them. In Isa. i, 3, God says that the ox and the ass had more intelligence than His people Israel. Even from the birds and the flowers He would have us learn lessons of trust in Him who has assured us that we are of more value than many sparrows. The righteous may have sorrows here, but they shall all be turned into joy (John xvi, 20), whereas the sorrows of the wicked shall be forever. The psalm ends with gladness and rejoicing and even shouting for joy, but it is all in the Lord, for there is no abiding joy apart from Him. See Hab. iii, 17, 18; Phil. iv, 4, and remember Rom. xv, 13.

The Stick For Wives.

In the old Anglo-Norman marriage ceremony the gentlewoman used to promise her husband to be buxom "unto my gentil manne." The word buxom corresponds to the modern German biegsam, meaning bending or pliant, and the old English was "buskam," all of which goes to show that things must have been very pleasantly ordered in the good old days that are dead and gone. According to the old English law, which is still unrescinded in the statute book, the "gentil manne" was allowed to beat his goode wife with a stick the diameter of which did not exceed a quarter of an inch.—New York World.

What She Wanted to See.

The chauffeur was taking his load of tourists for a ride through the residence portion of the metropolis and pointing out to them the state mansions of the nabob. "I've often heard," said the portly dowager with the diamonds, "of these Oliver Wendel homes. Would you mind showing us one of 'em?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

FAIRNESS OF TAFT.

Scrupulous In His Desire to Render Exact Justice.

REVIEWS OF COURTS MARTIAL

Refused to Approve or Disapprove Findings of Military Tribunals Until He Had Carefully Read the Evidence—A Case In Point.

When he was secretary of war Mr. Taft never unreservedly trusted to the judgment of courts martial upon offending officers to determine his action in approving or disapproving the findings of these military tribunals. He was scrupulous in insisting that all the evidence should be laid before him to be passed upon and weighed by him personally. No pressure of work could be too severe or lack of time too evident to prevent him from satisfying himself that exact justice had been done the accused, according to the evidence and the facts. One evening long after the rest of the departments had closed Mr. Taft, at the end of an unusually hard day, took up a bundle of papers relating to the case of a lieutenant who was sentenced to dismissal. The chief of staff was there, and he suggested, with a view to saving Mr. Taft work: "I think that you will not need to go deeper into the case if you read the conclusion of the judge advocate's memorandum and my memorandum. The man is a bad egg. The army will be better off without him."

"No," said the secretary; "I always prefer to go through these cases myself."

The officer had failed to pay his debts. Carefully and slowly Mr. Taft read the evidence through to the end. When he finished he looked up and exclaimed, "But he lied about it!" Rapidly he dictated a note to be sent, with the papers, to the president and continued as he laid them aside: "He tried, as he admits, to lie out of it. I think the sentence should be carried out. There might have been some excuse for the other thing, but there could be none for the lie. It is time to stop this tendency among the officers who get into trouble. It must be discouraged for the honor of the service.

"I want to go over the rest of these myself," said he, indicating another pile of court martial papers. "I have done that sort of thing all my life, and I'd rather do it than take the judgment of some one else."

BIG AND BROAD.

Methodists Indorse the Candidacy of William H. Taft.

An unqualified approval of William H. Taft as a presidential candidate was given by the Rev. James Coote, D. D., pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church in Thompsonville, Conn., when he called at the headquarters of the Republican national committee. For years Dr. Coote has taken a prominent part in Methodist circles in New England and in New York, having been a presiding elder and occupied leading pulpits.

"No man has spoken so earnestly in favor of the great work that Christian missions are doing in the Philippines, in China and in the orient generally as Mr. Taft," said Mr. Coote. "In an address at Yale university he emphasized that idea particularly, and on several other occasions he spoke enthusiastically of the good being done by aggressive Christian evangelicalism in the different countries which he visited. It seems to me that no evangelical Christian should hesitate to support Judge Taft. He is just as big and broad in his religious ideas as he is in his physical proportions. He can be trusted to do what is fair and right with all denominations.

"I am convinced that what Judge Taft has said on religious matters was not for political effect. He has gone hither and thither doing the work before him, and at the same time his keen observation and his sense of fairness have led him repeatedly to give expression to his appreciation of the work of Christian missions everywhere.

"In Thompsonville is one of the largest carpet manufacturing plants in the world," continued Dr. Coote. "During the last Democratic administration that establishment was compelled to close, and the thousands of employees were thrown out of work. A very large proportion of those had to leave the town. My observation is that the people in that section of the country remember that experience and that they do not care for another administration that is likely to result so disastrously."

To oppose revision of the tariff by the believers in protection to American wage earners and industries might be to invite its revision by Democratic believers in importing the products of cheap foreign labor.

Nevertheless, friends and brethren, it must be admitted that for twelve years Mr. Bryan's voice has constantly vibrated for his native land.

Truth In a Turkish Bath.

"Judge," said the colored witness, "I'm hongry now. I been tellin' de truth fer two hours!"

"Is that the longest time you ever told it?"

"Yes, suh, an' it's had me sweatin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Restaurant Affiliation.

The waiter in the light lunch cafe looked expectantly at the first of five men who had just entered.

"Bring me a coffee cake and a cup of coffee," ordered the first man.

"I'll take some milk biscuit and a glass of milk," said the second.

"Tea buns and a cup of tea, please," remarked the third.

"A piece of cocoanut pie and a cup of cocoa," said the fourth.

The waiter passed on to the fifth man.

"Don't say it, don't say it!" he pleaded. "I know what you want. You want a slice of chocolate cake and a cup of chocolate."

"No; I do not," protested the fifth man. "I want a plate of ice cream and a glass of ice water."—Judge's Library.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

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FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 55 p m, 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

William E. Maloney, Div. Supt.
Albert E. Myer, Div. Supt.
Thomas Lees, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908. cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6 52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7 07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

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Leave Woburn for Melrose Highlands at 5 45 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 8 15 A. M., then every hour until 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.15, P. M.

Leave Melrose Highland for Stoneham and Woburn at 5 00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 7.30 A. M., then every hour until 1.30 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.30, P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn for Melrose Highlands at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.15 P. M.

Leave Melrose Highlands for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Sept. 14, 1908.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5 30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6 45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6 20, 6,50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5 40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7 25, 7.40, 8.10 A M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8 00, 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6 50, 7.05, 7 20, 7.50, 8 05, 8 20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11 50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6 40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7 30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6 50, 7.50, 8.20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7 30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect October 5, 1908

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55, †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7,37, †c8.13, †8 21, †8.55, §9.23, †10.21, §11.01, †11.17 a. m., §12.05, †12.59, §2.00, †2 04, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.22, †5.02, †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.

LOWELL — †8.20, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, †4.42, §5.28, †6.42, §9.27, †10.59, §11.02, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2-26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H. — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D42 p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell. H Saturdays only.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, *Pas. Traf. Mgr.*
C. M. BURT, *Gen. Pass. Agt.*

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works. North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street. opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

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Steamship Agent.
Notary Public
— AND —
Justice of the Peace.
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Office: 549 Main St., Woburn!

TRAINING HARRINGTON

By LULU JOHNSON.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Crisp and bracing was the morning as Harrington came on deck, and he drew great drafts of the cool air down into his lungs, assuring himself that people who took vacations in the hot months were fools indeed. He even felt sorry for poor Fannie, who was left behind in the city. A few weeks of this bracing air would do her more good than the five-dollar-a-visit specialist who looked grave and shook his head when he stood by the bedside and declared that she must have complete rest.

It was true that Harrington himself had wanted to take his vacation in August, and when Fannie's collapse had prevented his leaving then he had stormed and chafed and succeeded in making everybody uncomfortable and bloodthirsty to varying degrees, according to their temperaments and fondness for Fannie. Harrington's calm assumption that Fannie had no right to be ill when he wished to go on his vacation was irritating to the others.

Now as the steamer moved slowly between banks on which the green was giving way to the first blush of autumn tints the world seemed good to Harrington, and he could even think kindly of the little woman who lay at home in a darkened room and whose breakdown had been responsible for his delayed vacation. In August he would have gone to the shore, as was his custom, but in the latter part of September the country offered greater appeal, so he was to spend a month with his sister. The latter had lent no ear to the call of the city, but had remained content to live a farmer's wife as she had been born a farmer's daughter.

It was afternoon when the train pulled into the tiny station. The ride had been hot and dusty and, after the early morning on the boat, the worse by contrast. Harrington met his brother-in-law with the tolerant patronage that the city man feels for his country cousin and considered that he had discharged his obligation when he offered the other a smoke with the explanation that it was a city cigar.

"I guess most of them come from the city," suggested Sam Dryer, with a chuckle, as he bit off the end and applied the match. "I guess you're about the twentieth chap this summer that's given me a city cigar with the air of expecting me to drop dead with delight because it comes from the city."

"You don't have to smoke it if you don't want to," snapped Harrington as the last vestige of the morning's benediction fled.

"I don't mind," explained Sam good humoredly. "I'm used to smoking city cigars. That's Lafe Spence's new barn over there. Before he got it done a pill man came along and painted one end up with his sign, and Lafe got hoppin'. He danced around and told the man that was just what he built barns for, and the man said if that was the case he guessed he'd paint the other end too."

"Well, what's the rest of the story?" demanded Harrington sharply when a pause was not broken by speech.

"I was waiting for you to laugh at that," explained Sam. "The answer is that he painted the hull barn, just like you see it. Lafe's constable, and he threatened to put him in the lockup if he didn't do the right thing."

Harrington cursed the evil fortune that brought him into contact with his brother-in-law and inane country jokes, and his irritation against Fannie returned. If she had remained well they would have gone to the shore, where amateur humorists could be snubbed into silence. He was glad when the old homestead came into sight and Ella, on the front porch, waved him a welcome.

The remainder of the afternoon and the evening passed off pleasantly enough, but the morning brought its troubles. Harrington was always at his worst in the early hours. He had been compelled to rise a full hour before his accustomed time, and there was no hot water for shaving. The studs were not in his clean shirt, nor was the shirt laid out. At home, even from her sick bed, Fannie had made certain that the little things were looked after. It was the little things that Harrington cared about, and he was in a black humor when he came to the breakfast table.

He had been slow in dressing, and the breakfast was cold, though it had been placed in the oven to keep warm. Sam had already left the table and Ella was alone.

Harrington pushed the bacon from him.

"I never eat bacon unless it's crisp," he said irritably, "and I don't like the eggs fried so hard. Can't you cook some more that are just set? And for heaven's sake, Ella, please remember I can't eat hot bread for breakfast."

"I'll get some cold bread," volunteered Ella. "It will only take a few minutes, Ben."

"Then hurry," he commanded. "I hate to sit idle at the table."

There was a little exclamation from Ella, and Harrington looked up into Sam's gray eyes. There was an expression there that he did not like.

"You're not going to sit idle at the table," exclaimed Sam. "You're going to hurry up and eat your bacon and eggs. You don't have to eat biscuit if you'd rather have bread, but that stuff was all good when breakfast was ready. If you want to spend an hour in your room cursing your cuffs and your collar button, get up earlier or else eat cold breakfast.

"You're welcome here, Ben, because you're Ella's brother and because she's got her heart set on a visit from you, but you've just got to understand that you can't cuss and domineer my wife into a sick bed the way you've done your own."

Harrington swallowed a retort; then he swallowed the bacon and eggs. Sam stood over the chair, and Ben knew that he meant what he said.

When the meal was done Sam left the room, and Ben followed him out to the yard to stammer an apology. Then he sat on the horse block while he smoked a cigar, and Sam's words came back to him.

His brother-in-law was right. He had cursed and domineered his wife. There had been lots of mornings when he had acted worse than this and with far less cause.

When the nervous breakdown had come he had cursed it because it had interfered with his vacation plans, and not until he had left home did he realize how much Fannie's quiet ministrations had meant.

Once or twice he half rose to go into the house and ask Ella's pardon, but he thought of something else at home and sank back into his seat again. He did not even realize that the horse block was an uncomfortable seat, and Sam came in from the fields at noon to find him still sitting there with a half smoked cigar, making an odorous offense to heaven.

"Thought worth a penny?" he asked pleasantly as he made pretense of feeling in his pocket for the coin.

"You can buy my whole miserable carcass for a penny," retorted Ben dolefully. "I've been sitting here thinking over what you said."

"I didn't mean to get so hopping mad," said Sam shamefacedly.

"It was right," went on Harrington. "I have rowed Fannie into her bed, just as you said. She made things so comfortable that when anything did go wrong I scolded her about that instead of giving her credit for all that she had done."

"If you know it, that helps some," reminded Sam. "I tell you what the trouble is, Ben. Just because you earn the money that pays the bills you don't realize that your wife is working too. You wouldn't dare talk to a servant the way you talk to her. You know your wife won't get mad and quit."

"I never should have come away and left her," lamented Harrington.

"They sent you on a vacation to give Fannie a rest," explained Sam, "but if you really mean to be a good boy it would be a good idea to send for her. The trouble with her has been that she cared so much for you that she worried when you were not pleased, and you never were pleased, so she worried all the time. It will do her good to come up here and have you wait on her."

"I'll go after her," offered Ben hastily. He was thinking of the cool of the morning on the boat when they two should have the deck alone. It was there that he wanted to tell her how sorry he was. He could not know that Sam had wired. It was well that he could not read the message, for it ran:

> Better come up. Ben's found out what the matter was, and I'll see that he remembers. SAM.

But Sam's share of the task was light, for Harrington remembered of his own accord as he coaxed the roses back to where the lilies had been in his wife's pale cheeks. When his irritation rose there rose before him a vision of cold bacon and a threatening face. It was not romantic, but it was effective.

Won on a Bluff.

"It does me good to meet up with one of that class of people who think they know it all," said the old man with the ancient hat. "I was coming over from Baltimore on a train the other day, and a man who was writing in a book asked me how to spell 'proper.' I told him, but a know-it-all who sat near disputed me. I bet him $10 even up that I was right and proved I was by four disinterested men. I gave the $10 to charity."

"How did the man contend the word should be spelled?" was asked.

"Why, he said there was only one 'p' in it."

"And you stuck for two, eh?"

"I did. I insisted that it was spelled 'propper,' and he finally owned up like a little man and handed me over the money."

"And would you like to make the same wager again and leave it to the dictionaries?"

"Not much! I consulted 'em all next day and discovered that I had bluffed that poor chap out of his wealth."—Washington Post.

Acquitted.

Voltaire, when on his estate of Ferney, was fond of assuming the air of nobility and displayed a most philosophical hatred of poachers. One luckless fellow was caught and brought before him. Voltaire determined to try him according to law and took his seat as judge, directing his secretary to act as counsel for the prisoner. The advocate made a long speech in favor of the culprit and stopped suddenly.

"Why do you hesitate?" asked Voltaire.

"I wish to read a passage from a volume in your library."

He procured the book and silently turned its leaves. Voltaire became impatient and demanded the cause of his silence.

"Well," answered the secretary, "I have been looking for the word 'humanity,' and I see you have omitted it."

Voltaire thought the argument so forcible that he set the poacher free.

Canada's Inland Sea.

People at home who have only seen Hudson bay on the map have mainly regarded it as a patch of polar desolation, forbidding and unexplored. In reality it is nothing of the kind. It is a huge inland sea as large as the Mediterranean reaching down into the center of the Canadian continent.—Milling.

Dumb Money.

Little Elmer—Mamma, this nickel you gave me this morning must be counterfeit. Mamma—Why do you think so, dear? Little Elmer—Well, I hear papa say that money talks, and I've had this money a whole day and it hasn't said a word.—Chicago News.

Modern Art.

Art in our time seems like an iridescent oil spread about on the surface of the muddy waters of our civilization; it and life don't mix.—London Saturday Review.

"OLD BILL TAFT."

By REV. HY J. BOATMAN.

[Tune: "America."]

For leader strong and great
To man the ship of state,
Both fore and aft;
To guide where breakers roar,
To safely land our store,
To quiet all uproar,
There's old Bill Taft.

To White House, there to stay
And Bryan send away
Upon a raft;
To do, as Teddy did,
What all our people bid,
For man upon the lid,
There's old Bill Taft.

To do what's good and just,
Strike down the evil trust
And all of graft;
To keep our money pure
And plenty, too, and sure,
The hard times' only cure,
There's old Bill Taft.

Reform his flag unfurls,
Against all evils hurls
Unerring shaft.
Then let our trumpets blare,
"He's always on the square,
At home and everywhere,
Is old Bill Taft!"

—Fullerton, Cal., September, 1908. Copyright Applied For.

[Official Circular.]

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 7, 1908.

To the Officers and Members United Mine Workers of America:

Greeting—We are in the midst of a political campaign. Every method known to political managers will be used to secure votes for their respective candidates. This is especially true in the attempt to obtain expressions from those holding official positions in labor unions.

I am in receipt of hundreds of letters from men of all shades of political beliefs and from all parts of the United States asking for my opinion of the different candidates or my views upon the issues involved in the political campaign.

The United Mine Workers did not elect me international president to influence your political preferences or how you should cast your vote on election day. You have elected me to direct the affairs of the United Mine Workers. The success of the United Mine Workers and the welfare of its members have and will receive my first and only consideration as long as I have the honor of representing you.

I am not responsible for interviews appearing in the newspapers, alleged to be from me, that I favor any particular candidate. I have declined to express or to give any statement politically for or against any candidate or issue, nor do I intend to do so. This letter will be my answer to all who ask me for any advice along political lines.

I have the honor to represent an organization of nearly 300,000 members of every known nationality and different political views. We have among our members Prohibitionists, Populists, Independents, Socialists, Democrats and Republicans. From what I know of our members you are fully competent to decide for yourselves how you will vote on election day.

All my time is required to look after the interests of the United Mine Workers. Those interested in the subject matter of this letter will please refrain from writing me in connection with politics if they hope to get an answer.

The United Mine Workers as an organization has been in existence for many years before this political campaign, and we all wish that it may live many years after the present campaign has passed into history and until every wrong of which the miner complains is honorably adjusted. Yours fraternally and for harmony,

T. L. LEWIS,
President U. M. W. of A.

The Esperanto Vote.

[From the New York Sun.]

Oh, why is it neglected so—
The Esperanto vote?
Both parties should awake and, lo,
Immediately take note
And send some cart tail speakers out
To tell those people that
Gik mettoskik, terrado skowt
Tok mokku vezok zat.

Why are no pamphlets sent abroad,
To each new language sharp,
Some presidential boom to laud
And on some issue carp?
Were all those highbrows made to see
The doctrine in this light:
Hip toozle ping e toot toot whee
Zing gok, they'd vote all right.

The field is big and yet untilled,
And there great crops will grow
If seed is only wisely spilled,
As candidates should know.
So haste, you literary men,
Press agents for the great,
Sook noop owhoo tikantu gen
Bo hunkus ceto tate.

His Unforgettable Speech.

[Los Angeles Examiner.]

The Bryan speech which will be remembered longest consists of four words: "Workingmen are public beggars."

The Bryan Policies.

[Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat and Chronicle.]

"Policies of folly and disaster" is what Governor Hughes calls Bryan's varied assortment of schemes.

In the time of political warfare prepare for peace and prosperity by deciding to vote the Republican ticket in November.

One great American puzzle is to find the relation between what Bryan says on Monday and what Bryan says on Saturday.

The unemployed asked for jobs, and Colonel Bryan handed them out a copy of his platform.

A Patient Sufferer.

Boy (to tramp)—Don't you get awful tired of doin' nothin', mister? Tramp—Terrible! But I never complains. Everybody has their troubles.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The costliness of keeping friends does not lie in what one does for them, but in what one out of consideration for them refrains from doing.—Henrik Ibsen.

Trophies of the Chase.

In the days when buffalo still roamed the plains of Kansas in countless numbers a great many hunting parties came over from Europe to have a hand in their slaughter. One party was composed of a Frenchman named Auguste Rouzand, the first husband of Christine Nilsson, the prima donna, and an Englishman, a Mr. Blackmore, from London. They arrived at Dodge City one day in the fall with a carload of equipment, including every sort of delicacy that the market afforded and several large trunks full of bright new butcher knives. A detachment of the Sixth cavalry from Fort Dodge was detailed to accompany them, and probably no command ever fared better than that one did. The Englishman shot a few buffalo, and the soldiers slaughtered them by the hundreds. But the Frenchman didn't kill one. Instead, as fast as the animals were shot he would take one of his brand new butcher knives, plunge it into the slain animal until it was smeared with blood, wrap it carefully in tissue paper and put it back in the trunk as a trophy of the chase to exhibit when he got back to Paris as proof of his mighty prowess as a hunter. That was his idea of sport.—Kansas City Star.

Thread Used In Surgery.

Are you aware that the modern surgeon employs in his work dozens of different kinds of thread for sewing up cuts and wounds? Among them are kangaroo tendons, horsehair, silk and very fine silver wire. Many of these threads are intended to hold for a certain number of days and then naturally break away. The short, tough tendons taken from the kangaroo, which are used for sewing severe wounds, will hold for about four weeks before they break away. Silk thread will remain much longer, sometimes six months, while the fine silver wire is practically indestructible.

With the entire outfit a surgeon is able to select a thread that will last as long as the wound takes to heal and will then disappear completely. To accommodate this assortment of threads special varieties of needles are required. Besides the needle craned in different segments of a circle, surgeons use needles shaped like spears, javelins and bayonet points. — St. James' Gazette.

Just Names.

She had passed a season abroad, and in London, she said modestly, her success had been unprecedented. The earl said he could readily believe that.

"The dinner," she resumed, "that Lady Featherstonhaugh"—

"Excuse me. The name is pronounced Freestonhay," said the earl.

"Well, at the dinner Lord Dalzell"—

"Though written Dalzell, it it pronounced Deal. But pray go on."

"He and Sir Dugald Colquhoun"—

"You mean Calhoun. Yes?"

"And Lady Leveson-Gower and Mr. Bohun"—

"Lewson-Gore and Boone are the correct pronunciations. But I'm interrupting you."

"Not at all. All these persons and Lord St. Maur drank"—

"Not St. Maur—Seymour. Well?"

"Oh, I forgot what I was going to say. You've quite put me out with your corrections."

"And your story was just getting interesting, too," said the earl regretfully.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Professor Blackie's Opinion.

A correspondent sends an anecdote concerning the attempt of a serious minded lady to lure Professor Blackie into giving his opinion of Sankey's hymns at a time when they had an enormous vogue. The lady was giving the professor lunch, and he tried to fob her off by praising a Stilton cheese on the table. Some time after the lady sent him a copy of Sankey and a piece of the cheese, hoping thus to draw him. She succeeded to the extent of these four lines of verse:

Thrice blessed is she that hath done what she could
To make a lean man fat and a bad man good—
For the body, cheese; for the soul, Sankey;
For both, thankee.

—Glasgow Herald.

A Polite Turn Down.

Sir Algernon West in his reminiscences tells this story of Robert Browning: "When he had become famous some one wanted very much to meet him. A kind friend arranged a meeting, and the guest besieged Browning with questions and conversation during dinner, and even after dinner he continued buttonholing his victim. 'Come,' said the poet, 'this will never do. They will say I am monopolizing you!'"

British Army Intelligence.

An army order gave the following as the occasions on which the union jack is to be flown:

(a) On anniversaries only, or when specially required for saluting purposes. (b) On Sundays and anniversaries. (c) Daily. —Punch.

Coughs of Children

Especially night coughs. Nature needs a little help to quiet the irritation, control the inflammation, check the progress of the disease. Our advice is—give the children Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your doctor if this is his advice also. He knows best. Do as he says.

Ayer's
We publish our formulas
We banish alcohol from our medicines
We urge you to consult your doctor

If you think constipation is of trifling consequence, just ask your doctor. He will disabuse you of that notion in short order. "Correct it, at once!" he will say. Then ask him about Ayer's Pills. A mild liver pill, all vegetable.
—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

Wheels Will Go Round if Taft Is Elected.

SO SAY MANUFACTURERS.

The National Association of Manufacturers, through its organ, American Industries, has just completed a canvass of its 3,000 members throughout the United States in nearly every line of trade to ascertain the country's commercial status twelve months after the panic. The canvass was not made to serve any political purpose, and the forthcoming election was not mentioned, but the members of the association have taken advantage of one of the questions to declare that prosperity depends upon the election of Taft.

The canvass was made by means of letters sent out two weeks ago. Four questions were asked of the members relating to the exact condition of trade at present, the percentage of increase in business in the last ten months, the possibilities for future improvement and any suggestions which might serve to better future conditions. Everybody answered the last question by suggesting that Taft be elected.

Agricultural implements show the largest percentage of increase and vehicles the lowest. The textiles show a small percentage of increase with a rather unfavorable outlook, while leather and its manufactures and the lumber industry are fairly satisfied and optimistic. Very little attention is paid to the tariff as a disturbing element, but a number of manufacturers, especially those interested in railway supplies and allied trades, complain against pending or threatened railway legislation.

The steel trade and the movement of pig iron, which form the most accurate barometer of trade conditions, make a distinctly encouraging report, as 70 per cent of the iron and steel plants in the association report conditions good, 78 per cent have had an increase during the last ten months, and 85 per cent have reason to believe that prospects for the immediate future are reassuring. Machinery, including all classes throughout the country, shows present conditions 68 per cent good, and 76 per cent of the machinery manufacturers have had an increase since Jan. 1 last. Only one manufacturer of agricultural implements is pessimistic regarding the future.

In food products 89 per cent report business good, 94 per cent have had an increase, and all are optimistic for the future. Lumbermen report 85 per cent good, and 80 per cent have had an increase, while 93 per cent of them are hopeful for the future. Of the leather manufacturers 91 per cent report good, 94 per cent have had an increase, and 93 per cent are optimistic.

Other percentages from the various trades reporting conditions good, an increase of business and good possibilities for the future are as follows:

Tools and hardware, 77, 87 and 92; drugs and chemicals, 83, 80 and 82; paper and printing, 75, 76 and 94; textiles, 68, 71 and 89; vehicles, 52, 56 and 85.

James W. Van Cleave, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, says of the outlook:

"Nearly every issue of the trades papers all over the country reports the reopening of steel, cotton and woolen mills and the increase in the working forces of some of these already open. There are fewer idle persons in the United States now than at any previous time since the beginning of the scare last November. Aside from the chance—the very remote chance—that Bryan may be elected there is not a cloud on the business horizon, so far as I can see at this moment.

"Let it be remembered that in the shape in which it presents itself tariff adjustment will cause no perceptible halt in the revival of trade. By its platform and the repeated promises of its candidate the dominant party is pledged to revision. Just as I have urged, the revising is to be done by an extra session of congress just as soon as the new president enters office in March, 1909. The adjustments will be done in the interest of the American manufacturer, the American worker and the American consumer and not in the interest of the manufacturers and workers of Great Britain, Germany, Japan and the rest of Europe and Asia."

As a resigner Mr. Taft probably holds the record. He resigned as assistant prosecutor of Cincinnati to become internal revenue collector, resigned to become superior court judge, resigned to become solicitor general of the United States, resigned to become federal circuit court judge, resigned to head the Philippine commission, resigned to become secretary of war and finally resigned that to run for president.

Each of Mr. Taft's three brothers is a lawyer, although Charles P. finds more fun in running a newspaper than he does in law, and Horace has made schoolteaching his life work, being the head of the Taft school in Watertown, Conn. Henry W. Taft is one of the leaders of the New York bar.

If Tom Watson has found the lost Populist platform, as he contends, he should forward it to Lincoln, Neb., without delay. It is William Jennings Bryan's personal property. His initials will be found carved in the southwest corner of the cheap money plank.

Cutting It Short.

A British lieutenant in the Second battalion, Lincolnshire regiment, who was called Leo Quintus Tollemache-Tollemache de Orellana Plantagenet Tollemache-Tollemache, gave notice by means of advertisement that he renounced the names of Quintus Tollemache-Tollemache Plantagenet Tollemache and should henceforth upon all occasions and at all times sign and use and be called and known by the name of Leo de Orellana Tollemache only.

A COMMANDING REASON

Why Every Man Should Vote

Even if a presidential election were not pending, there would still be most cogent and imperative reason why every registered voter in Massachusetts should exercise his suffrage on the third day of next month. The administration of the affairs of Massachusetts, like that of all other states, is every year becoming more and more complex and demands from the voters not only their most intelligent choice for officials who shall administer them, but the utmost fidelity to the duty of voting. The great problems of state taxation and a hundred others which enter into the conduct of the state's affairs demand that every voter should feel a sense of personal responsibility in these matters which come straight home to his fireside and his pocketbook. Both in municipal and in state affairs a reprehensibly large number of citizens refuse or neglect to go to the polls and vote for men and measures which they know full well are for the good of the community and for their own personal interests and then vent themselves afterward of loud complaining because of evils of administration which they did nothing at all to help prevent. The time for men to ensure good administration and to prevent the bad is on the day of election, when the opportunity is presented; and it is a poor citizen, unjust to himself as well as to the body politic, who is too indolent or too indifferent to avail himself of the privilege and perform the duty of voting. To neglect the ballot is an offense against the public weal and a direct "giving up" to the bad forces of society. Every man should be a positive factor in the affairs of his city, town and state. To be merely a political negation is to help society toward deterioration.

Underrating the Citizenship

In the personal character which Mr. Vahey is undertaking to give the campaign for the governorship he sadly underrates the citizenship of Massachusetts. It has no desire and no liking for sensational and irresponsible accusations, especially against one who so fully enjoys their confidence as does Mr. Vahey's opponent and one whom they have honored with the second office in their gift and who has filled that station with credit, alike to himself and to the state. With a few notable exceptions, campaigns in Massachusetts have been conducted upon high and dignified lines. Whatever issues have appeared to be within the lines of public policy have been discussed seriously and with a view to their fuller understanding and to the conservation of the state's welfare. As a rule, the discussions between candidates have been confined to such issues and have been unaccompanied by personal vituperation. It has never been considered necessary for a candidate to confess that he and his party were so destitude of any policy or views concerning the matters which were vital to the state's weal as to be forced, in lieu of such a policy or such views, to enter upon a vague and irresponsible attempt to find some plausible excuse for personal assault. The people are in no mood for this sort of campaigning, on general principles, and they surely are not for its injection in the present exigency, when vital issues are at stake and when the selection of the fittest man to put large policies into effect is the desideratum. They have no use for a candidate whose highest ambition is to indulge in personal bickering and back-yard-fence billingsgate.

The last days of the campaign may well be given to sober thought as to that exercise of civic duty and privilege which will conduce to a highly desirable state government. It should be desired and expected of all the members-elect of the legislature that they will do all in their power to have a model session in point of dignity, economy and celerity of action.

The value of the first vote of a young man is not simply to his party or to the state. It is of value to himself, because it is the actual and visible token of his citizenship and enrolls him with men who order civic affairs. It is, or should be, a source of pride to him and the earnest of a new dignity; the guaranty of his importance as a factor in civic life.

Even if the registration by the young men of the state is not up to the average in past presidential years, there is some comfort in being tolerably sure that substantially all who have registered for the first time will vote.

The Boston Journal thinks that Mr. Vahey should hover about Boston, where the members of his own party are not boiling over with enthusiasm for him. He certainly does not spread very thick over the state.

Couldn't Mr. Vahey persuade Mr. Olney to give him a little letter of recommendation to put beside that labored and voluminous "endorsement" of Bryan?

Speaking of state extravagance, Mr. Vahey' sannouncement that he is a better man than Mr. Draper to curb it is the most extravagant thing yet.

Mr. Sherman wishes Mr. Kern "every success in private life." This is most kind; doubtless Mr. Draper would wish Mr. Vahey the same.

Will the Democratic nomination for governor of Massachusetts go by default next year, too, because nobody wants it?

The best "financial argument" for the state campaign is to vote for men who will be efficient and economical.

Too Inquisitive.

Politician—Congratulate me, my dear. I've won the nomination. His Wife (in surprise)—Honestly? Politician—Now, what in thunder did you want to bring up that point for?—Exchange.

Not Deliberate.

Wife—I claim that the story you told me last night when you came home was a deliberate lie! Hub—And I say it wasn't! I never thought up one more quickly in my life!

The Woburn Journal
Telephone 55.
FRIDAY, OCT. 30, 1908

FOR REPRESENTATIVES.

Representative Killam's good work in the Massachusetts House this year warrants the conclusion that his majority next Tuesday will surpass that of last November by a handsome margin, although he ran full up with the other candidates on the Republican ticket at that election. He is better known, and has added to his popularity since then. He is the right man in the right place.

Although there is not a particle of doubt as to the election of Mr. Fred F. Walker as one of the Representatives in the Legislature from this District next Tuesday, nor that his majority will equal that of his colleague, Mr. Killam, still, as a rebuke to Mr. Pollock, the bolting Republican and Democratic candidate, who is seeking a seat in the House, after being fairly beaten by Mr. Walker in a Republican caucus, every Republican vote in the District should be cast for him, and a good share of the Democratic. This, we make no question, will be the case. Republicans do not take kindly to candidates who act as Mr. Pollock has in this instance; and the Democrats do not care a snap whether he is elected, or not; they will hurt, rather than help, him.

Reports from Burlington assure us that Mr. Walker will poll a rousing vote in that town on Nov. 3, and that Pollock will come out at the little end of the horn.

THE ELECTION.

Next Tuesday, November 3, will tell the story, and by midnight the country will know who is to be President of the United States for four years from March 4, 1909. That it will be William H. Taft hardly admits of a doubt. If the Republican campaign managers have made no miscalculation, a great victory for the Party next Tuesday is assured. Roosevelt, Taft, Hitchcock, and all the great leaders, feel certain of it; while Bryan and his following have but slight hopes of winning. The landslide predicted by Bryan has failed to put in an appearance.

In Massachusetts the only matter to be settled at the election will be the size of the Republican majority; whether 40,000 or 60,000, will be known early next Tuesday evening.

The election of Crosby for Senator, and Killam and Walker for Representatives, by big majorities, is not questioned by men whose opinions are worth anything.

The Republican skies are very bright, and victory for their ticket, from top to bottom, next Tuesday, is in the air.

TRUE AS PREACHING.

Mr. Pollock of Burlington has probably found ere this that interest in independent candidacies is hard to foster in Reading, and in the rest of the District as well. The Republicans are perfectly satisfied with their candidates and will elect them with the best majorities they have ever had.—*Reading Chronicle.*

If Pollock does not fully realize the truth of the above paragraph from the *Chronicle*, he will do so when the vote is counted on the night of Nov. 3 The best thing Pollock could do for himself would be to withdraw from the canvas and come out strong for Fred Walker, who is absolutely certain to be elected by a heavy majority. He is sure of a solid Republican vote of the District, which will give him a big lead over Pollock; and it is known that numerous sensible Democrats, who have no use for "Bolters," will cast their ballots for him next Tuesday.

☞ Given favorable weather and the Republican vote in this city next Tuesday is likely to be full up to normal. The apathy that has been talked about is not discoverable in any of the Wards. The City Committee have not been idle in the last weeks of the campaign, and their report concerning the interest and spirit of the Party indicates a full Republican poll on Nov. 3 Seeing no chance for the success of their National, State, or District tickets, and no money in hand worth mentioning, the case is different in the Woburn Democratic camp. There is no encouragement for that Party to work for a large vote, and it is likely to fall behind. Pollock, the Bolter, has sent some money to the Democratic Committee, but it is suspected that a good share of it has stuck to the palms of his agents. On the whole, the prospect for the usual Republican vote in this city is encouraging.

☞ The Advertising Department of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company of Boston, of which Mr. Thomas J. Feeney is the General Superintendent, has made complete arrangements for quick and accurate collection and distribution of election returns from the States within whose limits it operates, viz.: Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. The Department will, also, distribute throughout its territory election returns from the rest of the country, the result of which will be the most comprehensive effort of the kind ever attempted.

☞ We have never, in all of the many years of his highly satisfactory occupation of the office, suspected Secretary of State Olin of being a joker; but when, last Wednesday, he offered to pay the JOURNAL, out of the Treasury of the Commonwealth, $15 for advertising worth $30, it was to us a startling revelation—we discovered, suddenly, that Brother Olin is a joker of the highest rank.

☞ Alluding to the JOURNAL'S 57th birthday anniversary, the Winchester *Star* kindly says:

"As our genial and long time friend Ex-Collector Aaron C. Bell, would say: The JOURNAL is as lively as a cricket, and will be so for many years to come under the able management of Editor Hobbs."

Thanks, awfully!

— Trinity Parish Fair is to be held on Nov. 19 and 20.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

Edison Co.—Light.
F. P. Lewis—Recital.
Harold P. Johnson—Citation.
Edward Johnson—Mort. Sale.
Adams & Swett—Vacum Cleaning.
Burlington Rep. Town Com.—Ballot

— The Chapel Cadets of Montvale are flourishing.

— A large percent of the members of the Holy Name Society of this city are adults.

— Major H. C. Hall will please accept our thanks for late Somerset county, Maine, papers.

— At 8 o'clock this evening Burbank W. R. C., 84, are to give a whist party in G. A. R. Hall.

— Many Woburn teachers are attending the Middlesex County Teachers Association at Tremont Temple, Boston, today.

— Pastor Boicourt of the Montvale Congregational church has accepted a call from the Congregational church at Cliftondale.

— The St. Charles Ladies Auxiliary are to have their first concert and ball of the present season in Lyceum Hall this evening.

— Teacher Joseph W. Hammond entertained his Bible Class of the First Baptist church at his home on Bow street last Monday evening.

— The Christian Endeavor Society of the Congregational church held an exceedingly pleasant Halloween social in the church vestry last evening.

— Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hill and Elizabeth have been visiting their daughter and sister, Mrs. Berle and her husband in New York City lately.

— Last Monday evening Baldwin Council, Royal Arcanum, was visited by D. S. Deacon of Winthrop Council, and S. D. Marchant of Harvard Council.

— Rev. D. A. Newton, pastor of the Winchester Congregational church, preached an able sermon, in exchange, at the Woburn Congregational church last Sunday.

— A report is current that additional leather factories are to be opened here at no distant day by responsible parties. It will be a good thing for the tanners and curriers.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— The city is likely to have trouble with the Platt Iron Works over the payment for the new pump which was built by them. The matter bids fair to get into the Courts.

— The Swedish Republican Club will hold a Rally at Republican Headquarters Saturday evening, Oct. 31, at 8 o'clock. Prof. G. A. Lundquist of Boston will be the speaker.

— Mr. and Mrs. Henry Harrington entertained the Covenant Club of the Unitarian church last Sunday evening. Refreshments were served, and an hour or two were pleasantly passed by the company.

— Mr. Geo. F. Hosmer, Sealer of Weights and Measures, had one of our milkmen before the District Court Tuesday morning who was fined $5 for using unsealed bottles. This should be a warning to others.

— Thomas W. Pollock of Burlington is making a strong bid for Representative from the 20th District this year.—*Esteemed Cotemporary.*—Sort of a Macedonian cry—"come over and help us," eh? It won't save his bacon.

— Mr. H. Montgomery has made considerable improvement in his residence at 63 Mishawum Road by having electric wiring installed so that he can use electric lights. The service will be furnished by the Edison Electric Illuminating Company.

— Last Wednesday evening the Woburn Hospital corporation held a meeting to consider the conditions on which the Choate estate on Warren avenue is donated to them. The hospital is likely to be established and become a great public benefit.

— President Charlie A. Jones of the Savings Bank, after weeks of hunting in the Maine forests, is at his post of duty again. He took on considerable avoirdupoise, apparently, while pursuing the agile deer and stately moose down there in the woods.

— President Tuttle of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company regrets to be compelled to decline the reinstatement of the early morning train from Boston to Woburn asked for by Ald. Highley and others, but promises to do so as soon as business will warrant it.

— An interesting communication from a venerable clergyman at Montague concerning old times in Woburn, his school days here, and reminiscences of Susan Edgell, who was his teacher, is necessarily laid over to next week. Politics are at the front this week.

— On account of the absence of Mayor Blodgett and City Solicitor Converse the question of the purchase of the Horn Pond land was postponed to a more convenient season at the meeting of the City Council last Monday evening. An appropriation of $3,000 for the Fire Department was voted.

— At 3 o'clock this afternoon the Maternal Association are to hold their regular meeting in First church parlors. It is to be addressed by Mrs. Burke Leavitt of Belmont, her theme being, "Some Compensations of Motherhood." A social tea will be served with cakes.

— It is to be hoped that the silly game of "Tag," now popular in some places as a means of getting money for alleged charitable purposes, will not find its way to this city. It teaches the young bad manners, and is annoying to adults. Keep it away from here.

— At the first literary meeting of the season held by the New England Women's Press Association at the Vendome in Boston recently Mrs. Annie Soule Lewis and Fred Percyval Lewis played the overture by Grieg entitled "Fantaisie, and Gottschalks" "Last Hope," both with fine effect, the Boston papers said.

Another Step in Cheaper Lighting

Friday, October 30, 1908.

First

The cost of electric lighting in Greater Boston was cut from 15c, to 12c. per thousand last July. This alone was a reduction of 20 per cent.

Second

The High Candle Power Tungsten lamp came next, with a saving of over one-half the electricity consumed. Appreciating this great advantage, already 90% of our customers using high candle power lamps have equipped themselves with the Tungsten.

Third

The demand for these lamps has been so great that they are now produced in large quantities and the manufacturers have reduced the prices very materially.

Fourth And Best of All

The Tungsten lamps can now be supplied in 20-candle power size.

Beginning today, 20-candle power Tungsten lamps will be for sale that use only one-half the current of the old 16-candle power size, although giving 25 per cent more light.

Reduced Prices on TUNGSTEN LAMPS

These Prices Are Less Than the Market Rate.

20 Candle Power 60 Cents Not Previously Manufactured
32 Candle Power 75 Cents - - Former Price $1.00
50 Candle Power 90 Cents - - Former Price $1.10
80 Candle Power $1.10 - - Former Price $1.25

Old Lamps must be given in exchange, except on new installations

With Tungsten Lamps at the lowered cost
With smaller candle power lamps now available
With the Electric Light rate cut down 1-5 to 12c.

Electric Lighting Now Costs ½ What It Did One Year Ago

GET EDISON LIGHT IN YOUR HOME
ALWAYS THE BEST NOW THE CHEAPEST

The EDISON ELECTRIC ILLUMINATING COMPANY
Tel. Oxford 3300 39 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON

HARDWARE
Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.
H. B. BLYE & CO.,
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.
Telephone connection.

NEW FALL STYLES
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Fine Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

We desire to announce to the people of Woburn and vicinity that our

Vacuum Cleaning Wagon

is to be in town during the week of Nov 9th. We have already secured the cleaning of the FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH and several private buildings, and should be glad to give YOU an estimate on Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Bedding and Draperies.

Adams & Swett Cleansing Co.,
130 Kemble St., Roxbury, Mass.
Tel. Roxbury 1071—1299

— The Democratic City Committee have organized by electing officers for the current year.

— The High School is in receipt of a fine steel engraved portrait of the late Dr. John M. Harlow from Mrs. Harlow. In his lifetime the Doctor was deeply interested in the public schools of this city, and his widow, a highly educated and cultured lady, is equally so.

— At the Towanda Club next Tuesday evening, State and National election returns will be received by the members over the 'phone. Arrangements have been made to establish telephone connection during the entire evening with the Associated Press office. Light refreshments.

— The Ladies' Charitable Society and Branch Alliance of the Unitarian Church will meet on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 5, at 4 o'clock. Miss Clara S. Carter will give a paper on "Dr. Grenfell and his Work." At 6 30 o'clock a supper will be served by the Lend-a-Hand Club, and a dramatic entertainment will be given at eight o'clock by members of the Covenant Club.

— On Wednesday evening, Oct. 28, the Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. Church gave one of the best suppers of the season which was attended by a large number of people, at the conclusion of which a fine entertainment was given, consisting of a dialogue entitled "A Perplexing Situation;" a Nursery Maid Drill by nine little girls. A Variety Contest of the following:—Apple paring, nail driving, election, spelling, button sewing, yarn winding, wood sawing.

— At 4 o'clock last Sunday afternoon, after a fine street parade, the St. Charles Holy Name Society were inspected by Rev. Fr. Keegan, Pastor, and Mr. Thomas J. Feeney, President of the Society. The march and inspection were witnessed by a large number of people. Thomas J. Feeney, Jr., 10 years old, is of the marching drumcorps for the companies here, and he does it in fine style. Next Sunday comes off the great parade of the Order in Boston, in which the Woburn branch are to participate. It promises to be a grand sight. President Feeney is thinking out some plans for the pleasure and profit of his Society, which are likely to materialize before snow flies.

— Tomorrow, Oct. 31, is Halloween, when the boys and girls are expected to have great fun with front gates and things. They should be temperate in their sports, and refrain from doing injury to property along the streets. Have a good time, youngsters, but indulge in no malicious or costly mischief.

— Mr. Harry F. Parker of Church avenue and a companion from Reading visited Holyoke and ascended Mt. Tom by railroad last Sunday and, although rain was falling, they enjoyed the ride up and the magnificent views from the peak. Many pictures of Mt. Tom and the beautiful scenery thereabouts were brought home by Mr. Parker and his fellowvisitor.

— Of course, it was expected that somebody would raise his voice against the purchase of the Horn Pond land from which to obtain an additional water supply for this city—it is ever thus. We do not know whether the price offered for it by the Board of Public Works is too much, or not; but the idea of tapping the springs in the hills for more water is a good one.

— Loyal Catholics in this city began early to decorate their buildings in honor of the centennial celebration of the See in Boston which began last Wednesday and is to close with a grand parade of the Holy Name Society in Boston next Sunday. St. Charles church; Parochial School and residence; homes and business houses of parishioners, of Woburn are elaborately and handsomely decked out with flags and bunting, and make a fine appearance.

— Mrs. Annie M. S. Lewis and Mr. F. Percyval Lewis are preparing an unusual musical event, a recital of piano duets, to be given in Unitarian vestry, Monday evening, November nine. The program will include two orchestral transcriptions—a Weber overture and Saint Saens symphonic poem—and several selections from Grieg, the recent popular Norwegian composer. There will be an assisting soloist. Admission fee, twenty-five cents.

— Rev. Dr Daniel March, Pastor Emeritus of the First Congregational church of Woburn, was unable to fill his engagement to deliver an address at the 175th anniversary of the Wilmington Congregational church, the offspring of the Woburn church, but sent a good and sympathetic letter, which was read. The celebration was a remarkable success from every point of view. The historical address by Hon. Chester W. Clark was highly interesting and valuable.

— A drouth, which lasted 62 days, during which period not enough rain fell here to lay the dust in the streets, was broken by a smart downpour last Monday evening. It began at 5 p. m. and continued to fall copiously for several hours, during which the precipitation amounted to not less than an inch, according to the U. S. Bureau in Boston. It was a good thing for Woburn, for it extinguished the peat-bog fire on Lowell street, and helped in other ways. The sound of the "rain on the roof" was a welcome and soothing one.

— The recent death of Mrs. Mary E. Eaton makes immediately available the legacy of $10,000 left by her brother-in-law, the late Robert B Eaton of this city, the net income of which is to be used to promote the best interests of Trinity Episcopal Parish church of Woburn. Mr. Robert B. Eaton was one of the best citizens of Woburn, and a staunch friend and supporter of Trinity church. He was the originator of the Merrimac Chemical Works at North Woburn, one of the largest establishments of the kind in this country.

— We crave especial attention for the big advertisement of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company in this issue of the JOURNAL. It is an important announcement, particularly to those contemplating the employment of electric lights in their buildings. President Edgar of the Edison Company writes the JOURNAL thus: "To sum up: The 12c price, put into effect on July 1st, combined with the Tungsten prices (especially the 20 candle power lamp), put into effect to-day, makes Electric Lighting cost less than one-half what it did a year ago."

— These are the days of the Indian Summer, a fine taste of which we have had this week. In New England the charming and delightful Fall season called Indian Summer begins on Oct. 25 and ends on November 25. The mild, hazy weather of that period is termed Hallow E'en Summer (Oct. 31), and when it is still later, St. Martin's Summer (Nov. 11). Shakespeare refers to "All-hallow summer—thou latter spring!" and bestows the name on genial Falstaff St Martin's Summer is also mentioned in Henry VI, as a time of good fortune after adversity and disaster.

— The Gabalotte Club are to meet with Miss Maud Littlefield this evening.

Boston Theatres.

HOLLIS STREET.

Joseph Brooks will present Lillian Russell at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, for a limited engagement of two weeks commencing Monday, November 2nd, in the racing comedy success "Wildfire" by George Broadhurst and George V. Hobart. It will be recalled that Miss Russell made an unusual hit in this play in Boston last season. Since then she has scored the success of her career in New York where her work in "Wildfire" proved a revelation. Miss Russell's play "Wildfire" is exceptional in that it combines a refined home atmosphere with the intense action encountered on a metropolitan race track and is realistic in both instances.

THE BOSTON.

For election week at the Boston Theatre, the attraction will be "The County Chairman," by George Ade, which is one of the very best works of the famous humorist in many respects. It is one that will strike home, particularly at this time when the country is interested in a national election, for in this comedy, Mr. Ade has all the types that are usually found prominent at election time, particularly in the smaller communities, and the fact that the action of this piece takes place in the Mississippi Valley during the early 80's doesn't detract one bit from the interest. Politics are no different now than they were then.

KEITH'S.

The latest of the recognized theatrical stars to leave the legitimate stage for vaudeville is that highly popular actress, Virginia Harned, who is to play her first engagement at Keith's the coming week. Supported by a capable company, Miss Harned is to present a playlet from her own pen, called "The Idol of the Hour." The playlet has proven most successful in New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Washington.

CASTLE SQUARE.

William Gillette, for the past twenty years and more one of the most distinguished of American actors and playwrights, has had a career of success that many may well envy. One of his his greatest plays is "Secret Service" and the news of its revival at the Castle Square next week will delight the many lovers of romantic drama. Its plot deals with a crucial period of American history, that of the Civil War, and its presentation of the scenes of actual strife, of the exciting and soul stirring episodes in the life of a spy, and of the softer emotions of love and human sympathy, are both moving and convincing.

Telephone Talks

LOCAL LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

Keep in touch with the world—and see to it that the world may keep in touch with you.

Party-Liners
And the Golden Rule

PARTY LINE telephone subscribers virtually are CO-TENANTS. They jointly pay for a single telephone line.

If they were co-tenants of a building they would be careful not to infringe upon the rights of others. THAT SAME REGARD FOR THE EQUITIES should keep them from infringing by appropriating to themselves more telephone service than can be exacted as their fair share of the capacity of that line.

Lengthy conversations on unimportant matters, the prattling intercourse of children, phonograph concerts, and the like—these sometimes congest party lines and give cause for protest from other tenants in common.

A party line telephone has been likened to a spur track on a main line of railroad. But there is this important qualification—when the telephone spur track is in use, THE ENTIRE MAIN LINE IS CLOSED TO TRAFFIC, not merely to the other spur tracks on the line, but also to incoming trains consigned to any part of the line.

Ordinary regard for the principle of the Golden Rule will do more to avert party line difficulties than all the rules any telephone company may promulgate.

New England
Telephone & Telegraph Co.

1908 Wall Papers 1908
Picture Framing a Specialty
Agent for the Oliver Typewriter
Repairs on Estates, and Collection of Rents. Houses For Sale and To Let.
Established in 1879.
C. E. SMITH. 439 Main St.
HOME OFFICE: 11 Bennett Street.

Flag Presentation.

October 26, 1908.

His Excellency Curtis Guild, Jr.,
State Capitol, Boston, Mass.

MY DEAR GOVERNOR:—The Woburn Progress League, prompted by the Act of the Legislature of 1908 entitled "An Act to Define the Flag of the Commonwealth," of which Act, we are informed, you were the author, desire to present to the Woburn High School the beautiful emblem of our beloved State. Of all the institutions of Massachusetts none so peculiarly justify an emphatic State pride as our Public Schools. One hundred and twenty-nine years before the Declaration of Independence was signed the General Court of the little Colony of Massachusetts Bay passed a compulsory school statute requiring "that every township within this jurisdiction, after the Lord hath increased them to the number of fifty households, shall then forthwith appoint one within their towns to teach all such children as shall resort to him to write and read, whose wages shall be paid either by the parents or masters of such children, or by the inhabitants in general, by way of supply, as the major part of those that order the prudentials of the town shall appoint." And this statute is the parent, not only of the splendid subsequent public school legislation of our own State, but, it is correct to say, of the other States of the Union. Our State Flag, cherished as it ought to be by our school children, will increase, and not detract from, that patriotism to the Nation which it is the purpose of the law requiring the Stars and Stripes to float over every schoolhouse to preserve and foster.

As an expression of respect to our Governor, the Chief Magistrate of our beloved Commonwealth, and of thanksgiving at the recovery of your health, we cordially invite you to come to Woburn on the occasion of the presentation of the State Flag to our High School, which will occur on the morning of the day before Thanksgiving, or upon such other day as your convenience may suggest.

Very respectfully,
WOBURN PROGRESS LEAGUE
By Samuel W. Mendum, President.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
Executive Department,
Boston, Oct. 27, 1908.

Mr. Samuel W. Mendum,
10 Tremont St., Boston.

MY DEAR MR. MENDUM:—I am greatly touched and pleased that you should care to include me in the ceremony for the presentation of the Flag of the Commonwealth to the Woburn High School. The Legislature refused to give me all that I requested. I desired to enforce by statute the daily *display* of the State Flag on all State institutions.

However, I am glad, at least, to have been permitted to safeguard by statute the permanence of the historic emblem, and you may be interested to know that Executive request has so far accomplished the display of the Flag which was denied by the Legislature.

The three days before Thanksgiving are full of work in connection with the meeting of a conference of New England Governors. I suppose that the day following Thanksgiving will be a holiday. Might I suggest, therefore, the Monday following Thanksgiving, when I shall present myself with the greatest of pleasure, as you suggest.

With high respect and cordial regard, believe me,

Faithfully yours,
CURTIS GUILD, Jr.

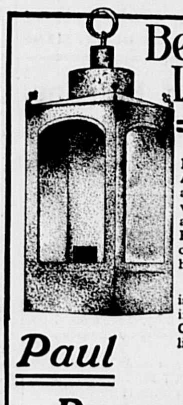
Complimentary Dancing Party.

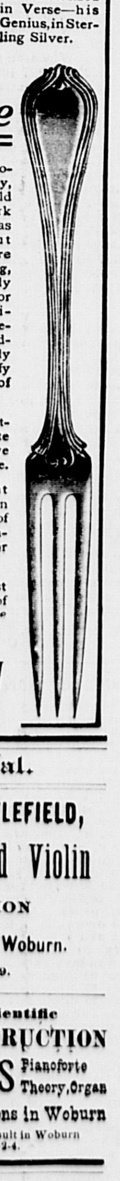
Mayor and Mrs. Blodgett are today sending out cards for a complimentary dancing party to be given in Lyceum Hall Friday evening, November 13th. In recognition of courtesies extended to them by the many local societies and organizations, about sixty in number, they are inviting them to be represented on the occasion by two couples who are fond of dancing.

Their Only Job.

"Why, Mrs. White," began the summer visitor newly returned to Saymouth, "how those maples of yours have grown since last year! It's perfectly amazing!"

"Oh, I don't know's it's anything to wonder at," said Mrs. White easily. "They ain't got anything else to do."—Youth's Companion.





Beacon Lights

The name of Paul Revere, Artist, Patriot and Artisan, will ever shine as one of the Beacon Lights of American history.

His Heroism is immortalized in Verse—his Genius, in Sterling Silver.

Paul Revere

Silversmith of the Colonial Period, lives today, not only in the few old pieces bearing his mark and now treasured as Colonial Heirlooms—but as well in the Paul Revere Pattern in Towle Sterling, which follows faithfully the theme of designs for silver decoration originated by him. Its graceful lines, with the threading that forms its only ornamentation, exemplify the elegant simplicity of the Period.

For true Colonial Atmosphere, exquisite taste and faultless design, we commend the Paul Revere.

Made for permanent service, and affording an unusually wide scope of selection, you may complete your set at once or gradually.

An occasion for a just pride is the possession of a table service in the Paul Revere.

Smith & Varney
A Jewelry Store since 1871

Musical.
MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
☞ Season opens Sept. 29.

Artistic and Scientific
MUSICAL INSTRUCTION
Mrs AnnieM.S. Mr.F. Percyval LEWIS Pianoforte Theory, Organ
Private and Class Lessons in Woburn
Address Winchester; or consult in Woburn Unitarian Vestry, Sat. 10-12, 2-4.

WANTED.
SUCCESS MAGAZINE requires the services of a man in Woburn to look after expiring subscriptions and to secure new business by means of special methods unusually effective; position permanent; prefer one with experience, but would consider any applicant with good natural qualifications; salary $1.50 per day, with commission option. Address, with references, R. C. Peacock, Room 102, Success Magazine Bldg., New York.—3

WE SELL

Shredded Wheat	10c. pkg.
Cream of Wheat	12c. "
Triscuit	10c. "
Quaker Puffed Rice	10c. "
" Wheat Berries	10c. "
" Oats	10c. "
" Corn Flakes	10c. "
Force	10c. "
Saxon Wheat Food	15c. "
Ralston Breakfast Food	14c. "
Pillsbury's Cereal	15c. "

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-1.

CRACKS
IN SKIN
CHAPS
ON HAND AND FACE.
Rose Clycerine Lotion
CURES. 25c. a Bottle

Whitcher's PILL BOX

28th year in use.
U. S. Food and Drug Act, No. 17722.

Pure Spices.

The strength, flavor and taste of spices depend largely, in most cases wholly, upon the volatile oil contained in them. Ordinary spices are widely adulterated, not only by the removal of the volatile oil, but by the adition of foreign, inert, harmful, ingredients; all for the purpose of cheapening the product and rendering it more profitable to the seller.

Squibb's Spices are absolutely pure and for many years have enjoyed the highest reputation for excellence among those who have employed them. We want you to make a trial of these spices, of which we have a full line.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main Street,
WOBURN

CITY OF WOBURN.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE.
October 12, 1908

In accordance with the provisions of Section 246, Chapter 560, Acts of 1907, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote for State Officers, will be held on

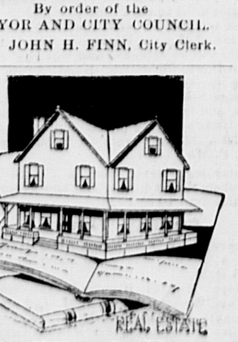
TUESDAY, THE THIRD DAY OF NOVEMBER, A. D., 1908

in the following places, namely:

Ward 1 Music Hall, Dow's Block, Main St.
Ward 2. Highland Hose House, Prospect St.
Ward 3. Lyceum Hall, Main St., left entrance.
Ward 4. Lyceum Hall, Main St., right entrance.
Ward 5. Porter Hose House, Thorn St.
Ward 6. Vidette Hose House, Main St.
Ward 7. Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The Polls will be open at 6 o'clock in the morning and closed at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and all such citizens will, in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes for Electors of President and Vice-President, Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, Attorney-General, Councillor, Senator, Representative in Congress, Two Representatives in the General Court, Register of the Probate and Insolvency, County Commissioner, County Commissioner to fill vacancy, Associate Commissioner, to fill vacancy.

By order of the
MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL.
Attest: JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.



For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

Crawford Cooking-Ranges

Our New Range a Winner!

The new range that we introduced last year has won all hearts. The old End Hearth is gone—there is more room on top—the ashes fall into a Hod far below the fire, making their removal easy and the grate to last longer. The Ash Hod when emptied is returned full of coal. Three sizes, "Palace," "Castle," "Fortress."

All the famous Crawford features are present: Single Damper, Patented Grate, Cup-Joint Oven Flues, Asbestos Backed Oven, Improved Oven Indicator. Booklet free.

Made by Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co., 31-35 Union St., Boston

For Sale by E. CALDWELL, Woburn.

A Model Candidate For Governor.

WITH the election only a few days away Mr. Draper more than justifies the action of the Republican convention which placed him in nomination for the high office of governor. The puerile attacks of his opponent, which have proven veritable boomerangs and returned to plague their inventor, have only served to accentuate the salient virtues of Mr. Draper's character and have revealed to what dire extremes his opponent is forced in order to attract attention to himself and bolster up a vacuous cause.

AS THE CAMPAIGN HAS PROGRESSED MR. DRAPER HAS RENEWEDLY IMPRESSED HIMSELF UPON THE CITIZENS OF MASSACHUSETTS AS A MAN NOT ONLY OF ABILITY, BUT OF EMINENT AND MARKED DIGNITY, QUALITIES WHICH WILL MAKE HIM BOTH CONSPICUOUSLY EFFICIENT IN AND AN HONOR TO THE EXECUTIVE OFFICE.

Compelled to give answer to the flimsy and unsupported charges of his opponent, Mr. Draper has answered them in a manner to finally dispose of them, and, while his language has been as courteous as possible under the circumstances, it has been such as has in a quiet way revealed the contempt he felt for them and the kind of warfare which prompted them. And in this he has the support and sympathy of the Massachusetts electorate, who believe in truth and fair play and have a not uncertain pride in the honor of the state as personified in its lieutenant governor.

The attacks of Mr. Vahey were as unworthy as they were unfounded, and the people of the state so regard them. In these episodes Mr. Draper has gained and Mr. Vahey has distinctly lost in the estimation of the people. On election day Mr. Draper will be chosen to fill the gubernatorial chair and the petty attacks of his opponent will have been forgotten, as they may well be.

Sales Agent Wanted.

$36 per week or 400 per cent profit.

All samples, stationery, and art catalogue free. We want one permanent agent in this locality for the largest picture frame house in America. Experience unnecessary. We instruct you how to sell our goods and furnish the capital. If you want a permanent, honorable and profitable position, write us today for particulars, catalogue and samples. FRANK W. WILLIAMS COMPANY, 1214 W. Taylor St., Chicago, Ill.

REPUBLICANS

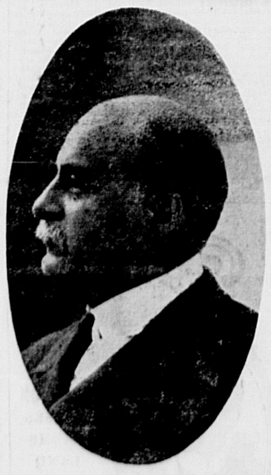
and ALL OTHERS, who wish to have the 20th Middlesex District represented by the **Two Republican** candidates, will please note the order of the names in the official ballot, and

MARK FOR TWO

FOR REPRESENTATIVE

George L. Flint, Reading, Democrat	
JAMES W. KILLAM, Reading, **Republican**	X
Thomas W Pollock, Burlington, Independent, Democrat	
FRED F. WALKER, Burlington, **Republican**	X

EDWARD D. BENNETT, Secretary
Republican Town Committee, Burlington.



HON. EBEN S. DRAPER
OF HOPEDALE
Republican Candidate for Governor

HON. LOUIS A. FROTHINGHAM
OF BOSTON
Republican Candidate for Lieutenant Governor

A Modest Request.

The young man and the girl were standing outside the front door, having a final chat after his evening call. He was leaning against the doorpost, talking in low tones. Presently the young lady looked round to discover her father in the doorway clad in a dressing gown.

"Why, father, what in the world is the matter?" she inquired.

"John," said the father, addressing himself to the young man, "you know I have never complained about your staying late, and I am not going to complain of that now. But for goodness' sake stop leaning against the bell push and let the rest of the family get some sleep."

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
—DEALERS IN—
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street,
Telephone connection

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Adaline B. Church wishes to announce to her patients and friends that she will resume practice in Winchester, on and after Nov. 1, 1907, at 40 Church street.

Office Hours:
Tuesday and Friday, 9 to 12 A. M.
Tel. Winchester 54. Consultations by appointment.

Sports of the Fall and Winter.

Time was when the baseball fan had only scorn for the devotee of the pigskin game. But the spectacular features of the "open" game and the elimination of the heavy mass plays have made it more attractive to the average follower of sports, and so it has come about that each year sees greater crowds turning out to see this great outdoor sport.

Realizing that many people are not familiar with the fine points of the game The Boston *Journal* has engaged Mr. Harry Dadmun to take charge of its football department. Mr. Dadmun has officiated in many important matches, and brings a practical knowledge of the game to the service of *Journal* readers, many of whom are already asking his opinion on plays and rulings, and taking his decision as authoritative.

Daily reports from The *Journal's* correspondents at the various Eastern colleges, pictures of the leading players of schools and colleges, and full accounts of the preparatory school games make The *Journal's* football department second to none.

Already the rolling of balls and falling of pins is heard on many alleys, and the leagues and clubs are preparing for the winter tournaments. Of these, as well as of all other winter sports, The Boston *Journal* will give full reports, thus insuring its readers complete returns from the world of sport.

The work of The *Journal's* special correspondents in the Presidential campaign, the editorials, ably discussing matters of local and national interest, the women's page, and reliable financial news, are others of the special features which have made The Boston *Journal* the great family paper of New England.

Burlington.

A reader of Thomas W. Pollock's selfladudatory piece, signed by some of the Selectmen, and printed in the papers, would naturally conclude that he is the biggest man that ever honored Burlington by his residence here. People laughed heartily when they read it. Pollock was foolish to have it printed.

If the voters of this District would learn the difference between the two men, Walker and Pollock, let them compare their present canvas for votes. Mr. Walker is prosecuting an orderly, dignified, gentlemanly campaign, while Pollock is employing men and measures that honest, intelligent voters heartily condemn. Pollock is showing by his conduct that he is not the best man for the Legislature.

According to the stories that are being passed around among the people of this town, Mr. Thomas Pollock, the Democratic candidate for Representative, is employing some men of doubtful influence, and paying them liberally, in his vain efforts to beat Mr. Fred Walker. It is said that, while some of these fellows are professedly working with great zeal for the election of Pollock, Mr. Walker has been given to understand that he could have their services for money. Their offer was indignantly spurned by Mr. Walker—he isn't that kind of a man.

In order to prevent the possibility of any injustice being done any one through this column, I wish to state emphatically this fact: Not one of the candidates who entered the political arena in this town, this fall, has had, in any way, shape or manner, directly or indirectly, any connection whatsoever with any article which has herein appeared. Said articles have been in favor of one candidate for the simple reason that the writer believes one, and one only, of those named is the right man for the office, and the developments of the campaign have strengthened this belief daily. To the best of my knowledge, not one of the candidates knows the identity of the writer, who is simply a voter with the courage to speak his convictions.

BURLINGTON.

WINCHESTER.

Postmaster Richardson is going around on crutches, but under Dr. Church's treatment his foot is getting better.

There is some talk of adopting the School Savings idea here. It works firstrate where ever it has been established.

The ladies of the Methodist church will hold a Fair on Dec. 11, 12, for which measures have been taken to make it a success.

"Tag Day," in aid of the Home for Aged People, last week, yielded almost $1,000. It was a great scheme, and might be copied in other places with profit.

Hearings on the grade crossing question have not ceased yet. It is expected that the matter will be settled some time before the present generation passes away.

Congressman McCall, who was a little under the weather last week, is on deck again and doing stumping for Taft and the Republican party, which, he says, are sure to win on Nov. 3.

More than 20 dwellinghouses, costing from $8,000 to $10,000 each, are now being built in this town, which shows that Winchester is rushing ahead as a residence place for high grade people.

Whitfield L. Tuck has been chosen a member of the Democratic National Finance Committee, and is prouder than Lucifer over it. He is empowered to collect money for the Bryan campaign, for whose election he is now stumping New England.

Pear Shaped Balloons.

Pear shaped balloons are the fashion in Belgium. The point is upward; the base of the balloon is spherical. It is claimed that balloons of this shape pierce the air vertically with far greater speed than the ordinary spherical balloon. Consequently they are steadier.

But Not to Pay Back.

Dinks—I see Rouge has bought an automobile. I didn't think he had sufficient means to do that. Winks—Oh, he has all sorts of means of borrowing money and just as many means of spending it.—Judge's Library.

BAY STATE POLITICS

Republicans Expect Big Majority For Taft and Draper

LABOR MEN ARE NOT DECEIVED

Rank and File Refuse to Follow Their Leaders, Politically--Vahey Making Poor Showing--Eleven Sure Republican Congressional Districts

It looks very much as if Mr. Taft would have a very large majority in Massachusetts next Tuesday. Many believe he will be given as great a majority as Roosevelt received in 1904, or over 90,000. Some have set it as high as 100,000. It is evident also that Lieutenant Governor Draper will be elected governor by a very much larger majority than he has yet received in any of his campaigns for the lieutenant governorship. Estimates vary, some believing he will receive from 40,000 to 60,000 more votes than his Democratic opponent. The Independence League is bound to cut some figure, although probably not nearly so large as last year.

There is a very confident feeling generally among the leaders in regard to the national situation. Private advices from Indiana, Ohio and New York make it evident that Mr. Taft will carry all of these states. This seems to be as certain as anything in the future can be, and this feeling is reflected, not only in the stock market and in business, but also very strongly in the betting.

The labor issue has been made very prominent in this campaign. It does not seem as if the effort of the American Federation of Labor to turn over the labor vote to the Democratic party is going to be successful. The rank and file of labor men throughout the country are intelligent and sincerely desirous of securing the best interests of the country by their vote. Many labor leaders who are not taking part in this onslaught of Mr. Gompers have declared emphatically that labor men will vote as they deem best, regardless of the pleadings of Mr. Gompers or any other labor man.

Who Are the Friends of Labor?

There has been a good deal of talk as to the question of who are the friends of labor. Even a cursory examination of labor legislation throughout the states of the Union will show that solidly Democratic states have given labor the least recognition of any in the Union, while Republican states have done most of all for labor. The Democratic states of the south have no toleration for advanced labor legislation. They still cling to child labor, the eleven and twelve-hour day, and refuse to take any advanced ground in this direction.

But who are the real friends of labor? It should not be hard to decide such a question. There are the leaders of labor, drawing satisfactory salaries from the assessments on the workers, and then there are the capitalists whose large fortunes prove them to be successful managers. The labor union leaders say it is through their efforts that higher wages are paid and better conditions secured. But where do the wages come from and who pays them? Laborers can refuse to work unless their wages are satisfactory and equally capital can refuse to invest unless the profits are satisfactory and the outlook is good. With Bryan elected president capital would be very wary of investing in new lines of industry or enlarging lines already established. Without capital invested there can be no wages for the union leaders to dispute about.

Good profits mean a large demand for more labor to turn out the product, and this also means a chance for better wages, because where labor is well employed the competition for laborers is keener. All this is simple and self-evident. Then comes the vital question; which is best for labor, good profits, with prosperity for the capitalists as well as the wage earners and possibly some large fortunes, or a prospect of political attacks directed at employing capital for the avowed purpose of cutting down profits?

Prosperity Means Wide Employment

The fiercest attacks at present are upon the men or corporations with big fortunes, and, who are said, to be robbing labor. But how could the big fortunes come unless labor had been employed at good wages to turn out the product which must be sold in order to get the profits? The fortunes prove that the public were satisfied with the products or the service rendered or they would not have paid for them. There have been fortunes wrung from the people by dishonesty, but these are the exceptions which prove the rule and are not evidence against it.

Here then is a practical question for the workers: Will a policy which aims to cut off profits and ruin the capitalists give more employment, better wages or more earnings? Would any sane employer attempt to pay larger wages when profits were less? If he did attempt it how long would he last, or, in other words, where would the wages come from? The fact is that some labor leaders with their socialistic delusions are urging labor to its own destruction, and it certainly looks as if some of the labor people were beginning to see it. The question of injunctions against strikers is trivial in comparison with the vastly greater matter of chances for employment and earnings for labor. Capital is timid and if it is decided that the protection against riotous destruction, which the injunction sometimes gives, is to be removed or weakened, how will this encourage more investment of capital for more employment of labor? These are questions which the labor men of the state have been thinking over for some time. It does not look as if they were going to be humbugged as they were in 1892.

The Congressional Situation

There are eleven congressional districts in the state which are admitted to be safely and surely Republican. There is also one surely Democratic district, the Ninth, where John A. Keliher is the Democratic candidate. The Tenth and the Eleventh now have Democrats representing them in congress, but a tremendous fight is being made in the Tenth to redeem it and elect J. Mitchel Galvin, Republican, over Congressman O'Connell. A great many Republicans believe Galvin will win. In the Eleventh district Congressman Andrew J. Peters has the Democratic nomination and ex-Senator Daniel W. Lane the Republican. Mr. Peters has been very popular and it is a hard district to redeem. Mr. Lane, however, is making the best fight he can and hopes for success.

Senator James H. Vahey is not proving much of a campaigner. In his discussion of state issues he shows his shiftiness and his unreliability by accepting as facts whatever rumors he has heard regarding Republican administration, and he has, in other ways, insulted the intelligence of his audiences. He has been making very much talk regarding extravagance in state affairs, and yet as a matter of fact he has voted for every appropriation bill, no matter what its nature, since he has been in the senate. The colossal inconsistency of the man has astounded even his friends. He is making a very poor showing and it will be very surprising if he is not defeated by an overwhelming vote on Nov. 3.

Too Scarce to Throw Away.

"They pipe water now through the burning Australian desert that lies between the coast and the Kilgoorlie gold fields, a distance of about 250 miles, but in my day in that forsaken country water was the scarcest commodity known," said a San Francisco mining engineer.

"It was often hard to get enough water for drinking purposes, and the man who was reckless enough of his money to buy a bucketful for a bath was the talk of the community. I once indulged in this luxury, and after I had finished I noticed that the water was carefully collected again by the vender.

"'What are you going to do with it?' I asked the man. 'Sell it to some other fellow for half price,' he answered, 'and after that I'll sell it several more times, for, you see, it's too scarce, mister, to throw away after only one or two men have washed in it.'"

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—All Saints Day. At 10.30 A. M. preaching by the pastor. Subject: "What is it that makes a Saint?" Sunday School at 12 M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—All Saints Day.
10.30 A. M., Holy Communion and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., Evening Prayer.
Rev. W. H. Osmond, Rector.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street.
Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Friday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Everlasting Punishment."
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 24, by Rev. S. Sigfrid Swensson, Nils Olson and Emma Axelina Larson, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 23, Frank Wolfied Thenberg, aged 62 years, 1 month.

In this city, Oct. 25, Anna Young, aged 8 months.

In Boston, at Mass. Gen. Hospital, Oct. 29, Joseph T. Callahan, M. D., of Woburn, aged 35 years.

In Winchester, Oct. 26, Della B. Nunly, aged 28 years.

In Chicago, Ill., Oct. 28, Mrs. Susan E. Harvie, formerly of Woburn, aged 64 years.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George E. Morgan and Annie E. Morgan, his wife, in her own right, both of Lexington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to James Dobbins and James Shannon both of Woburn in said county, dated July 14, 1900, and recorded in Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 2834, Page 291, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises in said Lexington on

TUESDAY, the 24th day of November, A. D., 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:—A certain parcel of land situated partly in Lexington and partly in Woburn in said County, bounded and further described as follows, viz:—

Beginning in said Woburn at a point in the northwesterly line of the road leading from Woburn to Lexington now called Russell street and from said point running northwesterly by land now or late of Duren thirty-eight rods to a corner; thence turning and running nearly westerly by land now or late of said Duren twenty-two rods and seven links to a corner; thence turning at an obtuse angle and running northwesterly by land now or late of said Duren thirty-seven rods; then at nearly a right angle and running southwesterly by land of Johnson eleven rods and eight links; thence turning at an obtuse angle and running northwesterly by land of George Evans three rods and four links to land of Packard; thence turning at a slightly obtuse angle and running southwesterly by said land of Packard fifty rods to a corner; thence turning and running southeasterly by said land of Packard three rods and five links to a corner; thence turning and running nearly south by said land of Packard thirty-seven rods to a corner by land of Mulliken; then turning and running southwesterly across line between Lexington and Woburn by land of Mulliken thirty-seven rods to land of Malley; then turning at nearly a right angle and running southeasterly by said land of Malley and land of Mrs. Robinson fifty-four rods to the northerly line of said road; then turning at an acute angle and running northeasterly by the northerly line of said road one hundred and twenty rods, more or less, to point of beginning. Containing forty-eight and six-tenths acres more or less.

$300. will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms made known at sale.

JAMES DOBBINS.
JAMES SHANNON,
Mortgagees.

Woburn, Mass., October 30, 1908.
Edward Johnson, Attorney.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Franklin Cutler late of Burlington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Lucy F. Cutler, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of November, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS Register.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Samuel K. French, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ELLEN L. FRENCH, Adm.
5 School St., Woburn, Mass.
October 20, 1908.

Piano Duet Recital

Weber, Saint Saens, and Grieg selections.
Mrs. A. M. S. and Mr. F. P. LEWIS
Assisting soloist to be announced.
Unitarion Vestry, Monday eve'g, Nov. 9. 25c.

Now that the Children

are back at school they need more than ever rich strength-giving bread. The kind that makes sturdy bodies and activs brains. That's Hathaway's. Try it.

C. F. Hathaway & Son,
Cambridge Waltham

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S. B. GODDARD & SON
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, LIABILITY
..BOILER AND PLATE GLASS...
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Boston Office, 93 Water Street
Telephone 1192 Main

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Fire losses paid on business written through this office since agency was established over $700,000 and NOT ONE dissatisfied claimant. . . . .

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Black Cat Brand
Chicago-Kenosha Hosiery Company
Kenosha, Wis.

Black Cat HOSIERY
For School and Play

COPELAND & BOWSER,
399-401 Main Street.
WOBURN.

Rubber Goods, All Kinds.

Hot Water Bottles. This is where we excell. Our assortment of Water Bottles and prices for same we offer for compariso with any other house, large or small. Prices from 47c. to $3.0 and quality consistant with prices.
Bulb Syringes 33c. to $2.75.
Fountain Syringes 47c. to $2.75.
Combination Fountain Syringes $1.00 to $3.00.
Rubber Sheeting and Tubing. Nipple Shields, Breast Pumps, Face and Ice Bags, Ice Caps and Atomizers of all descriptions.
Agents for the famous Kantleek Rubber Goods.

McLaughlin & Dennison,
Woburn's Cut Price Druggists
417 Main Street, Woburn
☞ We Deliver Free by Messenger.

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

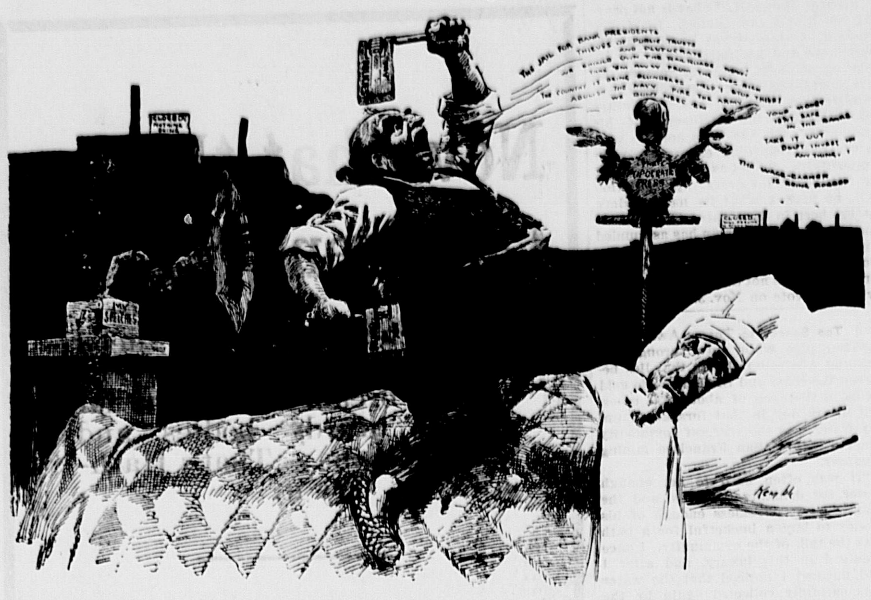
SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

INTREEST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

What Four Years of Bryan Would Mean.



Uncle Sam—If somebody would only chloroform him and let me have a much needed rest!—Harper's Weekly.

LABOR MOVEMENT IS NONPARTISAN.

Daniel J. Keefe, Sixth Vice President of the A. F. of L., Insists That President Gompers Has Been Misrepresented and Denies That Any Attempt Has Been Made to Swing Labor Vote to Bryan.

TAFT A FRIEND OF LABORING MAN.

"We insist that the labor movement shall remain as free and independent from political domination as it has ever been in its history."

That sentence is the keynote to a statement made by Daniel J. Keefe of Detroit, Mich., president of the International Longshoremen, Marine and Transport Workers' association and sixth vice president of the American Federation of Labor.

In his statement, which he made in answer to a query from the editor of the Buffalo Republic, Mr. Keefe says:

"I desire to say that the American Federation of Labor is not committed to any political party, nor has any candidate for president been indorsed by the executive council.

"I am of the belief that the general public does not fully understand the position of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor in the present campaign. The policy of the labor movement is nonpartisan and is as follows:

"We desire to refute here the aspersions that have been cast upon the executive council and particularly one of its members, President Gompers, that it is our purpose or his to dictate to the working people of our country how they shall cast their votes in the coming elections, nor has any one promised the vote of the working people to any particular party. We have strongly, clearly and emphatically, as it was our duty, presented the situation in which the working people of the country find themselves, the demands which labor has made upon both political parties as to necessary action, which they should take, the treatment they have received, and have appealed to the judgment and patriotism of the working people and the friends of labor throughout the country, since both political parties have spoken, to make their choice as their conscience may dictate.

"The misrepresentation of newspapers and others to the contrary notwithstanding, we repeat and insist, and we have so conducted and propose to so conduct our course, that the labor movement shall remain as free and independent from political domination as it has ever been in its history.

"The foregoing does not commit the American Federation of Labor to any political party and is nonpartisan, which permits union men to vote for whom they may please for president and other offices without fear of criticism. All of which I heartily indorse.

"Some of the members of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor no doubt will support and vote for Mr. Bryan, which is their individual right. I shall support and vote for Mr. Taft, who was admitted to membership in the International Brotherhood of Steam Shovel and Dredge Men on account of his strong advocacy of the enforcement of the eight hour law on all government work coming under the jurisdiction of the war department, and if the eight hour day did not become an established fact in connection with dredge work it was the fault of the workmen and not the fault of the secretary of war.

"I might add further that Mr. Taft, as secretary of war, has done more to inforce laws in favor of organized labor than all his predecessors."

GOOD REASONS

Given For the Election of Taft and Draper

By Hon. Edward J. Slattery, a Former Democrat

Hon. E. J. Slattery of South Framingham has addressed a letter to Lieutenant Governor Draper relating to the present campaign and giving his reasons for voting the Republican ticket.

Mr. Slattery was formerly a Democrat, but latterly has been in the Republican ranks, as he states in his letter. He is widely known throughout the commonwealth, and for many years has taken an active part in public affairs locally in Framingham, where he has lived, and also in the state at large. Mr. Slattery writes to Lieutenant Governor Draper as follows:

Hon. Eben S. Draper,

My Dear Sir:

According to press reports the gubernatorial contest is to consist of personal attacks upon you rather than of an intelligent discussion of party principles.

For two years I supported the party of Guild and Draper because I believed the best interests of the state required their election and because I could not support Moran and Brown, Socialists in disguise, who bolted Democratic candidates from president down to common councilmen, and again, because every principle of political decency cried aloud for a lasting and impressive repudiation of the "pink ticket Democracy" based on Democratic theory "for revenue only," as a large amount of money was expended by the political freebooters and party wreckers.

Some of these patriotic Democrats (?) have been rewarded by nominations for positions of high honor and responsibility. Oh, weeping, bleeding Democracy, what crimes and blunders have been committed in thy name! This year I shall support the party of Taft, Draper and Frothingham, because I believe their election will best serve industrial, commercial and political interests of the country and state, and because I believe, as I always have, in the protective system, which has given the people of the United States the best homes, the best standard of living, the best wages, the best labor conditions and the best country in the world.

The repudiation of the laws, policies and recommendations of the Roosevelt administration would be a fatal blow to the splendid standard of industrial, commercial and political morality established by the fearless champion of the people's interests, President Roosevelt.

Standard Oil, with her Archbolds and Haskells, and such notorious trust representatives, politicians and gamblers as Taggart of Indiana, Sullivan of Chicago, Ryan, Belmont, Murphy, McClellan and McCarren of New York, and the "pink ticket" contingent of Massachusetts all desire the defeat of Mr. Taft, just as every Democratic and Republican crook in New York desires the defeat of Governor Hughes.

No honest man with any knowledge of the situation will deny that the Standard Oil company desires and is working for the defeat of Mr. Taft, and thus the repudiation of President Roosevelt's policies and principles. If the Standard Oil should succeed in defeating Mr. Taft, the every day people of the country will have to pay the severe penalty of such a verdict.

I do not hesitate to state that ex-Mayor Fitzgerald's attack on Mr. Frothingham, Republican candidate for lieutenant governor, of Thursday evening at a civic society gathering of his creed, when he was expected to speak on his travels in Europe, was not only an unwarranted breach of propriety, but was entirely devoid of every element of political honor. The privilege of addressing a good civic society is an honor that should be appreciated and not abused.

I could give many good reasons why the manifold business interests of the country would be best served by the success of the Republican party, but I do not deem it necessary here.

I believe that a man should be willing to advocate as well as vote for what he believes to be for the best interests of the country; therefore, if my humble services can be of any benefit, I will be glad to assist.

I presume a communication of this kind should be addressed to Colonel Doty, but as I do not know him personally and as I have known you for so many years, I take the liberty of addressing it to you.

Yours very respectfully,
(Signed) E. J. SLATTERY.

Professional Pessimism.

The actors who solemnly advise young men and women to keep off the stage, the lawyers who speak discouragingly of the law's delays, the writers who decry their own profession, all are wasting their time and adding nothing to their own reputations. The general croaker is a pessimist and therefore a nuisance.—Chicago Tribune

Excelsior.

Uncle—And what will you do when you are a man, Tommy? Tommy—I am going to grow a beard. Uncle—Why? Tommy—Because then I won't have nearly so much face to wash.—Harper's Weekly.

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those that never come.—Lowell.

Reade's Dramatic Failures.

It was not until 1856, when Charles Reade was forty-two, that he obtained reputation as a novelist, a reputation to which he did not aspire, for it was his ambition to be a dramatist. From the beginning of his career until the last year of his life he wrote play after play, every one of them a failure and he alone refusing to believe it. He attributed their want of success to every cause but the right one, and he went on squandering the money gained from his more successful novels on the production of bad plays. "The actors are duffers, sir," he would say, "who have defiled my composition, mixed ditch water with my champagne, murdered my work," and he would pour out maledictions on the heads of all who had anything to do with the unfortunate piece, from scenic artist to super, never conceiving that he himself was the sole culprit. And yet, as his novels show, he had dramatic ability of a high order and could produce the most thrilling effects and situations. He wrote two or three dramas in collaboration with Tom Taylor and Dion Boucicault that had a brief success, but apart from these he never wrote a play that met with the slightest degree of popular favor.

Poultry Fakes.

"Oh, yes," said the poultry farmer, "there are tricks in every trade! Take, for instance, this old rooster here." The rooster was old. There was no denying it. He was as tough an old rooster as ever graced the summer boarders' table of a New England farm.

"Take this old rooster," said the farmer, seizing a paint brush. "Black up his feet. Then break his breastbone, so, with a long pair of scissors. Then push the breast up high. What's the result? A fine young turkey's the result, and knowing housewives will scramble over one another to buy him."

With a harsh laugh the farmer turned to a skeleton chicken. "This bird is a regular skeleton, isn't she?" he said. "Now watch me. See. I lay her on her back. Then I place this heavy board on her breast. Then tomorrow when I come to take her to market the board will have made her scraggy breastbone almost invisible, and it will have given her very full, plump sides—no breastbone, fat sides—the sure signs of a fat and tender young chicken."

Still Vacant.

He was a dude of the would be masher type, and, tripping down the aisle of the parlor car, he dropped into a seat beside a pretty girl.

"Nobody — er — occupying this seat with you, miss?" he queried.

With a disdainful look, she replied in a tone redolent with sarcasm: "No, sir Nobody yet."—Chicago News.

War Veterans And Pension Legislation.

Republican Party Wholly Responsible For Caring For Old Soldiers.

Democrats Opposed All Friendly Aid — A Damning Record. Taft Great Friend of G. A. R.

The Republican party has just cause to be proud of its pension record. With the aid of patriotic men from other parties it waged to a successful conclusion the greatest war of modern times.

It has never ceased to honor the officers and men who composed the victorious army. Every Republican president elected since the close of that war had been a conspicuous officer of the Federal army with the exception of President Roosevelt, whose brilliant record in the Spanish war is a matter of just pride to the American people.

Republican Pension Legislation.

Republican legislation for the old soldier, his widow and his minor children has been generous and bountiful. The invalid pension law of July 14, 1862, and the dependent law of June 27, 1890, are monuments of Republican achievement and bear witness to the country's tender care of its soldiers and its sailors and their families.

The act of June 27, 1890, is a fitting illustration of the generosity of the Republican party toward the veterans of the civil war. This law was passed by a Republican congress, was signed by a Republican president, and through its administration there was expended during the next fiscal year a total amount of $68,798,860.71. The number of soldiers receiving the benefit of this act was 443,721, while the number of the dependents relieved by this act was 171,259. The gains in the number of pensioners under this act over the previous year was 8,643, and the gain from June 30, 1890, to Jan. 5, 1904, was 4,993.

The Republican party passed the act of April 19, 1908, increasing pensions of all widows from $8 to $12 per month and granting pensions without reference to the value of property or income. The Republican party also passed the act of Feb. 6, 1897, granting pensions to soldiers by reason of age alone, without regard to disability.

Democratic Opposition Record.

The Democratic party, as such, has opposed every measure voting appropriations for pensions. Its record for the past forty years is one of opposition to those men who bore the hardships of war and jeopardized their lives that the Union might be preserved. Here is a brief list of their official adverse acts in congress toward the veterans of the civil war:

In 1878 a bill passed the house repealing all limitations of time in which applications for arrears of pensions should be made. This was opposed by a majority of the Democrats. The bill increasing the pensions for widows from $8 to $12 per month was opposed by the Democrats. The amputation bill passed Aug. 4, 1896, was opposed by the Democrats and voted for solidly by the Republicans in the house. The widows' arrears bill and the disability pension bill were both fought bitterly by the Democrats.

In the Forty-third congress a dependent pension bill was voted on in the senate, the Republicans supporting it solidly and the Democrats opposing it by a two-third vote. In the house this bill was voted for solidly by Republicans and opposed by a majority of the Democrats. After it had passed the house and senate it was vetoed by President Cleveland, a Democrat. An effort was made in the house to pass the bill over Cleveland's veto, the Republicans voting 138 for it and the Democrats voting 125 against it.

This vote showed that twenty-nine Democrats who had originally voted for the bill hastened to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by the president's veto to vote against it, thus testifying their real sentiments, while twenty other Democrats who had dodged the first vote came up promptly and supported the veto. The dependent pension bill was bitterly opposed by the Democrats, the Republicans putting it through despite the opposition. This bill, as the old soldiers well know, was promptly signed by President Harrison.

Democrats Dislike Veterans.

To sum up, the following gives the total of fourteen votes of congress upon the most important of the various pension measures presented since the war—viz:

Democrats for the bills	417
Democrats against the bills	648
Republicans for the bills	1,066
Republicans against the bills	None

The official records of national legislation show that of all the Republican presidents since the war only one has withheld his signature from any pension bill, and that was General Grant, who was forced to decline to approve five of these bills. The Democrats have been in power for only a few brief years since the war, and their president, Grover Cleveland, vetoed 529 pension bills. The records show that every pension law has been passed by Republican votes, and every pension bill defeated has been defeated by Democratic votes. Every pension bill vetoed, 529 in number, was vetoed by a Democratic president except five.

Pension Planks In Platforms.

For the past fifty years the Democratic politicians have juggled with the soldier vote and pension question in their platforms. While giving every evidence of being really hostile at heart, they have thrown out bits of political bait from time to time in the hope of cajoling the veterans into voting the Democratic ticket. During all these years the Republican platform has rung as clear as a bell on the pension question, as per this plank in the 1908 platform:

"Another Republican policy which must ever be maintained is that of generous provision for those who have fought the country's battles and for the widows and orphans of those who have fallen. We commend the increase in the widows' pensions made by the present congress and declare for a liberal administration of all pension laws, to the end that the people's gratitude may grow deeper as the memories of the heroic sacrifice grow more sacred with the passing years."

The Democratic platform favors pensioning "the surviving veterans and their dependents because it relieves the country of the necessity of maintaining a large standing army." The patriotism of the veterans is ignored. This platform does not favor pensioning widows and dependents of deceased veterans, only "surviving veterans and their dependents."

BUCKNER BOLTS BRYAN

Veteran Kentucky Democrat Criticises Nebraskan.

CALLS HIM "JACK O' LANTERN."

Declares For Taft as a Man Qualified by Training and Experience to Discharge the Duties of the Presidency.

General Simon Bolivar Buckner of Kentucky, the nominee of the sound money Democrats in 1896, having been asked by a sound money Democrat of Missouri for an expression of opinion on the present political situation, says:

Mr. Bryan's platform has many planks which express an ardent wish to see many things accomplished, but it seems impotent to suggest any policy which will tend to promote the desired results.

It seems that in his whole political career he has been flitting from place to place, flashing in every direction a sort of jack o' lantern, as a beacon light, to attract to his support numerous political bands wandering through a wilderness of error, each in pursuit of its own special will o' the wisp, each straying farther than the other from the plain highway of Democracy and having but one purpose in common—the overthrow of the existing order of society and the erection upon its ruins of a governmental fabric which, if constructed, must inevitably crumble under the mutually repellent action of its own discordant elements, leaving behind only a nihilistic chaos from which it would require generations of mankind to evolve a sane and stable government.

I believe there is enough of true patriotism in all the parties of our country to save us from the perils that threaten the destruction of our institutions.

S. B. BUCKNER.

Explanatory, Not Exclamatory.

[Hartford Courant.]

Judge Taft is not an exclamatory man, but an explanatory man. He is not denunciatory, but analytic. His mind does not ring, but it thinks. His nature is not pugnacious, but conciliatory. His attitude is not that of an opponent, but that of an intelligent and candid friend. His instinct is to deal fairly and justly by all men, no matter what they think or say about him—to abhor the sin, but to deal kindly with the sinner. He does not play upon public emotions—he does not know how—but he both knows how and has the courage to enlighten the public sense. He is a serene, instructed, experienced and self reliant figure in the noisy whirl of our politics.

So Bad as That!

A young medical student who was calling upon a girl volunteered to sing and help entertain the company which arrived unexpectedly. At the end of his second solo he turned to the young lady and remarked: "I am thinking of taking vocal lessons. Do you know of a good teacher?"

"Yes, indeed," was the quick reply, "I know the very one for you. Here is his address," and she scribbled the name on a card, giving it to the student.

Next day he called up the teacher by telephone: "Is this the instructor of vocal music?"

"The what?" was the answer.

"The vocal teacher?" was repeated.

"Naw," came the reply, "I don't teach nothing. I file saws!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Most Northern Canada.

Of the possibilities of extreme northern Canada a traveler writes: "The country that one passes through from Athabasca Landing down to the Arctic Red river is full of vegetation and will, in my opinion, one day be settled. In all the mission gardens at the different posts that I passed I saw wheat and barley growing, potatoes, lettuces, turnips, carrots and every kind of vegetable that one grows in one's own garden at home. The country is thickly timbered near the banks of the river, and there are few places in which you do not find large patches of prairie. You pass by a great outrush of natural gas, and oil is oozing out for miles along the river bank."

A Sense of Propriety.

"So you stole this man's ax?" said the judge.

"Yessah. I reckons dar ain' no use tryin' ter spute de facts."

"What did you do that for? He said he would have been perfectly willing to lend you the ax."

"Yes; but you see, jedge, dat man's on'y jes' moved in de neighborhood. I doesn' know him wel enough ter go 'roun' ter his house borryin'."—Washington Star.

Hard to Say.

"If your mother bought four baskets of grapes, the dealer's price being a quarter a basket, how much money would the purchase cost her?" asked the new teacher.

"You never can tell," answered Tommy, who was at the head of his class. "Ma's great at bargaining!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Accepted.

"Quills has had a story accepted at last," remarked a journalist to a colleague.

"Surely not," was the rejoinder.

"Yes. He went home at 2 o'clock this morning with an awful yarn, and his wife believed it."

A Big Door.

The following is a copy of a bill posted on the wall of a country village in England: "A lecture on total abstinence will be delivered in the open air, and a collection will be made at the door to defray expenses."

Weeds and bad habits are about the only things that grow without any help. —Chicago Record-Herald.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson V.—Fourth Quarter, For Nov. 1, 1908.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, II Sam. xv, 1-12. Memory Verses, 5, 6—Golden Text, Ex. xx, 12—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

It was a rare thing that the Lord was able to write of Abraham, "I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord" (Gen. xviii, 19). It is written of so good a man as Eli that his sons were sons of Belial. They made themselves vile, and he restrained them not, and the Lord looked upon that as honoring his sons above God. He did reason with his sons, but he did not command or restrain them (I Sam. ii, 12, 24, 29; iii, 13). David had one son, a fine looking fellow, whom he never even displeased by asking him, Why hast thou done so? (I Kings i, 5, 6.) But he turned out very badly. He had a beautiful name, Adonijah, which means Jehovah is my Lord, but a beautiful name or form or features count for nothing if the heart is not right with God. Absalom's name signifies "father of peace," and there was not a more beautiful man in all Israel (II Sam. xiv, 25, 26), but we see him in today's lesson ready to dethrone and kill his own father.

Absalom, having slain his brother Amnon, fled to Talmai, king of Geshur, his mother's father, and was there three years (II Sam. xiii, 37, 38; iii, 3), but David longed to see him. Joab, perceiving David's longing for Absalom, brought it about through a wise woman of Tekoa (chapter xiv), so Absalom returned to Jerusalem, and yet he was there two full years without seeing his father's face (xiv, 28). In due time Absalom and his father met. The king kissed him (verse 33), Then follows the lesson of today, wherein we see Absalom stealing the hearts of the men of Israel and under the pretense of keeping a vow to the Lord at Hebron caused himself to be proclaimed king, saying, "Absalom reigneth in Hebron" (verse 10). He sent for his father's counselor, Ahithophel, and took with him 200 men from Jerusalem, who went in their simplicity and knew not anything, and so the people increased continually with Absalom, and the conspiracy against David was strong (verses 11, 12).

God calls Israel His son, His firstborn, and said of him, "Thy beauty was perfect through my comeliness, which I had put upon thee," and called him the dearly beloved of His soul and yet had to say, "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against Me," although nothing could possibly be done for them that He had not done. See in confirmation of these statements Ex. iv, 2, 23; Ezek. xvi, 14; Jer. xii, 7; Isa. i, 2; v, 4. Then when Jesus came in humiliation as their Messiah they despised Him and rejected Him and killed Him, and the night before they crucified Him He went forth with His little band over the same Kidron and to the same Olivet (verses 23, 30), for the people had said, "We have no king but Caesar." In due time Absalom was slain, and David returned to his throne and kingdom. So in due time the great adversary shall perish and Jesus shall reign (Rev. xx, 1-3, 10; xi, 15). David did not return until the men of Judah as one man sent him this word, "Return thou and all thy servants" (xix, 14), and we cannot but wonder what might take place if in response to our Lord's threefold "Surely I come quickly" of Rev. xxii the church should as one person cry, "Amen! Even so come, Lord Jesus!" With all her divisions and on the part of the majority no expectation of His return we cannot think that the church ever will be of one accord on this point, but we rejoice to believe that in the fullness of time, the church being completed, He will come to the air to welcome her to Himself and then return with her in His glory for this same Israel's benefit and to subdue all things unto Himself.

During the time of His rejection may we be found like the servants of verse 15, the 600 of verse 18 and those of verse 21. It is surely a small thing for us to say as His redeemed, and yet something we ought to say, "Behold, thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint" and hold ourselves for any manner of service wholly at His commandment (I Chron. xxviii, 21). The 600 recall the whole Adullam story of the faithful followers and their reward when he came to the throne. Ittai and his memorable words, "As the Lord liveth and as my Lord the King liveth, surely in what place my Lord the King shall be, whether in death or life, even there also will thy servant be," remind us of the devotion of Ruth, another gentile, and point us on to the time when all gentile nations shall manifest a similar devotion to Israel because of the Lord who shall reign in their midst. David's submission to God is seen in his sending back the ark of the covenant to Jerusalem, saying, "If I shall find favor in the eyes of the Lord He will bring me again,

* * * behold, here am I. Let him do to me as seemeth good unto Him" (verses 24-26). He was filled with sorrow, yet his mind was stayed upon Jehovah. Our blessed Lord in the midst of His great sorrow gave the disciples His peace and prayed that they might have His joy, a peace and joy independent of circumstances because it cometh from God.

Soda and Water.

For sheer simplicity of phrase and conception few have surpassed that delightful old lady who, with a shrewd twinkle in her eye, inquired whether "soda water" should be written as two separate words or if there should be a siphon between them.

The Wrong Heart.

"Mr. Bubkins," said the proud father, shaking the young man warmly by the hand, "let me tell you that you are a man after my own heart."

"Oh, no, sir," protested the blushing suitor; "I'm after your daughter's!"—London Answers.

No Leak.

"Suppose," hissed the villain, "suppose our plot should leak out?"

"That's all right," said his accomplice consolingly. "It can't. Don't you remember telling me five minutes ago that it had thickened?"

The wealth of a man is the number of things he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.—Carlyle.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 55 p m, 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p. m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908. cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6 52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

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Boston & Northern Street R. R.

Leave Woburn for Melrose Highlands at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 8.15 A. M., then every hour until 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.15, P. M.

Leave Melrose Highland for Stoneham and Woburn at 5 00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 7.30 A. M., then every hour until 1.30 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.30, P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn for Melrose Highlands at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.15 P. M.

Leave Melrose Highlands for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Sept. 14, 1908.

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Notice To Patrons,

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5 30, 5.45, 6 00, 6.30, 6 45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5 20, 5.50, 6.05, 6 20, 6,50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5 40, 6.10, 6.25, 6 40, 7.10, 7 25, 7.40, 8.10 A M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6 45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8 00, 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6 20, 6 50, 7.05, 7 20, 7.50, 8 05, 8 20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11 50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6 40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8 40, 9 10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6 30, 7 30, 8 00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6 50, 7.50, 8.20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8 10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect October 5, 1908

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55, †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8 21, †8.55, §9.23, †10.21, §11.01, †11.17 a. m., §12.05, †12.59, §2.00, †2 04, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4 22, †5.02, †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.

LOWELL — †8.20, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, †4 42, §5.28, †6.42, §9.27, †10.59, §11.02, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2-26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H. — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D 42 p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell. H Saturdays only.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, *Pas. Traf. Mgr.* C. M. BURT, *Gen. Pass. Agt.*

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

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13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
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23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works. North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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A FEUD AND ITS FINISH.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Amelia Vernet sat out on the sand spit waiting for the turn of the tide. She had become absorbed in her sketching, and time had passed unnoticed until the curling swish of water told her that the sand spit had become a temporary island.

It was midday now, and she could not hope to reach the mainland before 5 o'clock—unless she waded. Amelia looked down at her pretty tan shoes and then turned and peered over the sand dunes toward the town.

A narrow channel of choppy water cut off escape for the present. Out in the bay a few sails flashed in the sunlight, but none was within hailing distance.

Amelia picked up her pencil and returned to her sketch book. "Aunt Tom will be worried," she thought, "if I don't return to luncheon, and yet—she will have the satisfaction of knowing that her predictions have been fulfilled—at last the tide has caught me on the sand spit!"

A shadow fell across the open book. Amelia lifted a startled face to meet the astonished glance of a tall young man.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered, lifting his white canvas hat. "I thought I had the island to myself."

"I wish you had," said Amelia plaintively; "the turn of the tide is responsible for my presence here."

"Mine too. I became interested in this confounded book, and I was dozing comfortably when the water crept around my ankles and woke me up." He thumped viciously upon the offending volume and cast it from him. "I suppose there is no escape until 3 or 4 o'clock."

"None," sighed Amelia, "and nothing to eat!"

"Wait; we'll see about that." The stranger disappeared behind the dune, and Melia saw him making haste toward the narrow inlet.

"How shocked Aunt Tom would be if she could see me talking to a perfect stranger, but—I am quite sure he is a gentleman, and he must be staying at one of the plantations near by. His face is familiar, and yet"—

He came around the dune and sat down on the sand beside her. "I hope you will share my luncheon," he said courteously. "A thoughtful aunt prepared it for me against possible starvation between an 8 o'clock breakfast and a 12:30 luncheon." He opened the good sized basket which he had brought and removed a snowy fringed napkin.

"You're awfully kind," murmured Amelia hungrily. "I hope I'm not robbing you."

"Not in the least. We are castaways and must make the best of the food we have saved," he said gayly.

"There should be a cask of water and some tinned things."

"Here are a flask of lemonade and a cup, chicken salad sandwiches, poundcake and grapes—a very ladylike repast!"

The young man spread a napkin in Amelia's lap and helped her generously. "You were sketching?" he ventured, glancing down at her drawing materials.

"Yes, a little—the marsh and the sloping hill beyond, with its masses of cedar and pine. Would you like to see it?" asked Amelia frankly.

"Yes," he replied, taking the book and opening at the page she indicated. In one corner she had inscribed her signature in bold black characters, "Amelia Vernet." He glanced at the name, and his eyes shot a peculiar look at the girl.

Amelia was looking at his strong brown fingers clasping the sketch book. Very capable, fine muscled digits they were too.

"Your sketch is good," he said sincerely, putting the book aside.

When the last crumb of poundcake had disappeared Amelia sighed contentedly. "That was the most delicious meal I ever ate," she said gratefully.

"Aunt Tom is a famous cook," he replied carelessly as he returned the napkins to the basket.

"Aunt Tom!" repeated Amelia. She seemed to stiffen under his look of mild surprise.

"Why not? A man may have an Aunt Thomasina, may he not?" Amelia flushed at the mischievous look in his gray eyes.

"Of course," she said, with reserve. "Only, you see, I have an Aunt Thomasina too."

"Not an Aunt Tom Forrest, I'll be bound," said her companion.

"No, but an Aunt Tom Vernet," announced Amelia haughtily.

"Oh, by Jove! A great-aunt?"

"Yes."

"So's mine. Then I went to school with you! You remember Donald Forrest?" he asked eagerly.

Amelia arose to her feet and shook the sand from her white skirt. She looked very young and lovely standing there in the brilliant October sunshine with the blue sky reflected in her eyes. She also looked very cruel and quite like a lady in a tragedy when she looked down at him.

"I believe I remember you," she said coldly. "I also remember the family feud. No Vernet ever speaks to a Forrest—willingly. But I have partaken of your lunch, sir, and I thank you for your courtesy. You will excuse me if I return to my sketching."

Forrest jumped to his feet. The red blood mounted to his dark forehead, and the angry light in his eyes seemed to leap like little flickering flames.

"It is a small matter, madam. A Forrest is courteous to friend or enemy. I will not intrude upon you longer." He picked up his lunch basket and, with a low bow, disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

Amelia sat down again, feeling very small and mean. It was quite evident that the heir of the house of Forrest would have ignored the feud if she, the last save one of the Vernets, had chosen to overlook the antipathy that had lasted for sixty long years.

But Amelia Vernet was Virginian to the core, and, although she never really knew the cause of the estrangement between the two families, she had loyally nursed the tradition.

And here was a young man, last of the Forrests, as Amelia was last of the Vernets, and they must carry on the feud. Amelia sighed involuntarily, for she had liked the young man who had been away so long and who must have recently returned.

There came a loud roar of thunder and a sudden darkening of the sun. Amelia looked timorously around at the threatening clouds.

There was a vivid flash of lightning. Amelia turned and fled toward the inlet. A boat was putting off from the mainland, and Forrest was watching it. He turned at the sound of Amelia's flying steps.

"I have signaled a boatman, Miss Vernet," he said politely; "he will put you ashore wherever you wish. If you do not object, I will accompany you. I do not relish the drenching that is coming."

Amelia blushed hotly. "Of course I do not object," she said, with embarrassment.

The drenching came before they reached the mainland. Amelia cowered in the bottom of the boat, while Forrest removed his coat and, in spite of her protests, threw it over her to shut out the lightning and rain.

At the landing an ancient servitor was seeking Miss Vernet, and he hurried his young mistress into the phaeton before she could properly thank Donald Forrest.

"Fo' de lan', Miss Melia, you' Aunt Tommy is nigh 'bout 'stracted," mumbled Uncle Aaron peevishly as he gathered up the reins.

A week later Amelia stood in the brown October garden among some late poppies. She looked pensively over the stone wall to where the bay sparkled and dimpled in the sunlight. There was a quick step beside her, and she looked up into Donald Forrest's smiling face.

"My Aunt Thomasina is calling upon your Aunt Thomasina," he said, removing his hat; "they sent me into the garden to find you and tell you the feud is off."

Amelia stared.

"I don't understand," she stammered.

"I looked up the cause of the feud and find that our great-grandfathers quarreled because each wanted to name his new daughter Thomasina. It was a distinctive name, and each craved its possession. I have argued with my aunt night and day—result, the two Thomasinas are drinking tea together. We cannot be so prejudiced as to"— He held out his hand.

"I'm so glad," said Amelia honestly as she placed her hand in his.

Trees and Landowners In England.

By the general laws of England oak, ash and elm are "timber" if not younger than twenty years or so old that a good post cannot be cut from them. What constitutes "timber" varies slightly according to locality, but when a tree is proved to be "timber" a person who has only a life interest in the land it grows upon cannot cut it down unless it be on an estate cultivated solely for the production of salable "timber" or unless he has a special agreement giving him power to do so. A mere life tenant may not even cut down trees which are not "timber," but which would at the age of twenty years attain that dignity. Botanists differ as to the poisonous nature of yew trees. There are many instances both of their poisonous and their harmless effect when browsed by horses and cattle, but the partially dried clippings of yew are certainly most dangerous. If a yew tree overhangs a neighbor's land and his horses eat the yew without trespassing, the owner of the tree is liable to pay for any injury the horses may sustain. On the other hand, if the horses or cattle cannot browse on the tree without putting their heads over the fence the owner of the horses must bear the loss, for his animals have trespassed.—London Answers.

When Victoria Laughed.

One day during Queen Victoria's reign three children were walking along the road between Windsor and Stoke Poges. They heard the sound of carriage wheels. It was the queen's carriage, and she was in it.

The oldest child, a little boy, had been reading stories of eastern life and fairy tales. He knew what was due a queen and cried to the others:

"Get down flat in the dust before the carriage, and we'll all call out together, 'Oh, queen, live forever!'"

Down went the three little bodies flat in the dust, much to the astonishment of the coachman, who reined up sharply.

The queen leaned forward and asked: "What in the world is the matter, children? Are you frightened?"

Three voices came out of the dust in a smothered treble:

"Yes, O queen!"

Then there was a pause, and one reproachful voice said, "There, we forgot the 'live forever' part."

The queen understood at once and laughed aloud, as her coachman afterward said, "more heartily than she had laughed for years."—London Queen.

Like Father Like Son.

Four-year-old Clyde was a precocious youngster—very talkative and a close observer. He and his father were strolling through the meadows one morning when Clyde observed for the first time some tadpoles in a pond. He waded in and cried out, "Oh, father, what are they?"

"Tadpoles, son," the father replied.

"Please, father, let's take them all home with us, then come back and find the mamma and papa, and we'll have the whole family in our pond at home."

The father explained how impossible this would be, and as they walked on a few steps a large, ugly frog hopped across their path. Clyde's father said: "Look, son. Perhaps there is the papa."

Clyde was very thoughtful. He looked at the frog, then at his father, then at himself and exclaimed:

"Well, father, was there ever so much difference between me and you?" —Delineator.

LONDON GAMING DENS

The Way the Police Descend Upon Them In a Raid.

SKILL, CUNNING AND DARING.

Absolute Secrecy Is Maintained by the Officials, and the Policemen Are Kept In the Dark Until the Last Moment—Getting Into the Club.

The police have recently carried out some sensational raids on big gaming clubs, and it may be interesting to learn how these raids are effected. This is how it is done in London: As soon as the detectives' suspicions have been confirmed they apply to the commissioner of police for a warrant to enter. The warrant authorizes certain officers mentioned by name to enter the club in the name of the king. Ordinary policemen are not permitted to carry out a raid, but the detectives can call upon them for assistance at the critical moment.

Absolute secrecy is enforced right up to the moment of entry. There is no excitement at the station on that day, and the men on duty have no suspicion of what is in the wind. Plans of the house are drawn and carefully studied by the raiding officers, for the doorkeeper of the club is prepared at the slightest alarm to send a warning to his customers, and every vestige of gambling apparatus will mysteriously disappear and the raid fail. A carefully planned ruse, therefore, has to be evolved which will disarm suspicion.

During the day a body of "reserve" policemen will receive a communication from the station that they will be required to parade at a certain hour, and they meet with no idea of what is expected of them. They are drawn up in line, and after names have been called over they are dismissed from the station one by one, with the injunction to be in the immediate neighborhood of a certain street in a couple of hours and not to get near the spot before the prearranged moment.

The first officer to appear on the scene is the one in charge of the raid. He is always disguised and usually looks like a well dressed man about town. He passes the club carelessly, but it is sufficient for him to learn from a confederate inside that gaming has commenced. A policeman then saunters to the corner of the street and stays there as though he were on "point" duty. Then, not till then, is the information of the precise club to be raided secretly conveyed to the attacking force in their hiding places, while the club, unconscious of its impending fate, pursues its gambling.

The first difficulty to surmount is to get past the burly doorkeeper. If this is not successfully done the raid will end in failure. Presently the sound of a drunken song is heard in the distance, and two apparently rough looking men come staggering along. As they near the entrance to the club they begin disputing and soon come to blows. The doorkeeper peeps through the wicket and orders the men away. One of the men rushes at the wicket and challenges the doorkeeper to "come outside like a man" and at the same time shouts out something about the character of the house. The combatants continue fighting, and the officer at the corner comes along and orders them away. The men return, however, to "have it out with the doorkeeper." The noise increases, attracting homeward bound gentlemen in evening dress, who gather round and urge the men on.

The doorkeeper by this time becomes alarmed, for the rowdy crowd will frighten away his clients. Perhaps just at this moment a member of the club arrives and seeks admission. The door is opened with the utmost caution to admit him. Before he has time to fasten it the two officers hastily secure the member and rush upstairs. The two combatants were disguised policemen and the onlookers detectives.

As soon as an entrance into the club has been effected the constable at the corner sounds his whistle, and before the sound has died away the whole neighborhood is alive with police. If the house boasts of a trapdoor on the roof, the flash of lanterns will be seen up there, the men having been concealed among the chimney pots since it was dark. The front door is secured, and the police form a guard around the house, so that escape is impossible.

Meantime the scene upstairs is one of the wildest excitement. The gamblers, intent on business, had not noticed the scuffle in the passage, and the first intimation they get of the state of affairs is when the door is thrown open and the officer in charge calls on them to regard themselves as his prisoners. Then they realize their position. The tables are overturned, and card counters and money roll all over the floor as the members endeavor to escape. They make for the street door, but, balked in this direction, hurry to all parts of the house to hide.

The crestfallen members of the club are conveyed to the station, each in the custody of two officers. Then the house is searched for the gaming apparatus. Every inch of the place is examined, for gamblers have remarkable contrivances whereby they can hide their apparatus in the event of being raided. Tops of tables are knocked off, flooring taken up and walls searched for secret cupboards. Yards of chalked string are regarded as prizes, and with these and more apparent proofs the case is ready for the magistrate. The evidence is laid before him, and the proprietor and members are charged and the sentence passed or a heavy fine imposed on the prisoners.—London Tit-Bits.

Never Touched Him.

Landlady (to new boarder, crushingly)—Mr. Newcome, that is the cream and not the milk you are pouring on your oatmeal. It was intended for the coffee. Mr. N.—Oh, never mind, Mrs. Balkins. I like it just as well.

Let those who would affect singularity with success first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular.—Walter Colton.

BROILED OWL.

The Feeling In Camp Before and After the First Nibble.

I told the guides that it would be better to begin supper right away in order that we might not get too hungry before the owl was done. I thought them slow in their preparations for the meal. It was curious, too, for I had promised them they should have a piece of the bird. Del was generous. He said he would give his to Charles; that he never really cared much for birds anyhow. Why, once, he said, he shot a partridge and gave it away, and he was hungry too. He gave it to a boy that happened along just then, and when another partridge flew up he didn't even offer to shoot it. We didn't take much stock in that story until it dawned upon us that he had shot the bird out of season, and the boy had happened along just in time to be incriminated by accepting it as a present. It was better to have him as a partner than a witness.

Wood was gathered then, and the fire blazed. The owl's breast—fat and fine it looked—was in the broiler and on the fire. There it cooked—and cooked. Then it cooked some more and sent up an appetizing smell. Now and then I said I thought the time for it had come, but there was a burden of opinion that more cooking would benefit the owl. Meantime we had eaten a pan or two of trout and a few other things, the bird, of course, being later in the bill of fare. At most dinners I have attended this course is contemplated with joy. It did not seem to be on this occasion. Eddie agreed with Del that he had never cared much for bird anyway and urged me to take his share. I refused to deprive him of it. Then he said he didn't feel well and thought he really ought not to eat anything more. I said grimly that possibly this was true, but that he would eat the owl.

It was served then, fairly divided and distributed, as food is when men are on short rations. I took the first taste—I was always venturesome—a little one. Then immediately I wished I had accepted Eddie's piece. But meantime he had tasted, too—a miserly taste—and then I couldn't have got the rest of it for money.

For there was never anything so good as that breast of young owl. It was tender, it was juicy, it was as delicately flavored as a partridge almost. Certainly it was a dainty morsel to us, who had of late dealt so largely in fish diet. Had we known where the rest of that brood of owls had flown we should have started after them then and there.—Albert Bigelow Paine in Outing Magazine.

A SURPRISING WEDDING.

It Gave a Shock to the Lady Who Was So Anxious to See It.

An elderly American authoress asked me to conduct her to a place where she could see a workman's wedding, as she required it for a new novel, writes the Paris correspondent of the London Gentlewoman. To oblige the lady I took her to the Lac Saint-Fargeau, an establishment at the top of the steep Rue de Belleville.

It was still early when we reached the place, and no brides or bridegrooms were visible as yet. At last two char-a-bancs drove up to the door, and a noisy company alighted, all smoking cigarettes, including the bride, which shocked my friend exceedingly.

The company then sat down to luncheon, and we watched them from a distance, while a photographer took up his position near us. The meal did not last very long and ended in the bride performing a jig on the table, while the guests danced around her. They then started games, hide and seek, etc., and while the bridegroom had his back turned the bride threw her arms round the neck of a red haired youth.

This led to a fight between the two. The melee became general, the bride pulling off her wreath and throwing it at her father-in-law's head. My friend looked on in breathless excitement, while the guests jumped over the tables and chairs, but when the bride turned a somersault, alighting on the bridegroom's shoulders, the good lady's indignation rose to a high pitch, and it was only then that I told her what I —and the reader no doubt, too—guessed long before, that they were a party of acrobats rehearsing a scene for a cinematograph company.

The Smart Set.

A lady in a town lying under the Rockies was much distressed at hearing a small clique in her town refer to themselves as the "smart set." She appealed to an ex-United States senator and asked him what he understood by the term "the smart set." He replied: "I think I can give you an inkling. In the eastern part of Colorado and in the western part of Nebraska there is a large tract of land known as the 'rain belt.' It never rains there."—Argonaut.

Cure Your Dandruff

Why? Because it is annoying, untidy. And mostly, because it almost invariably leads to baldness. Cure it, and save your hair. Get more, too, at the same time. All easily done with Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula. Stop this formation of dandruff!

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's

Formula with each bottle
Show it to your doctor
Ask him about it, then do as he says

The new Ayer's Hair Vigor will certainly do this work, because, first of all, it destroys the germs which are the original cause of dandruff. Having given this aid, nature completes the cure. The scalp is restored to a perfectly healthy condition.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

THE BOTTLE TREE.

A Life Saver For Cattle During the Australian Droughts.

"It was like a real bottle, thirty feet high, covered with the bark of a box tree and with a gum tree growing out where the cork ought to be."

Such was the way in which an Englishman described the first bottle tree which came under his notice, and truly one who does not know the tree its sudden appearance in his pathway, often in the midst of dense scrub, must make a vivid impression.

The lower part of the trunk is thick and cylindrical, decreasing in size toward the top, its shape being that of a gigantic living bottle, from the neck of which spring the only branches and leaves that the tree possesses. In this respect it carries to an excess the peculiarity of most Australian trees—namely, their lack of branches for a considerable distance up the stem.

The bark is of grayish color and is very hard, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, but the wood inside is soft and moist. The latter can be chewed in the same way as sugar cane, but as it lacks its sweet, pleasant taste it is rarely used in this way. This peculiar characteristic of the tree, however, makes it a valuable food for cattle.

Indeed, during the long droughts which occasionally visit Australia hundreds of settlers have to thank the bottle tree for saving them from ruin. Sometimes for more than a year and in the inland districts for still longer periods scarcely a drop of rain falls.

Every blade of grass is dried, tanks become empty, creeks no longer run and in many cases dry up altogether, as do nearly all water holes and lagoons; cultivation is impossible, and fodder for cattle and horses is extremely difficult to procure. Then the bottle tree comes to the rescue. Every scrub is searched for these living bottles, and everywhere is heard the ringing of axes as the strange, attractive trees are laid low.

As soon as the trunk has been stripped of its bark the cattle are brought to it if within easy distance, and there they remain till neither leaves nor wood is left. In places where the settlers have no scrubs of their own they will drive many miles in order to obtain a wagon load of this great treasure.

Sometimes instead of allowing the animals free access to the tree the settlers cut the trunk into strips, put the strips through the cutter and thus make a substitute for proper chaff.

In many instances during a drought, except for prickly pears and the foliage of trees, cattle are fed on these living bottles alone, and they have been the means of saving large quantities of stock.

It seems strange that in the absence of rain these trees should retain their moist interior, as the majority of others look dry and drought stricken.

But throughout all the bottle tree flourishes, lifting its dark green leaves toward the sky, whither the farmers and squatters turn longing eyes in hopes of the wished for rain.

When the dry season ends and the land in a very few weeks is covered with fresh green grass, the work of the bottle tree is done. But, mindful of its past usefulness, no farmer unless under absolute necessity fells this tree, and it may often be seen standing in solitary grandeur, its strange shape outlined against the blue sky, while the land at its base has been put under cultivation or has been converted into grazing grounds for the cattle.

Homemade Barometer.

Those who love experimentation may try the following method of making a cheap barometer practiced in France: Take eight grams of pulverized camphor, four grams of pulverized nitrate of potassium, two grams of pulverized nitrate of ammonia and dissolve in sixty grams of alcohol. Put the whole in a long, slender bottle closed at the top with a piece of bladder containing a pinhole to admit the air. When rain is coming the solid particles will tend gradually to mount, little star crystals forming in the liquid, which otherwise remains clear. If high winds are approaching the liquid will become thick, as if fermenting, while a film of solid particles forms on the surface. During fair weather the liquid will remain clear and the solid particles will rest at the bottom.

Rival Dignities.

An Englishman, fond of boasting of his ancestry, took a coin from his pocket and, pointing to the head engraved on it, said, "My great-great-grandfather was made a lord by the king whose picture you see on this shilling."

"What a coincidence," said his Yankee companion, who at once produced another coin. "My great-great-grandfather was made an angel by the Indian whose picture you see on this cent."

No Witnesses.

"You are charged with stealing nine of Colonel Henry's hens last night. Have you any witnesses?" asked the justice sternly.

"Nussah!" said Brother Jones humbly. "I s'pecks I's sawtuh peculiar dat-uh-way, but it ain't never been mah custom to take witnesses along when I goes out chicken stealin', suh."

The Complete Alpinist.

The young millionaire had climbed the Jungfrau, Monck and Eiger.

"It is more dangerous work than motoring," he said, "and, dear me, how the climber is loaded down. He resembles a peddler more than anything else. He carries wood to make a fire with. He carries nails for his boots. He carries a lamp. He also has an ax wherewith to cut steps for himself in perpendicular ice walls, and he has a cord wherewith to rope himself to his companions, and he has a staff to help him up and down the steeps. In the sack on his back there are all sorts of things—tubes of concentrated soup, tea, coffee, candles, socks, extra shirts, gloves, pins, brandy, meat extract, smoked glasses. And dangling between his shoulders is a pair of snowshoes, without which in the hot August sun he would sink in the soft snow quite up to his knees at every step."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Sailors' Christening.

"The late Bishop Potter once in his early days had occasion to officiate at a christening in a small fishing village on the Massachusetts coast," says a writer in Harper's Weekly. "The proud father, a young fisherman, awkwardly holding his firstborn daughter, was visibly embarrassed under the scrutiny of the many eyes in the congregation, and his nervousness was not decreased by the sudden wailing of the infant as they stood at the front.

"When the time for the baptism of the babe arrived the bishop noticed that the father was holding the child so that its fat little legs pointed toward the font.

"'Turn her this way,' he whispered, but the father was too disconcerted to hear or understand.

"'Turn her feet around,' the bishop whispered again, but still there was no response. The situation was fast becoming critical, when an ancient mariner in the back of the church came to the rescue. Putting his weather beaten hand to his mouth, he roared across the room, "Head her up to the wind, Jack!'"

Throw 'Em Down Babies.

"I wonder," mused the young father, "what there is in a baby's makeup that prompts him to drop things. It isn't really dropping, though—it's throwing. My baby is good about sleeping and behaving when there is company, but everything he can snatch he immediately flings to the floor. I've noticed and known a lot of others, too, who do the same thing. It's not only the joy of throwing, but the delight in seeing somebody pick the stuff up. Babies certainly seem to take a fiendish delight in watching their fathers and mothers or nurses pick up the toys and other things which they throw out of their beds, carriages and chairs. My boy used to be quite pleased with a rubber toy attached by a string to his carriage so that it just escaped the ground. He would grin and dangle it for hours. Now he yells as soon as he discovers it is fastened, and the minute we give it to him loose, bang, it goes on to the ground, while he laughs aloud in his joy. There's probably a reason, and the psychologists will discover it some day."—Exchange.

The Holy Grail.

From a book reviewed a passage is quoted in which mention is made of "the holy grail, the sang-real or true blood of God." This used to be a common mistake, and so learned a man as Thomas Warton in his "Remarks on Spenser's Imitations From Old Romances" writes, "The holy grale, that is the real blood of our Blessed Saviour." But this is wrong. It is the holy grale, or vessel, and does not mean real blood, though it contained the real blood, collected by Joseph of Arimathea. It was made from a diamond and emerald which fell from the crown of Satan when he fought with Michael. M. de Villemarque, who has written about Armoric legends, says that this jewel was a diamond. The word greal is old French, as I understand, for I have no knowledge myself that it is so. In the legend of Percival it is shown that the grail is a vessel. "'The holy grail!' Percival heard whispered by one voice after another. Then from the shining vessel streamed an endless supply of the costliest dishes and wines."—London Notes and Queries.

A Poor Defense.

"Speaking of a poor defense," said a lawyer, "reminds me of the valet who was accused of drinking his master's wine. To this valet the master said:

"'Look here, you! I believe that you have been at this decanter of claret and then filled it up with water.'

"'Oh, no, sir,' said the valet in an aggrieved tone.

"'Well, it tastes like it,' said the master, and he set down his glass with a wry face.

"'Oh, no, sir,' said the valet excitedly. 'In the first place, sir, I never drink wine; in the second place, when I do drink it I never think of filling the bottle up with water, and, in the third place, when I do put water in I always am very careful to add a little brandy so that the wine may not lose its strength.'"

Two Great Orators.

As an orator Demosthenes was head and shoulders above Cicero the Roman. The great Athenian stands in a class all by himself, if we are to believe the consensus of learned opinion. Cicero, it is said, prided himself on his faculty of extemporizing at need, but probably trusted little to it on great occasions, while with Demosthenes it was the rule never to speak without the most careful preparation. The speeches of both were spoken without manuscript. They would never have made the reputation they did if they had been tied down to their notes.—New York American.

A Gallant Clergyman.

It is said that the Rev. Sydney Smith could be gallant as well as witty on occasion.

"Oh, Mr. Smith, I cannot bring this flower to perfection," said a young lady to him once as she showed him about her conservatory.

Whereupon he took her by the hand and said, "Then let me bring perfection to the flower."

A "Place of Learning."

Sydney Smith, once asked why a certain college was called a place of learning, replied that, although a great many had been there to get learning, no one had ever taken learning away; hence it was appropriately named.

Officeholders.

"Well, there's one thing to be said for public servants."

"What's that?"

"When you hire one you never have any trouble keeping him."—Cleveland Leader.

Out of Mind.

Fenton—At first he was simply crazy about her, but now he neglects her shamefully. Sloanes—I see. At first he went out of his mind, and then she went out of his mind."

No man can be wise on an empty stomach.—George Eliot.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, NOV. 6, 1908

A SWEEPING REPUBLICAN VICTORY.

William H. Taft was elected President of the United States last Tuesday by an overwhelming majority. His electoral vote was 309 to Bryan's 174, a clear majority of 235. The Republicans won all the doubtful states including New York, Ohio, Indiana and Delaware, and the Eastern States voted solidly for Taft. Hughes was elected Governor of New York by 57,000 plurality. Speaker Joe Cannon triumphed over his Illinois enemies by a handsome margin.

Massachusetts gave Taft 113,000 majority, and Draper, for Governor, 64,000 plurality, and even in Democratic Boston Bryan was only slightly ahead of Taft. It was a great turnover.

Twenty-four States gave Republican majorities, while Bryan carried but 16 It was a landslide for Taft—a thundering big tidal wave for the Republican Party. The Republicans will have the National House of Congress by 65 majority.

Bryan felt sure that he had won up to 9 o'clock Tuesday evening, and at 10 went to bed a badly beaten and unhappy man.

The reelection of Hughes for Governor of New York was a great moral, as well as political, victory for the Republicans.

Taft carried New York State by 204,000 plurality.

All of the New England States chose Taft electors by their usual majorities.

It was a magnificent triumph for the Republican Party, and the Roosevelt policies.

For Bryan it was "three misses and out" forever.

CITY ELECTION.

Now that the National and State elections are over it is in order for our home politicians, especially those who are seeking office, to gird up their loins, don their armor, and pitch in.

Who are to be the candidates for Mayor? It is not generally known whether Mayor Blodgett will take another nomination, or not; very likely he does not himself know what he will do with an urgent invitation to make another run.

It is reported that ex-Mayor Lawrence Reade will be in the fight, with a fair prospect of securing the Democratic nomination for a second term.

James H. Connolly, it is thought, will not be a candidate.

Some of the Democrats are hoping that ex-Mayor Hugh Murray will consent to become the Moses to lead them out of the wilderness.

Last week a delegation of Woburn clergymen, Rev.'s Norton, Parker and Swenssen, waited on Mayor Blodgett and urged him to accept another election.

Possibly there are dark horses who may put in an appearance at the "psychological moment" and knock present calculations all into pi.

THE HOLY NAME PARADE.

The greatest parade of which Boston has ever before been the scene was that of the Holy Name Society last Sunday afternoon, it being the concluding feature, with Te Deum at the cathedral, of the five days centennial celebration of the founding of the Roman Catholic See of Boston.

Not less than 40,000 old men, young men and boys made up the long line of marchers who kept step to the music of 72 bands, in view of nearly 275,000 deeply interested spectators who lined the streets.

The parade was reviewed by Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop O'Connell and Mayor Hibbard as it passed, each one of whom pronounced it the grandest spectacle he ever saw anywhere.

At 1 o'clock a special train, manned by those veteran railroaders Conductor Carton and Engineer Chase, took down to the city the St. Charles Society, about 300 in number, who were assigned to Division 11 in the parade. They were highly complimented for their good looks and excellent deportment.

The Companies were addressed by Rev. Fr. Keegan at the North Station as they boarded the train at 5 45 p. m for home.

KILLAM AND WALKER.

The JOURNAL'S Burlington correspondent had prepared the public mind for the election of Mr. Fred F. Walker as one of the Republican Representatives to the Legislature from this District, and his success at the polls was highly gratifying to his supporters. The vote, too, should have taught Mr. Pollock the folly of bolting regular nominations. He should have taken his caucus medicine in man fashion.

Killam and Walker will represent this District in an efficient and creditable manner.

	Flint	Killam	Pol'k	Walker
Woburn	890	983	910	1130
Burlington	19	63	65	86
Reading	303	729	148	664
No. Reading	37	104	21	120
Wilmington	22	140	36	142
	1287	1019	1180	2142

☞ The President has designated and set apart, by proclamation, Thursday, Nov. 26, as National Thanksgiving Day. The last Thursday of this month has become, by common consent and practice of all the States, the date for that annual festival, which is of New England origin, and held dear by everybody having Puritan blood in their veins—and others.

☞ We gather from the fifth annual report of the Charles River Basin Commission, of which our good friend, Hon. Joshua B. Holden, is a member, recently issued, with illustrations, that the total cost of the great enterprise from July 29, 1903, the date of the organization of the Commission, to Nov. 30, 1907, was $1,635,183 89, and that the work is progressing in the most satisfactory manner.

A DISTINGUISHED CONVERT.

In an address delivered at Cambridge one day last week President Eliot of Harvard University announced his conversion to the No License policy, to which he had always theretofore been opposed. He gave substantial reasons for his change of heart, and avowed his determination to advocate and vote for that policy in the future.

The conversion of President Eliot is a valuable acquisition to the No License ranks, which the No License League of Massachusetts, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and temperance people generally, must feel highly grateful for and proud of.

☞ Wisely, we think, the Boston *Herald* has abandoned its Sunday comic supplement and will have no more of it. The step will meet the hearty approval of people of good taste and judgment. The *Herald* should have discarded the nuisance long ago, and other Boston Sunday papers will do well to follow its example. The *Herald* promises to retain the pages of the comic (?) supplement, but will fill them with altogether different and better matter. Barring its political editorials, the Boston *Herald* is one of the best newspapers in New England—the leader, in fact, in gathering and publishing current news.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Edison Co.—Light.
City—Registry.
J. J. Ganey—Citation.
H. P. Johnson—Citation.

— Co. G are holding a series of pleasant and successful cotilion parties at the Armory this fall.

— There were flakes of snow hereabouts on Nov. 4, and Nov. 5 was the coldest day of the present Fall.

— It looks as though Woburn were wheeling into the Republican ranks. It gave Taft 162 plurality at last Tuesday's election.

— Mrs. Dr. F. W. Graves arrived at her home in this city from a visit of several months on the Pacific Coast last Saturday.

— The State Fish and Game Commissioners have been stocking the brooks, streams and ponds in this vicinity with trout lately.

— Mr. Andrew B. Brooks of Mishawum Road failed, from illness, to cast his vote for President last Tuesday, the first time he has missed it in 56 years.

— Mrs. Eugene H. Babbett of Concord is to deliver a lecture before the Woman's Club of this city on "The Modern Woman in Japan," this afternoon.

— October closed and November set in with some sharp winter weather. On several mornings the temperature was found to be considerably below the freezing point.

— Mr. Robert Potter from Wisconsin, who built what is known as the Castle on Greenwood avenue, is visiting his brother-in-law, Edgar Allen, in this city, having been away for more than 30 years.

— Splendid weather was vouchsafed for election day, and it was quite generally improved by the voters. Nobody could find an excuse for staying away from the polls in the weather conditions.

— Miss Marian T. Hosmer is authorized by the Editors of the *Federation Bulletin* the magazine issued for the benefit of Woman's Clubs, to take subscriptions for the year beginning in November.

— At the Lewis piano duet recital, 7 45 Monday, Nov. 9 in Unitarian vestry, songs will be sung by Mrs. Clara W. Jackson of Medford, soprano of the Meeting House Hill Dorchester church choir.

— Mr. John Brauer of Eastern avenue lost his vote last Tuesday for the first time for many years, being confined to his house by sickness. Here is hoping he will soon be well and round again.

— Mr. A. C. Floyd, a legal resident of Woburn, who has been in the Treasury Department many years, came home to vote for Taft last Tuesday. He is a loyal Republican and an excellent gentleman.

— This evening the South End Social Club are to give their annual concert and ball in Lyceum Hall. The Club have a large membership, and are prospering. A big attendance is expected this evening.

— Wonder if it is true, as contended by some people, that the automobile habit, if too freely indulged in, is deleterious to health? We heard a man the other day attribute a recent death to excessive auto driving.

— Some kind friend has sent us the "American Fleet Number" of the Australian *Town and Country Journal* of Aug. 19, which is splendidly illustrated with pictures of many of the American Fleet and their officers.

— The Gabalotte Club, which embrace in their list of members only young people of quality, held their first meeting of the present season last week, with Miss Maud H. Littlefield, by whom they were handsomely entertained.

— There were many Halloween parties in this city last Saturday evening, at which, reports say, the young people had fine times. There were no complaints of bad conduct on the part of the lively boys and girls in their street fun.

— It should be borne constantly in mind by thrifty and prudent housewives not only that Thanksgiving is near at hand, but that Fitz & Stanley, proprietors of the popular Boston Branch grocery, have everything needed to compose a bangup Thanksgiving dinner, except, perhaps, the turkey.

— Mr. L. D. Gibbs, Assistant Advertising Manager of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston, has kindly furnished the JOURNAL with a copy of the address delivered by Mr. Atkins, General Superintendent of the Company, on the occasion of the visit of a large number of newspaper men to the Company's plant in Boston on Oct. 28, which will receive proper attention in due season The journalists were treated to a fine banquet by the management.

Winter Uses for Electric Fan

Clears and keeps frost off show windows by circulating the air.

Maintains steady furnace draft and increases its capacity by setting Fan in window shaft (splendid for early morning).

Distributes warm air from radiator, or hot water register, doubles their capacity.

Circulates cold air through Refrigerators. Saves ice bills in winter.

Dries clothes in laundry, attic or cellar. Save time, no hanging out of doors to freeze, tear and soil.

Keeps air moving in kitchens, crowded rooms or smoking rooms.

Dries the hair after shampooing.

Let us tell you more.

EDISON ELECTRIC ILLUMINATING CO.

TELEPHONE OXFORD 3300 39 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

NEW FALL STYLES

—AT—

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Fine Tailors,

395 Main Street. - - - - - - Woburn

We desire to announce to the people of Woburn and vicinity that our

Vacuum Cleaning Wagon

is to be in town during the week of Nov 9th. We have already secured the cleaning of the FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH and several private buildings, and should be glad to give YOU an estimate on Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Bedding and Draperies.

Adams & Swett Cleansing Co.,

130 Kemble St., Roxbury, Mass.

Tel. Roxbury 1071—1299

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— The Woburn High School football team are to play here against the Punchard High School team of Andover this afternoon. It will be their second contest, the first one having been won by the Andover boys. It is expected that the home team will do some fine work on the field today.

— Antonio Guadno was fined $25 by the Police Court in Boston last Monday for carrying a 44-caliber revolver in his hip pocket. He said he lived in Woburn where, according to his story, they haven't a street light in the whole town, and as he was afraid to go home in the dark he carried the big shooter.

— Smith & Wallace, manufacturers of electrical and railroad supplies, whose address is Montvale station, Woburn, are doing a flourishing business at their factory, with additional orders for goods every week. They employ skilled workmen, and the character of their products stands second to none in this State.

— Dr. John Dumphy of Boston, has engaged Hon. John P. Feeney to defend his wife in a criminal prosecution for the alleged theft of jewelry from Charles E. Giles in Chicago valued at $10,000. The Chicago officers are trying to have Mrs. Dumphy, whose home is on Huntington avenue, Boston, extradited, which attempt Mr. Feeney is vigorously opposing.

— It is reported that candidates for the Board of Public Works continue to multiply and increase. It is generally thought that John Wallace, the only Republican candidate, will be elected to that office, for, besides receiving an undivided Republican support many Democrats will vote for him. Wallace would make a useful member of the Board.

— We trust it is not true, as rumored, that Baeder, Adamson & Co. are about to abandon their great glue manufacturing plant that has been in successful operation at East Woburn so many years, for to do so would be a loss to this city. The report says that the Company's design is to consolidate their branches at the main establishment in Philadelphia.

— The funeral of Ralph F. Goddard, held last Monday, was attended by a great number of people. Rev. H C. Parker conducted the religious exercises. Mishawum Club, of which the deceased was a member, was represented by Charles M. Wright, John W. Johnson, Dr. Robert Chalmers, Dr. H. G Blake, Edward Q Brackett William E. Beggs, Thomas H. Marrinan. E Q Brackett and Edward H Callahan represented the Woburn Lodge of Elks.

— Last Monday evening the Ladies Auxiliary of Charles Bowers Winn Camp, S. of V. gave a delightful entertainment in S. of V. Hall, which was well patronized and highly commended. It consisted of several parts, including a duet by Marcus H. Cotton and Irick Peters, which was greatly appreciated, and followed by "A Bachelor's Reverie," a pantomime, "Wanted a Wife," Readings by the accomplished young artist, Helen Sylvester, and a Bellamy Reel. There were dead loads of fun in the pieces, which the performers played with much skill and effect. It was a most enjoyable entertainment.

— It was on October 15, 1883, that Mr. A. H. Whitford, then but a lad, began his work as General Secretary of the Woburn Y M. C. A. in the Allen Block. On Oct. 15, 1908, Mr. Whitford's 25th anniversary in the work was celebrated by the Buffalo, N Y. Association, of which he has been General Secretary and principal promoter for many years. The Buffalo Y. M. C. A is one of the largest and most prosperous in this country, its success being largely due to the devotion and rare executive ability of Mr Whitford. At the celebration Mr. and Mrs Whitford were presented with a large picture of the Roman Forum, roses, and a chest of silver.

— Mayor William Edward Blodgett and the Mayoress are to give a dancing party to representatives of about sixty fraternal, benevolent and social societies and clubs of this city at which the Mayor has been the Guest of Honor during his two very efficient and popular administrations, on Friday evening, Nov. 13, instant, in Lyceum Hall. The announcement of the important event, beautifully engraved, says dancing will begin at eight o'clock. We trust it will be successful, although the day of the week (Friday), and the date of the month (13th), look just a little ominous It promises to be an occasion of rare pleasure for all who attend. A famous orchestra (probably Hern's) will furnish the music.

— Mrs. C. E. Tripp met with a peculiar accident last Saturday. She was using a sewingmachine in one of the chambers, with the doors down stairs locked, except the bulkhead into the cellar. While thus at work the needle of the machine was driven entirely through her thumb pinning her to the machine and it was some moments before she, with much difficulty, attracted the attention of Rev Dr. Norton, who happened to be passing, letting him know of the accident, and how to get into the house. He called for help from one of the neighbors and in a short time the machine was taken apart and the needle removed. It is needless to say that it was a very painful accident, and no wonder Mrs. T. fainted when the needle was removed.—X.

EDITOR OF THE WOBURN JOURNAL:

If you accept this communication upon some facts in your city, when Woburn was only a plain town, please remember that those who are in years, are apt to be old fogy, and a little critical upon some modern matters.

Sixty years ago Miss Susan Edgell had been for some time, one of the finest and brightest ladies in her native town. Tall in form, graceful in pose, cultivated in mind and heart—the heart being, in the opinion of Walter Scott, T. Carlyle and Daniel Webster, the first and most important part to be educated, she was a "born teacher." In the "old red schoolhouse" on "Southern Academy Hill," near the dwellings of Samuel Skelton, Benjamin Deland, and Squire Cyrus Bancroft, Miss Edgell taught the district school in 1839. She was firm and wise in discipline, and no school ever ruled her, and her aptness to inspire and teach was remarkable. The writer well recollects her class in "Colburn's Mental Arithmetic." We stood in the open floor, with the front end of our feet on a line. We "went through the Book" or the last half of it, in our Summer term. Upon some of the difficult sums she assisted us, when we needed it. The writer was then nine years of age, and the Class was not far from that point of life, and not a breath of boasting do I wish to discover for myself, but I am proud to say that Miss Edgell was skillful in directing us to master mathematics, which in modern days, are not given to children of nine years. One of the last problems in "Colburn's" was this: "Good morning, Capt. Wade, with your hundred sheep. I haven't a hundred: but if I had twice as many as I now have, and half as many more, and two sheep and a half, I should have a hundred, how many sheep had he?"

In the winter of 1851-2 the writer taught school in the town of Sudbury, Mass. In another school in said town, that Winter, Dr. J. F. Clarke, then in the Junior Class in Amherst College, who for fifty years, has been a faithful and successful missionary in Bulgaria, taught Colburn's Arithmetic. He volunteered the fact to me, that he was obliged to study closely for his classes, some of the problems, in the beginning of the last third of the book. My memory of the framework of these questions was somewhat like the following: "Nine twelfths of 72, are how many fifths of forty?" Perhaps they were much more intricate. But whatever they were in difficulty, Miss Susan Edgell in Woburn could teach children nine years of age to solve sums which puzzled a Thi Beta Kappa student 20 years old, in the Junior Class of Amherst College. This is high distinction and praise of a lady teacher of the unsystematized and "crude methods" of the past.

In the summer of 1843 Miss Edgell taught a "pay" school for girls in the Centre of Woburn over the dry goods store of William Munroe, nearly opposite Lyceum Hall. The teacher received only two or three boys, the janitor of her rooms and two or three more, Lincoln Otis and a brother, I think. The names of some of the pupils were: Esther Newcomb, Caroline Pierce, Hannah and Eliza Plimpton, sisters, Josephine Sweetzer, Louisa Fenno, Martha Choate, Mary and Elizabeth Russell and others.

I wish, in my old age, I could give something of the charm, and spirit and influence of that school, as an instrument of valuable training and inspiration. Miss Edgell was a glory in herself—stately, womanly, her very personality a power and a fascination. I loved her as the fine unconsciousness of moral and mental education and refinement, with a beautiful womanly impressiveness, and cordial countenance, after laying off her cape and bonnet in the anteroom, she would enter the schoolroom, proper, every pupil rising to do her, and themselves, honor in the act. Respect for learning, personal excellence, and the matchless qualities of womanhood, allow me to say, with no better criticism upon free government and institutions, is not too common in our great and powerful civilization. And now with an allusion to a few side facts, I must close this letter here, hoping soon to resume the story of my school opportunities, under Miss Edgell's admirable tuition. Mr. Monroe, to whom allusion is made above, told me in Southbridge, 20 years after I sat in school over his store, that he was accustomed in Woburn to sleep in a rear room of his place of business. He related that on one wakeful night he clearly, surely and distinctly heard his name, "William Monroe," spoken. He was certain of the actual hearing of the words, when he knew of no voice or person, near him. He said that he never could explain, or account for it. He did not think it was any familiar and jocose intimate, who wished to mystify and startle him with a voice he would find it hard to make plain. One thing more: When I met Mr. Monroe in Southbridge in 1863, he was an influential member of my congregation in one of the most interesting parishes I have served. But, sad, to relate, Mr. Monroe, in a beautiful home, with wife and several children, was suffering with some occult and fatal disease of the spine. He lingered after my coming to his town some months, hopeful, patient, trustful, surrounded with business and neighborly friends, who held him in high esteem. He died in Feb. 1864. His sister's husband was Mr. Frank Johnson of Winchester, long in business with his uncle, Dea. Nathan Johnson.

One thing more: The writer had the happiness some three years since to call upon Miss Edgell, who was then more than fourscore and ten years of age. She spoke with interest of a call from one of her girls of 1843, made a little time previous. The caller remarked: "You don't know me." The clear eyed and inspiring and aged teacher, inspected a little more closely the former pupil, and with the very same peculiar turn of countenance and head, which she had in her early life, she certainly and pleasedly ejaculated—"MARTHA CHOATE."—M. L. R.

An Appreciation.

Mrs. Angeletta Wilson Richardson, wife of Rev. M. L. Richardson of Montague, Mass., died in Montague, Oct. 4. It was the end of a life of more than forty years of great usefulness in the world and the church. She was a woman of superior personality, of rare physical beauty and dignity, with a queenly deportment which commanded the respect and won the admiration of all who knew her. In early life, she was a teacher of tact and success. For several years she was Preceptress of the Academy in her native town, Litchfield, Maine. She was a "born teacher," and to the present time at the reunions of its students of fifty years ago, she is proudly remembered as "Queen Angeletta." As a pastor's wife for so many years, she was, in the fullest sense, "a helpmate," faithful, gentle, bright, loving and true, one who, by her natural gifts and culture, was qualified to fill and adorn any position to which she was called. In the responsibility, burdens, and sorrows of the home and the parish, she was a tower of strength.

She was buried in Sturbridge, where her husband was pastor for twenty-one years. The tears and tokens of esteem from the people among whom she had lived [illegible] testified [illegible] in their hearts. As one of her pupils, [illegible] who, [illegible] delight [illegible] pupils, and who, since then, has been permitted to enjoy her friendship, with quite the [illegible] sisters [illegible] of sweet memory and affection upon her grave.—*Dr. Smith Baker, Lowell, Mass., in "The Advance."*

Dr. Callahan.

Dr. Joseph Thomas Callahan, formerly City Physician of Woburn, died Thursday, Oct. 29, 1908, at the Mass. General Hospital, where he went for treatment a few days for Bright's disease. He was one of the best known practitioners in Woburn, where he was born on May 18, 1873. He received his education [illegible] and at Harvard Medical School, where [illegible] up to the time of his death, he was one of the lecturers. He was in active service in the Medical Department of the United States Marine Corps. He was City Physician of Woburn in 1903. A widow, Sybil Fox, daughter of Mr. Everett Fox of this city, two children, and three sisters, mourn his loss. He was one of Woburn's most popular young physicians. Everybody liked him. His kindness and liberality endeared him to [illegible] especially [illegible] genial, [illegible] will be [illegible]. The funeral was held at St. Charles church last Saturday morning.

The Election.

Below is given the result of the election in this city last Tuesday. It will be seen that Taft's majority in this Democratic stronghold was 162. The Democrats took but little interest in the contest, and put in no work to speak of.

The vote for Walker for Representative was gratifying to the Republicans. It was 1130 to Pollock's 910, a clear majority of 220. McCall, for Congress, had more votes than any other candidate, not excepting Taft—1344. Killam, for reelection to the Legislature, received a handsome vote, 983.

PRESIDENT

Bryan, D	1037
Debs, S	15
Hisgen, IL	103
Taft, R	1199

Taft's plurality, 162; Parker's plurality in 1904, 47.

GOVERNOR

Carey, S	26
Draper, R	1064
Hoar, L	21
Osgood, IL	125
Vahey, D	1121
Wylie, Pro.	14

Vahey's plurality, 57.

CONGRESSMAN—8TH DIST.

Deitrick, D	837
Jennings, IL	92
*McCall, R	1344

SENATOR—6TH MIDDLESEX

Butler, D	1002
Crosby, R	1099

Boston Theatres.

THE BOSTON.

For the week of November 9, the Boston Theatre will have an attraction that will lend itself particularly to the great stage of that theatre, with all the beautiful stage settings that have now become associated with it, and it will be particularly notable, for the play is one in which Frank Losee made one of his greatest hits. This will be Paul Kester's dramatization of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," the novel by Charles Major which gained such wide popularity. It will also afford Miss Gordon an opportunity to appear in one of those emotional parts in which she has won such distinction. She will appear as the famous Dorothy Vernon, the red haired, high tempered miss.

KEITH'S.

Of all the legitimate stars that have come into vaudeville, none has attained greater popularity than Zelie de Lussan, the grand opera prima donna, who will be the leading attraction at Keith's Theatre the week of November 9. Miss de Lussan is particularly popular in Boston, where she will long be remembered as the most noted member of the famous Boston "Ideal Opera Company." This was during the first years of her career as a singer, before she became known the country over as the best interpreter of "Carmen," that America has ever had. In vaudeville she has been particularly fortunate in the selections of her programme, for she still keeps to the high standard which has won her reputation.

CASTLE SQUARE.

There will be amusement and laughter in abundance at the Castle Square, for the play will be that delightful comedy, "The Man on the Box," and it will be acted by the John Craig Stock Company, with an effect that will bring out all its sprightly humor. It was in this play that Henry E. Dixey starred with great success a few seasons ago, and its popularity promises to be even greater at the Castle Square with Mr. Craig, Mary Young and the notable company of players that surround them in the leading roles.

Parker—Simonds.

Mr. John L. Parker of Lynn, former proprietor of the WOBURN JOURNAL, and Miss Adeline W. Simonds of Boston were married at Lawrence last Sunday by Rev. George S. Lovejoy, pastor of the South Congregational church of that city.

Mr. Parker is Editor of the Lynn *Item*, has long been a resident of that city and identified with its business interests. He is prominent and popular in the Grand Army of the Republic and at present the Senior Vice-Commander of the Department of Massachusetts. He is an intimate friend of the officiating clergyman, both being comrades in the 22d Regt. Mass. Volunteers during the Civil War, and are connected with the 22d Regiment, 3d Light Battery and Second Company of Sharpshooters' Association, of which Mr. Parker is historian and Mr. Lovejoy is Chaplain.

The bride is held in high esteem by a large circle of friends in Boston, where she has long resided. The newly wedded couple will make their future home in Lynn.

Ralph F. Goddard.

The subject of this notice was born at Aiken, South Carolina, on April 19, 1873, the son of the late Squire B. and Cynthia Frost Goddard of this city, but had been a resident of Woburn the major share of his life. He was prominent in insurance circles in Woburn and Boston having, for some time, been junior partner of the insurance firm of S. B. Goddard & Son, to the business of which he succeeded on the death of his father a few months ago. Enjoying the confidence of the public in respect to ability and integrity, he had a large patronage here and in Boston.

Mr. Goddard was taken violently ill soon after returning from Boston with his brother and died on Friday evening, Oct. 30, 1908, of heart failure, to which he had been subject for some years.

Mr. Goddard had many friends who sincerely lament his death. He was a companionable young man; honest and upright in all his dealings, and a good citizen.

LOWNEY'S

Chocolate Bonbons

are the most delicious and the most wholesome of confections and have the largest sale of any in the world.

They are sold in sealed packages, are always of the same superfine quality and always the best.

The Walter M. Lowney Co.
Boston, Mass.

Cocoa, Chocolate, Chocolate Bonbons

"NAME ON EVERY PIECE"

LOCAL LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

Telephone Talks

Household business before pleasure. Party line "telephone visits" need not be curtailed, but every speaker would be improved if they were made in conventional visiting hours.

"Rush Hours."

NO OTHER PUBLIC SERVICE is called upon to meet such extraordinary fluctuations of demand as is the telephone. The "rush hours" of trolley and steam roads represent, by comparison, a demand that is steady and moderate.

Moreover, during the transportation "rush hour" crush some people must stand, or, if they insist upon having a seat, must wait for less crowded cars.

In telephoning, however, the simile would be applied by stating that each "passenger" must have, not a seat, but a "special car," and that this car must have a "special motorman and conductor," and the absolute right of way over a "special pair of rails" from the point where its journey begins to the point where it ends.

In telephone exchanges the "rush hours" usually are those between 8.30 and 11 A. M. It is during this period that party line subscribers are apt to be most troubled by "busy" reports.

It would materially help the service of subscribers on such lines if calls that are not imperative—social calls, for example—were deferred to the afternoon, leaving the morning hours free for domestic business calls.

It would be well if party line users would keep in mind this fact—that while any one subscriber on it is talking, it is closed to every other person connected therewith, and also to every person desirous of communicating with him or with any other person on that line.

New England Telephone & Telegraph Co.

1908 Wall Papers 1908

Picture Framing a Specialty

Agent for the Oliver Typewriter

Repairs on Estates, and Collection of Rents. Houses For Sale and To Let.

Established in 1879.

C. E. SMITH, 439 Main St.

HOME OFFICE: 11 Bennett Street.

Local News.

— Mr. William Curtis has improved his residence at 31 Lowell street by the installation of wiring and fixtures, so that he can use the Edison Company's service for electric lighting.

— FIRES:—The alarm from box 271 last Wednesday forenoon was for a grass fire on Webster street, North Woburn. The alarm from box 25 last Wednesday evening was for a fire in the woods on New Boston street. The alarm from box 38 at 2 30 this morning was for the burning of a hay stack belonging to Patrick Doherty on Kilby street.

Mrs. Penfield.

Mrs. Mary H Penfield, wife of the former pastor of this church, died Thursday night, October 29. Mrs. Penfield has been a resident of this city since 1902, and has taken a deep interest in all its efforts to promote the Kingdom of God. Though eighty-eight years of age she was active in body, mind and soul to the last, and was present at the Sabbath service three weeks ago, and in the Sunday School, as was her custom.—*Rev. Dr. Norton.*

The remains were taken by Mrs. Norton to Rockford, Illinois, of which city the deceased had been a resident for more than 60 years, for interment.

MEETINGS FOR SUNDAY.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D. 12 M., Sunday School. At 5.45 P. M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting. Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D. 12 M., Sunday School. At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting. Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—21st Sunday after Trinity. 10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon. 12 M., Sunday School. 7 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon. Rev. W. H. Oxnard, Rector.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street. Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor. SUNDAY SERVICES.— Preaching, 10.30 A. M. Sunday School, 12 M. Preaching, 7.00 P. M. Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 12, Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M., every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Adam and Fallen Man." Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45. The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Died.

Date, name and age, inserted free; all other notices charged.

In this city, Oct. 30, Ralph F. Goddard, aged 35 years, 6 months, 12 days.

In this city, Nov. 4, Celia Flaherty, aged 3 years, 6 months, 17 days.

In this city, Nov. 2, Patrick H. Meehan, aged 38 years.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Rose Frolio, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to George F. Dodge of Wilmington, in said County of Middlesex, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-third day of November, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Beacon Lights

The name of Paul Revere, Artist, Patriot and Artisan, will ever shine as one of the Beacon Lights of American history.

His Heroism immortalized in Verse—his Genius, in Sterling Silver.

Paul Revere

Silversmith of the Colonial Period, lives today, not only in the few old pieces bearing his mark and now treasured as Colonial Heirlooms—but as well in the Paul Revere Pattern in Towle Sterling, which follows faithfully the theme of designs for silver decoration originated by him. Its full lines, with the threading in such a dainty ornamentation, exemplify the elegant simplicity of the Period.

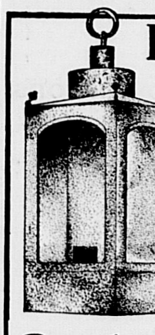
For true Colonial Atmosphere, exquisite taste and faultless design, we commend the Paul Revere.

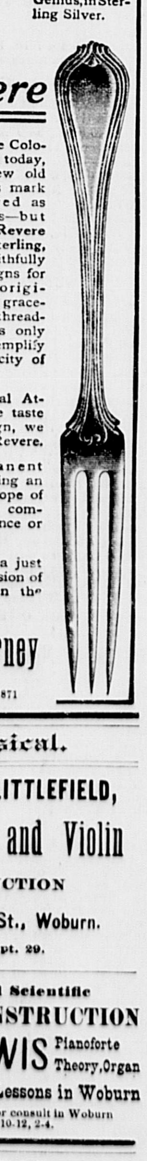
Made for permanent service, and affording an unusually wide scope of occasion, you can complete your set at once or gradually.

Cause for a just pride is the possession of a table service in the Paul Revere.

Smith & Varney

A Jewelry Store since 1871





Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,

Piano-forte and Violin

INSTRUCTION

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Season opens Sept. 29.

Artistic and Scientific

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

Mrs Annie M. S. / Mr. F. Percyval LEWIS Pianoforte Theory, Organ

Private and Class Lessons in Woburn

Address Winchester; or consult in Woburn Unitarian Vestry, Sat. 10-12, 2-4.

WANTED.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE requires the services of a man in Woburn to look after expiring subscriptions and to secure new business by means of special methods unusually effective; position permanent; prefer one with experience, but would consider any applicant with good natural qualifications; salary $1.50 per day, with commission option. Address, with references, R. C. Peacock, Room 102, Success Magazine Bldg., New York.

WE SELL

Shredded Wheat	10c. pkg.
Cream of Wheat	12c. "
Triscuit	10c. "
Quaker Puffed Rice	10c. "
" Wheat Berries	10c. "
" Oats	10c. "
" Corn Flakes	10c. "
Force	10c. "
Saxon Wheat Food	15c. "
Ralston Breakfast Food	14c. "
Pillsbury's Cereal	15c. "

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-1.

CRACKS
IN SKIN
CHAPS
ON HAND AND FACE.
Rose Clycerine Lotion
CURES. 25c. a Bottle
Whitcher's PILL BOX
28th year in use.
U. S. Food and Drug Act, No. 17722.

Pure Spices.

The strength, flavor and taste of spices depend largely, in most cases wholly, upon the volatile oil contained in them. Ordinary spices are widely adulterated, not only by the removal of the volatile oil, but by the adition of foreign, inert, harmful, ingredients; all for the purpose of cheapening the product and rendering it more profitable to the seller.

Squibb's Spices are absolutely pure and for many years have enjoyed the highest reputation for excellence among those who have employed them. We want you to make a trial of these spices, of which we have a full line.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main Street,
WOBURN

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE

Registrars of Voters

Will be in session at the City Clerk's office, Room 1, Municipal Building, Common Street, on

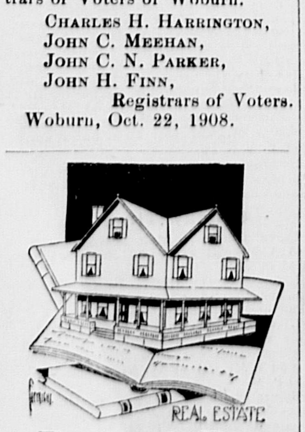
THURSDAY, NOV. 12,
SATURDAY, NOV. 14,
MONDAY, NOV. 16.
AT 7 O'CLOCK P. M.
AND WEDNESDAY, NOV. 18,
FROM 12 M. to 10 P. M.

For the purpose of registering all persons legally qualified to vote in the Municipal Election, and for correcting the Lists of Voters.

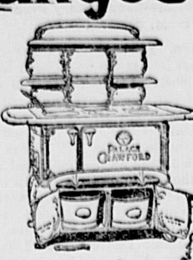
Registration for the Municipal Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, November 18.

All naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

CHARLES H. HARRINGTON,
JOHN C. MEEHAN,
JOHN C. N. PARKER,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.
Woburn, Oct. 22, 1908.



For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.



Crawford Cooking-Ranges

Our New Range a Winner!

The new range that we introduced last year has won all hearts. The old End Hearth is gone—there is more room on top—the ashes fall into a Hod far below the fire, making their removal easy and the grate to last longer. The Ash Hod when emptied is returned full of coal. Three sizes, "Palace," "Castle," "Fortress."

All the famous Crawford features are present: Single Damper, Patented Grate, Cup-Joint Oven Flues, Asbestos Backed Oven, Improved Oven Indicator. Booklet free.

Made by Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co., 31-35 Union St., Boston

For Sale by E. CALDWELL, Woburn.

Sales Agent Wanted.

$36 per week or 400 per cent profit.

All samples, stationery, and art catalogue free. We want one permanent agent in this locality for the largest picture frame house in America. Experience unnecessary. We instruct you how to sell our goods and furnish the capital. If you want a permanent, honorable and profitable position, write us today for particulars, catalogue and samples. FRANK W. WILLIAMS COMPANY, 1214 W. Taylor St., Chicago, Ill.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George E. Morgan and Annie E. Morgan, his wife, in her own right, both of Lexington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to James Dobbins and James Shannon both of Woburn in said county, dated July 14, 1900, and recorded in Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 2834, Page 291, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises in said Lexington on

TUESDAY, the 24th day of November, A. D., 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:—A certain parcel of land situated partly in Lexington and partly in Woburn in said County, bounded and further described as follows, viz:—

Beginning in said Woburn at a point in the northwesterly line of the road leading from Woburn to Lexington now called Russell street and from said point running northwesterly by land now or late of Duren thirty-eight rods to a corner; thence turning and running nearly westerly by land now or late of said Duren twenty-two rods and seven links to a corner; thence turning at an obtuse angle and running northwesterly by land now or late of said Duren thirty-seven rods; then at nearly a right angle and running southwesterly by land of Johnson eleven rods and eight links; thence turning at an obtuse angle and running northwesterly by land of George Evans three rods and four links to land of Packard; thence turning at a slightly obtuse angle and running southwesterly by said land of Packard fifty rods to a corner; thence turning and running southeasterly by said land of Packard three rods and five links to a corner; thence turning and running nearly south by said land of Packard thirty-seven rods to a corner by land of Mulliken; then turning and running southwesterly across line between Lexington and Woburn by land of Mulliken thirty-seven rods to land of Malley; then turning at nearly a right angle and running southeasterly by said land of Malley and land of Mrs. Robinson fifty-four rods to the northerly line of said road; then turning at an acute angle and running northeasterly by the northerly line of said road one hundred and twenty rods, more or less, to point of beginning. Containing forty-eight and six-tenths acres more or less.

$300. will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms made known at sale.

JAMES DOBBINS.
JAMES SHANNON,
Mortgagees.

Woburn, Mass., October 30, 1908.
Edward Johnson Attorney.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Franklin Cutler, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Lucy F. Cutler, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of November, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS Register.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Samuel R. French, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ELLEN L. FRENCH, Adm.
5 School St., Woburn, Mass.
October 20, 1908.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

Piano Duet Recital
Weber, Saint Saens, and Grieg selections.
Mrs. A. M. S. and Mr. F. P. LEWIS
Assisting soloist to be announced.
Unitarion Vestry, Monday eve'g, Nov. 9, 25c.

Estate of Maurice W. Carroll late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, represented insolvent.

THE Probate Court for said County will receive and examine all claims of creditors against the estate of said Maurice W. Carroll, and notice is hereby given that six months from the fourth day of November, A. D., 1908, are allowed to creditors to present and prove their claims against said estate, and that the Court will receive and examine the claims of creditors at Cambridge, on the twenty-fourth day of November, 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and at Cambridge on the third day of May 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

ELLEN J. CARROLL, Administratrix.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

England's Mother Church.

The oldest frequented church in England is probably St. Martin's, at Canterbury, and you may call it the mother church of England. Walk up from the outskirts of the city and you will pass the font which gave baptism to King Ethelbert 1,300 years ago. The font still stands, the worshipers still mount the slope, and one considers whether it was Augustine or Bertha who dragged the king and husband to that font.—London Chronicle.

Clouds and the Weather.

When two weather prophets disagree does it argue error or incompetence in either? No, says the author of "Storms and Storm Signals" in Yachting. The data upon which they base their predictions do not always bear one interpretation. Thus:

Because the clouds indicate weather in a different manner according to the geographical location of the observer, and also because they are in themselves but byproducts of the weather and are not causes, weather predictions from clouds at sea should be taken with plenty of reservation of judgment. To say, for instance, that at a "red sky at night sailors delight" is very tuneful and possibly truthful where knowledge is conspicuous by its absence, but a red sky at night may mean almost anything from a surplus of moisture in the air, meaning probably rains, to a volcanic eruption 2,000 miles away which has sent great clouds of dust into the air, causing the red color by reflection and refraction of the light rays.

The Eyes.

"Long, almond shaped eyes, with thick and creamy lids covering half the pupil and with a forehead that is full above the brows—there you have the eye of the man of genius." The speaker's own eyes answered that description strikingly, but he was far from being a man of genius, being, in fact, a magazine editor.

"Protruding eyes," he went on, "show mental and bodily weakness. Eyes close together denote cunning. Those far apart denote liberality. Thin lashes without any upward curve to them and thin brows poorly marked are signs of melancholy and indecision. The eyes of a voluptuary move slowly under heavy lids. Those of a miser are small, deep sunken and blue, set in a bony and perpendicular forehead. The most beautiful eyes—large, brilliant and clear, glancing and flashing with a rapid motion—the most beautiful eyes denote elegance of taste, gayety, some selfishness and a great interest in the opposite sex."—New York Press.

Political "Pome."

The fight is drawing to its close. The noise will soon be gone. There but remains the last appeal that's due from More Anon, a few brief words from You Know Who as friend speaks unto friend, Justitia throws a final fit, and then we have the end. A "Note of Warning" there may be from Old Subscriber's pen, and Constant Reader may emerge one moment from his den. Vox Populi may raise a wail that pierces heaven's vault, insisting that the time has come when we should call a halt, and One Who Knows may yet, perchance, his stormy voice uplift and ask of all the universe, "Ah, whither do we drift?" But all the fighting has been done. There is no longer strife. So let us cut out politics and lead the higher life.—Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.

Most Important Wars.

Perhaps the most important wars, from the standpoint of civilization and progress, were, first, the Greek-Persian war of 490 B. C., in which the oriental wave was prevented from deluging Europe; second, the struggle between the Franks and Moors, which ended at the battle of Tours with the defeat of the Moors, thus saving Europe from Mohammedanism and its stagnation; third, the Napoleonic wars, which shook up Europe, destroying the remnants of feudalism and paving the way for modern democracy, and the American war of 1861-65, which preserved the integrity of the great republic and so made it possible for the United States to work out its splendid destiny among the nations of the earth.—New York American.

The Eyes of the Camel.

One of the camels—the seven were lying just beyond the circle of firelight—rose complaining. Mustafa's Ahmed slipped away upon his duty. Presently I heard his guttural cawing to get the camel again to rest, but the beast would not down and must be beaten, the boy meanwhile mouthing great curses. I wondered that a being so small should without peril to himself strike a creature like this with his fist, continuing all the time within reach of teeth and hoofs.

"I will tell the khawaja," replied Mustafa, "a most curious and interesting thing about this."

Ahmed had mastered the camel and now came to his place.

"The khawaja has observed," Mustafa continued, "that a child may beat and command a camel. It is not because the camel is stupid nor yet because he is timid; it is because of a wise provision whereby God suited him to the weakness of men. The camel's eyes are like magnifying glasses and increase the stature of his master seven times, wherefore he is obedient to the gigantic appearing creature."

In Damascus, too, I heard this superstition.—Norman Duncan in Harper's Magazine.

He Was Very Charitable.

Among the features of a charity bazaar held in London was a refreshment stall, to which charitable donors contributed supplies, thus enabling all the takings to represent clear profits. The lady in charge requested a gift for this purpose from a well known and wealthy gentleman in the city, but one not famous for "parting." To her surprise she received next day a note to the effect that he was sending her a sirloin of beef and two ox tongues.

The same morning the lady happened to go to her butcher (who was also the butcher of Mr. X.), and, after giving him a large order for her stall, asked him if he would like himself to give anything.

"I should very much, ma'am," replied the worthy tradesman, "but I yesterday gave to Mr. X., at his request for this purpose, a sirloin of beef and three ox tongues."

Net gain to Mr. X.: One ox tongue and a cheap reputation for charity!—London Standard.

St. Augustine and His Flower.

St. Augustine of Hippo, the great doctor of the church, whose festival falls on Aug. 28, is a sadly neglected saint among modern ritualists and even occasionally confused with his namesake, who insulted the British bishops. Yet he is pronounced by Hooker "without any equal" and regarded by Harnack as "the first modern man." He has been better honored in the floral world, for to him is dedicated the goldenrod, or woundwort (Solidago virga-aurea). Old Gerard, with whom this was a favorite remedy, tells us that goldenrod fetched a high price as a foreign herb until discovered growing near London, when the plant was neglected. He adds the caustic comment, "This verifieth our English proverb, 'Far fetcht and dear boughte is best for ladies,' or for fantastical physitions." Before tobacco the goldenrod also furnished snuff for our mediaeval forefathers.—Westminister Gazette.

It Did Not Work.

Mr. Seabury and his wife were on the point of moving to another flat. Both of them were anxious that the transfer should be made at the least possible expense, and the nearness of the new home promised materially to further this aim.

"I can carry loads of little things over in my brown bag," announced Mrs. Seabury, "and you can take books and so on in your big satchel."

In discussing further the matter of transportation Mrs. Seabury remarked that notwithstanding the heat she could wear her winter coat over, leave it and return for her spring coat. The idea charmed her impractical husband.

"Why, I can do the same thing!" he said. "I'll wear over one suit and then come back for another!"—Youth's Companion.

Smyrna Figs.

Smyrna figs ripen by the beginning of August. They are not picked, but when they reach a certain maturity they begin to dry, and consequently they drop on the ground. In the morning everybody on the plantations goes around with buckets gathering the fruit, which they carry to a certain place where the ground is covered with dry leaves and straw (sergel) and on which they spread the fruit, exposing it to the sun, allowing it to remain there from two to three days. It takes about three days to dry the fig if north winds prevail, as the atmosphere is then very dry. If, however, westerly winds are blowing, which means heavy dew at night, the fruit must remain exposed to the sun from five to seven days. This is a dangerous period, as rain or even a shower might ruin hundreds of tons of fruit lying on the ground. Heavy dews sometimes are just as detrimental. The proper atmospheric conditions to insure a crop of large, sound, rich figs are west winds in June and July, followed by north winds in August, and from then on an occasional west wind every five or six days.

Not a Nursery.

"Before I got this job I had no idea so many funny things happened on street cars," said a new conductor, according to the Denver Post. "Every day I see and hear things that are amusing. For instance, a woman with a baby about two years old boarded my car and rode downtown. When we reached Fifteenth and California she rose to get off. The baby was tucked snugly in the corner of the seat. The woman hesitated in the aisle. 'Say,' she said to me, 'I'd like to ask a favor of you.'

"'What is it?' I asked.

"'I've got some shopping to do,' she said. 'Would you please take baby around a trip with you? I don't want him with me. I'll be back when you return to this corner and take him.'

"'Madam,' I replied, 'I can't take care of your baby. Suppose he should get to crying, as he undoubtedly would?'

"'Well, goodness me,' she said, 'you could slap him, couldn't you?'"

Stuck to It.

Her Husband—If a man steals, no matter what it is, he will live to regret it. His Wife—During our courtship you used to steal kisses from me. Her Husband—Well, you heard what I said.

Easy.

Jack—The fortune teller said I would marry a blond. Belle—Did she say how soon? Jack—In six months. Belle (coyly)—I can easily be a blond by that time, Jack.—Sketch.

Perils of Our Dwelling Houses.

The scholars in one of the Fuchow Chinese schools were recently desired to write an essay in English on the subject of "Which Are the Healthier, Chinese or Foreign Dwelling Houses?" One young man "spook" about the matter with his "friends," and they said that the "Chinese building is much better than foreigners." This, he adds, was the "senses of their debate."

"The foreign building is too heigh and coverless and always built on the top of the hill. In the summer time it receives the most heat from the sun. The people who living in it is the same as putting in the stove, but in winter it is fully filled by the sharp air which cut the faces of whom living in it. So that the foreigner is compeled to put themselves on fire. The fire would do our bodies harm. As we were prepared our dinner; we put the beef on the fire by and by the beef dry in that case the of course man would dry too."—London Telegraph.

Walt Whitman's Pride.

Whitman's grandmother was a Quaker, and the bard had been all his life used, Quaker fashion, to sitting in the house with his sombrero on if it suited him to do so. One day, with a friend, he entered the gloomy and half empty precincts of Trinity church, New York, and took a back seat in the obscurity and for a moment forgot to remove his hat or was probably just about to do so when an officious verger stepped up and requested him to take it off. Walt, a man of immense pride, not seeing fit to do so instantaneously or being very slow in his mental processes, was taking the matter into consideration for a second when the verger knocked the offending hat off his head. Walt picked up the huge felt and, doubling it together, smote the fellow vigorously twice or thrice with it on the head and slowly left the church, the red faced sexton following and threatening him with the law.

Mozart's Skull.

"If we were all constituted like Hamlet and could handle a skull as philosophically as he," writes a sentimentalist in a Hamburg paper, "we could visit the Mozart museum at Salzburg, enjoy the sights it offers and leave there without finding any fault. Unfortunately, however, we are not so cold, and therefore the protest which I make. Among the Mozart souvenirs which are pointed out to the visitor, in the same line with the old piano, letters, manuscript music, portraits, etc., is the skull of the great master. It matters little whether the skull is really that of the composer or one used for show purposes. The fact remains that in the Mozart town, in Salzburg, there seems to be no one who can make the city fathers believe that the exhibition demonstrates a lack of reverence which shocks many people."

Afloat on Hot Air.

Members of the house of representatives are fond of poking fun at the florid style of speech affected by a certain congressman, who invariably contributes much "hot air" to any debate in which he may participate.

On one occasion the politician in question ventured to air his views touching a financial act under consideration, when he drew the following ribald observation from an opponent:

"Our able and adventurous friend has undertaken to present his views upon this question. In this he reminds me of a beautiful swan breasting the sea with arched neck and wings outspread to catch the glint of the sea, moving along in serene and stately splendor, but blissfully unconscious of the unfathomable depths below."

He Explained.

At a school one day a teacher, having asked most of his pupils the difference between an island and a peninsula without receiving a satisfactory answer, came to the last boy.

"I can explain it, sir," said the bright youth. "First get two glasses. Fill one with water and the other with milk. Then catch a fly and place it in the glass of water. That fly is an island, because it is entirely surrounded by water. But now place the fly in the glass of milk, and it will be a peninsula, because it is nearly surrounded by water."

The boy went to the top of the class.

Fulton's Power of Thought.

Robert Fulton possessed to a remarkable degree the power of concentrated thought. He studied French, Italian and German and acquired a proficiency in the three languages. Higher mathematics, physics, chemistry and perspective also demanded his attention as he progressed in scientific research.—Century.

Not Led.

"So she was led to the altar at last?" remarked the girl in blue.

"Led!" repeated the bride's dearest friend. "Led! I fancy you didn't see her. She didn't have to be led. When she started down the aisle you couldn't have driven her off with a regiment of cavalry!"—London Telegraph.

Small Change.

"It's three years since I was in this city," said the stranger as he finished his dinner. "City looks the same."

"I don't find much change," remarked the waiter as he took up the dime that was left from the dollar bill.—Puck.

The Midnight Sun.

The midnight sun is visible wholly above the horizon at the North Cape from May 13 to July 30, at Hammerfest from May 15 to July 27 and at Tromso from May 20 to July 22.

The Telltale Hand.

A writer in an English weekly declares that if we want to know what the other person is thinking we must look at his or her hands. Even unpracticed lips can lie, as every one knows. Long practice in self control will enable one to keep one's voice sweetly cordial when there is nothing but indifference or cold dislike behind it. The eyes can be made to shoot glances which are not at all a register for the emotions. But the hands, it is asserted, are utterly beyond the control of those to whom they belong. Even people who hardly gesticulate at all—and to keep the hands still is considered by the Anglo-Saxon a most essential part of good breeding—even these people are, it seems, constantly revealing themselves in little movements of the hands. The immortal Mulvaney has put it on record that a woman's truth or untruth can be discerned by the action of her hands. Of course it takes a practiced reader to interpret what the hands are saying. It is not a case of "he who runs may read."

Insomnia and Alarm Clocks.

The patient complained of insomnia.

"You must get an alarm clock at once," said the physician.

The patient stared.

"I mean it. What time do you waken usually in the night?"

"Two o'clock lately."

"Set the alarm for fifteen minutes before 2. As soon as it strikes, get up, dress for the day and take a walk of not less than two miles. Do not go to bed again that day under any circumstances, nor take a nap, even sitting in your chair.

"The next night set the alarm at a quarter past 2. You will sleep until it wakens you. Get up as before and take another two mile walk.

"The third night you can venture to set your alarm at 3. Repeat the walk. If you are not cured by that time, you will be a more difficult case than any I have had heretofore, but if the habit of lying awake is not broken begin back at 2 o'clock again and repeat."—New York Press.

Wonderful.

Two sailors noticed that a shark was following their ship. Not knowing how to get rid of it, they threw a chair overboard.

The shark swallowed this, but still followed.

The sailors then threw a box of oranges overboard to it.

The shark swallowed this and still followed.

The men seemed completely beaten for a moment what to do until one of them said that those on board should draw lots for who had to satisfy the shark.

It fell to an old woman. So the sailors tossed her overboard, and the shark ate her at one bite.

This did not content the fish, which still followed. So the sailors harpooned it and dragged it on board.

On opening it they found to their surprise the old woman sitting on the chair selling oranges "three a penny."—Pearson's Weekly.

Fresh Water From the Ocean.

Manama, the principal port of the Bahrein islands, the center of the pearl fisheries, gets its fresh water from the ocean. Visitors often note boats anchored a few hundred yards from the shore, the boatmen engaged in drawing fresh water from springs at the bottom of the sea. These springs well up strongly at a considerable depth, and the entire water supply of the town is obtained from them. The fresh water is procured in two ways—either in a goatskin water bag, which a diver takes down with him and carefully closes before bringing it to the surface, or by letting down long hollow pipes of bamboo, weighted at the lower end, through which the water rises up uncontaminated to the surface.—Argonaut.

The Mere Formality Won.

"Yes, sir," said the pale, youthful suitor; "I have come to ask you for your daughter's hand. She is fair as lilies, charming"—

"Is that Mary you're talking about?" asked papa.

"Yes, sir. It is a mere formality, I know, this asking for your daughter's hand, but we thought it would be pleasing to you if it were observed."

Mary's papa stiffened.

"And may I inquire," he asked, "who suggested that asking my consent to Mary's marriage was a mere formality?"

"You may, sir," replied the young man simply. "It was Mary's mother."

Paraguay's Sweet Plant.

A herb called by the natives caa ehe, but botanically Eupatorium rebaudianum, grows wild in Paraguay. It is remarkable for its sweetness. Indeed, the native name means the "sugar plant." It grows along the borders of the river Amambahi and attains a height of only about five inches. The smallest bit of this plant when placed upon the tongue produces a surprisingly sweet flavor, which, it is said, lasts for hours. The saccharine power is much greater than that of sugar.—Youth's Companion.

The Sleepless Seven.

"There were seven of the twelve," said one of the discharged jurors in speaking of the matter next morning, "who didn't want to sleep themselves and wouldn't let the rest of us sleep. Whenever we dropped into a doze they came around and shook us till we were wide awake again."

"And you had to submit, I suppose, for they constituted the majority?"

"Yes. They were a rousing majority," said the hollow eyed juror, with a pensive attempt to be facetious.—Chicago Tribune.

A Life Note.

"Life is what we make it," said the philosopher.

"Alas," exclaimed the practical one, "that we can't make it a million!"

We ask Providence to make us thankful for what we receive and then go to figuring on just how much Providence is going to send us.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Present.

"That's a very fine purse you have, Henry."

"Yes. My wife gave it to me on my birthday."

"Indeed! Anything in it?"

"Yes; the bill for the purse."

One Exception.

The Husband (during the quarrel)—You're always making bargains. Was there ever a time when you didn't? The Wife—Yes, sir; on my wedding day.

Turn thyself to the true riches and learn to be content with little.—Seneca.

Curious School Customs.

Mexican schoolmasters show their appreciation of a pupil's efforts in a curious manner. The diligent student is allowed to smoke a cigar during the lesson. When the whole class has given satisfaction, permission is given for a general smoke, and even the little Mexicans are allowed to light a cigarette for the occasion. Needless to say, the schoolmaster himself smokes a cigar of a size and quality proportionate to his superior position. But the scholars are not allowed to drink, this privilege being accorded to the master only. On his desk he always keeps a bottle of liquor, which, when empty, occasions much dispute among the parents of his scholars, as it is considered an honor to be able to fill the schoolmaster's bottle.—London Standard.

Unusual.

Editor—Did you interview the leader of the suffragettes, as I instructed? Reporter—I called on her, but she wouldn't talk. Editor—She wouldn't! Was she dead?—Puck.

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JIM'S HOT FINISH.

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

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"What luck?" asked Ben Strome, as Jim Pettie his partner, and the other half of the Altair Brothers, emerged from the red ticket wagon, where Richard Clute was "counting up" the afternoon receipts.

"Worst sort of luck," was the reply. "I thought if I tackled the old man after a good matinee I could catch him in a fine humor, but it seems that the sheriff held him up just before I got there. One of the grafters he pinched told that the old man got a rakeoff, and the sheriff came around to get his—and I got mine. The old man's going to send Daisy to boarding school, and he mentioned a place I might go to—but it's nowhere near Daisy's school. You can bet on that."

"Can't you two hook it?" suggested Ben. "Its pretty close to the end of the season. If we lose a couple of weeks, I can stand my share of the loss if I don't get a chance to work a single act at some of the late fairs. See what the kid thinks."

"I don't have to see," was the gloomy response. "I know now what her answer would be. She won't beat it. She's going to have a regular wedding, with the old man giving her away or there won't be a wedding. She's told me that a dozen times, and she means it when she says it."

Strome nodded. Ever since they had joined the Clute show in midseason Pettie had been making violent love to Daisy Clute, the owner's daughter. It was not a large circus—a one ring affair—though they traveled by railroad instead of by wagon.

The performers all lived in a single car and in theory formed one large family. Daisy and her father had a car to themselves, but she was much around the tents, and her preference for the clean limbed young gymnast had soon become a matter for comment.

By supper time the fact that the old man had refused his consent to their marriage was all over the dressing tent, and you'd not need Daisy's red rimmed eyes and Pettie's frown to confirm the report.

Daisy was standing near the entrance when Pettie came out for the double act. He did a turn on the flying rings earlier on the bill, while Strome did a strong man act in the ring. Their double act in the air was the ring feature of the show—"the hottest act in the business," they claimed—and Daisy always tried to be near in case of accident, though she could not bear to watch them.

Strome did the "bearing," catching Jim as he leaped from his own trapeze to Strome's hands. He was a reliable worker, but Daisy always feared that some night those steady nerves would fail and that Jim's body would go hurling through the air until it struck the ring bank or the seats, a limp and lifeless mass. She had seen one accident, and it had remained vivid in her memory.

Presently Strome joined the pair as they stood talking, and an instant later the four horses used in the double riding act dashed into the tent, followed by Paul and Letty Murphy, who boasted very different names on the bill.

The band struck up their music, and the two men ran into the ring. It was the work of a moment to climb to their perches. The apparatus consisted of two trapeze swings, one long one used by Pettie for the leaps and the shorter one from which Strome hung when he made the catches. On Pettie's end there was a platform from which he leaped to gain momentum, and this was but a few feet from the center pole which held up the tent.

The first two swings were made without trouble, and then Strome did some single work to give Pettie an opportunity to rest. Jim leaned against the ropes to steady himself and glanced below at the well filled tent. A sea of faces, white in the flare of the lamps, gazed intently upward as Strome hung by his toes from the short swing.

An odd roar caught Pettie's attention, and he glanced at the lamps. A cluster of gasoline flares hung from the center pole and supplied light for the tent.

Two huge reservoirs were fastened together to form a ring about the pole, and from these radiated the burners. Clute was old fashioned in many of his ideas, and his fondness for the old fashioned light amounted to a hobby.

Jim could see that one of the tanks had sprung a leak, and in some way the escaping gas had caught fire from the flames below. The heat was vaporizing the inflammable liquid more rapidly than usual, and it was only a matter of minutes before the heat would cause an explosion that would send the blazing fluid flying over the crowd below and the tinderlike tent.

There had been no rain for several days, and, on the other hand, the blazing sun had been pouring its rays on the tent since early morning. The flames would run to the guy ropes, and when these gave way the crowd below would be enveloped in a mass of flame.

There was no time to signal below to lower the lights. It was too far to jump to the pole. Strome was just climbing to the trapeze bar for a moment's rest, and Jim seized his own swing.

Strome gasped as he saw the movement and hurried to reverse on the trapeze. Jim took the count from his swing, and Strome could not understand the move. As the long swing reached the limit of its flight Strome caught Jim's voice.

He heard only the words "Emergency lights," but he guessed the rest, and as coolly as though it was a part of the act he dropped to the net below as being the quickest way down.

The big swing reached the platform and went beyond, then with increased momentum swung toward the opposite side again. A second time it swung toward the platform, and as it reached the farthest point Jim let go and kept on toward the pole.

Straight through the air he flew until his arms clasped the blue pole, and for a moment he hung there, the breath forced from his body by the shock of the impact. Then he began to climb upward.

The lights dazzled his eyes, and the heat was terrific, but he did not realize it. He knew only that seconds were precious, and right into the very heart of the blaze he climbed to reach the valve wheels that regulated the supply for the burners.

In a second the place was in darkness, but the band played its noisiest and the ring attendants were patrolling the ring and shouting that there was no danger, even while they kept their eyes on the single flame that still burned above the tanks.

Unmindful of the hot burners Jim forced his way between them, though they seared his skin through his thin silk shirt, and a moment late he clapped his hand upon the flame and held it upon the heated metal until the blaze was gone.

For a moment he swayed dizzily in the darkness; then from below there came a glare of light, and he heard Strome's voice above the blare of the band.

"Ride the lights down!" he was shouting, and Jim threw his blistered arms about the reservoirs as the men started to lower the apparatus.

They were within a few feet of the ring when strength failed, and Jim let go his hold. A dozen men swarmed to his aid, and, accompanied by two physicians from the audience, they bore him to the dressing tent.

When he came to the main tent was dark, and only the light in the dressing tent was burning.

"Did they get out?" he asked weakly.

"Every one of them," declared the old man's hearty voice. "They thought it was the 'sensational finish' we advertise until they saw what you were up to, and then we had the emergency lights going, and the crowd went out in order. It's a pity you didn't hear the applause they gave you."

"I was busy—just then," explained Jim, with a faint smile. He half raised his head to look about him, and Clute guessed his thoughts.

"Daisy has gone on the train to make up a berth in our own car," he explained. "She insists upon nursing you herself. The ambulance will be here in a minute to take you down. You want to get well quick, Jim, for there's a wedding ahead of you, and it's to be Clute & Pettie's show next year, with our own electric light plant."

Clute hustled away to look for the ambulance, and Jim turned to his partner. He was too happy to realize how his burns hurt. He thought only of the fact that he had won Daisy.

"Ben," he said, with a grin, "we always told 'em we did the 'hottest act in the business,' but that's the hottest finish we ever did. It's a pity we can't keep it in."

Why We Wear Glasses.

Man's eyes at rest are far focused—will make no effort when seeing the moon or earthly horizons. Birds' and fishes' eyes at rest are near focused—will make no effort when looking at nearby worms and minnows. Man's elastic lenses are under constant flattening compression. Imagine a rubber ball of flattened convex lenslike shape laid in between two disks of canvas and the uniting edges of these cloths stretched to a ring. They would flatten the rubber, and if relaxed it would thicken by its own elasticity. The thicker the lens the shorter its focus. For reading or threading a needle we relax the tension on the lens by contracting a ring of muscle surrounding each lens and then wait for the lenses to thicken through their elasticity. In fish the lens is set against the cornea (approximately), short focus, and when it wants to see whether the shadowy object some feet away is a shark or a log it pulls the entire round lens toward the retina and gets as clear a vision as possible. Now we see why so many human beings need "spectacles" as they grow old—the elasticity of the lenses is gradually lost, just as it is in rubber. —Harper's.

The Finger Nails.

In days when superstition was more prevalent than it is now the shape and appearance of the finger nails were considered to have reference to one's destiny. To learn the message of the finger nails it was necessary to rub them over with a compound of wax and soot and then to hold them so that the sunlight fell fully on them. Then on the horny, transparent substance certain signs and characters were supposed to appear, from which the future could be interpreted. Persons, too, having certain kinds of nails were credited with the possession of certain characteristics. Thus a man with red and spotted nails was supposed to have a hot temper, while pale, lead colored nails were considered to denote a melancholy temperament. Narrow nails were supposed to betray ambition and a quarrelsome nature, while round shaped nails were the distinguishing marks of lovers of knowledge and people of liberal sentiment. Conceited, narrow minded and obstinate folk were supposed to have small nails, indolent people fleshy nails and those of a gentle, retiring nature broad nails.

Hard on the Messenger.

Tommy had been spanked by Miss Manners, his first grade teacher, but his next teacher had not reached the point where she felt she could do justice to him in spite of all his naughtiness.

"Send him to me when you want him spanked," said Miss Manners one morning after her colleague had related his many misdemeanors.

About 11 o'clock Tommy appeared at Miss Manners' door. She dropped her book, grasped him firmly by the hand, led him to the dressing room, turned him over her knee and administered punishment.

When she had finished she said, "Now, Tommy, what have you to say?"

"Please, miss, my teacher wants the scissors," was the unexpected reply.—Success Magazine.

What the Duke Meant.

His grace the Duke of Argyll was addressing a select company in a London drawing room on the present state of things in South Africa. "I look forward to the time," he said, "when the Englishman will marry the Boer girl and have an English wife as well!" Respectable dowagers looked their surprise, and the men began to smile. Then the duke carefully explained that he meant, of course, that the Boer girl should become an Englishwoman to all intents and purposes.—Reynolds' Newspaper.

A Source of Joy.

"What seems to be the matter with Mrs. Brown that she's ailing so?"

"Why, poor thing, she's got one of those newfangled diseases."

"She has? My, how fortunate she is, to be sure. Here I've had nothing more stylish than lumbago, and I'm three years older than she is."—Detroit Free Press.

Smart Set English.

The speech of the smart man and woman sufficiently betrays the modern attitude. To speak good English is middle class. The modern vocabulary is very small, and the greater part of it is composed of slang.—Black and White.

THE PLOWING SEASON

Ancient Superstitions of the Tillers of the Soil.

SACRIFICES TO THE GODS.

Customs That Were In Vogue Among the Romans of Old—Ceremonies That Are Observed In India and China—Rites of the Siamese Farmers.

The formal inauguration of the plowing season is very ancient and still is observed in some parts of the world.

Among the Romans by the institution of various religious festivals connected with agriculture the seasons came to be regarded with a sort of sacred reverence. Before the old Roman put the plow into the ground he went to the temple of the goddess of earth, Tellus, one of whose priests performed certain propitiatory rites. Virgil in his "Georgics" advises the Roman husbandman to observe the signs on heaven according to the crop he desires to produce. The time to plow for flax, barley and the sacred poppy was when "balance has equalized the hours of day and sleep and halves the world exactly between light and shade. When Taurus ushers in the year with his gilded horns and Sirius sits facing the threatening bull is time for beans. For wheat and spelt the Pleiades should hide themselves from your eyes with the dawn. Many have begun before Maria sets, but the desired crop has baffled them with empty ears." But first of all the poet admonishes the farmer to "honor the gods and offer sacrifices to Ceres."

In India there are certain days when it is unlawful to plow. Mother Earth is supposed to sleep six days in every month, and on such days she refuses to be disturbed in her slumber.

In northwest India the cultivator employs a pundit to select an auspicious time for the commencement of plowing. Great secrecy is observed. In some places the time selected is in the night; in others daybreak is the customary time.

The pundit goes to a field, taking a brass drinking vessel and a branch of the sacred mango tree, which is efficacious in frightening away evil spirits that may haunt the field. Prithivi, the broad world, and Sesha Naga, the great snakes which support the world, are supposed to be propitiated and reconciled by this ceremony. The pundit satisfies himself as to the direction in which the great snake is lying, for it occasionally moves about a little to ease itself of the great burden of the broad world which it carries. The pundit then marks off an imaginary line. Five (a lucky number) clods of earth are thrown up, and water is sprinkled in the trench five times with the sacred mango bush to insure productiveness. Caution must be exercised lest the charm be broken and prospective fortune imperiled. The farmer must remain secluded during the following day; no salt must be eaten, no money, grain or fire given away.

Among the Karnas before plowing the farmer makes a burnt offering of butter and molasses in his own field and again at the village shrine.

The Chinese begin plowing on the first day of their solar year. Anciently the rites which were celebrated by the Chinese at plowing time were elaborate, but rationalistic sovereigns eliminated one expensive religious rite after another until nothing was left except the imperial act of homage to heaven and earth and agriculture in the ceremonial plowing.

The Siamese observe a rite called Raakua about the middle of May, which is preliminary to the plowing season, and it is not proper for any one to plow until the ceremony is over. The court astrologers determine the time for it. On the day fixed by them the minister of agriculture, who is always a prince or nobleman of high rank, goes with a procession to a piece of ground some distance from the capital. Where the festivities are to take place a new plow, to which a pair of buffaloes are yoked, is in readiness, decorated with flowers and leaves.

The minister guides the plow over the field, closely watched by the spectators, who are especially interested in the length and folds of the silk of his lower garments, because the prosperity of the season and its characteristics, wet or dry, are to be predicted from these as he follows the plow. If the robe rises from his knee there will be disastrous rains. If it falls below his ankles there will be a drought. If the folds reach midway between knee and ankle the season will be prosperous.

After a proper number of furrows have been turned old women strew grain of different kinds in them and bulls are released from the yoke and allowed to feast upon the seeds. The grain which the animals eat most freely will be scarce next harvest, and that which they refuse to take will be abundant.

In Yorkshire it was considered unwise to disturb the earth with plow or spade on Good Friday.—Exchange.

A Shipwreck.

Muggins, gazing intently at a dead dog, in a resigned tone at last said:

"Here is another shipwreck."

"Shipwreck! Where?" blurted out Juggins.

"Where, my dear friend?" quoted M. "There is a bark lost forever."

Juggins growled and passed on.—London Fun.

It is impossible for a man attempting many things to do all things well.—Xenophon.

Couldn't Feaze This One.

An instance of the careless, good natured philosophy of the negro may be seen in the little doggerel verse laughingly sung by a black farmer when at the end of a bad crop year nothing was coming to him after his supply bills were paid. He could neither read nor write; he had no money or chance of getting any for another twelvemonth, yet apparently there was no fretting on his part. He took the balance sheet, which was an utter mystery to him, and, pretending to inspect it and following the rows of figures with eye and finger, he gleefully chanted:

"Aught's an aught,
Figger's a figger,
Ev'ything fur de white man
An' nuffin' fur de nigger!"

Then carelessly he stuffed the bit of paper into his pocket, "cut the pigeon's wing" and finally walked away to all appearances with a whimsical enjoyment of the fact that his own penniless condition corroborated the statement of his song.—Chicago Record-Herald.

LIGHTNING AND SHIPS.

Vessels Are Struck More Frequently Than Is Supposed.

In spite of the popular impression to the contrary, ships remote from the land are seldom damaged by lightning, although some of the most awe inspiring displays of atmospheric electricity are frequently witnessed by those on board of them.

Standing rigging and even parts of the running gear are now made of steel wire, and this substitute for the old fashioned hemp serves the purpose of lightning conductor when the ship is not fitted with such an aid to safety. The electric current is conveyed down the wire rigging and reaches the sea through the vessel's metal hull. Damage occurs only if the current be interrupted on its way down. In a comparatively large proportion of instances the fore royal truck is struck by lightning, that of the main less frequently and the mizzen least of the three.

Very serious casualties under this head occurred to warships and merchant vessels in the days of wooden hulls and hempen rigging. In July, 1802, as thirteen sailing vessels of the East India company were trying to round the cape in the vicinity of Algoa bay, homeward bound, two of them, the Britannia and the Bombay Castle, were struck by lightning. The foremast of each was soon enveloped in flames, and the masts had to be cut away in order to save the ships and their combustible cargoes. A heavy gale was blowing, the night was dark, and the other ships of the fleet, which were hove to at the time, were witnesses of this thrilling incident.

Many vessels are now fitted with lightning conductors of approved types lest the wire rigging should fail to carry off the electric current. In May, 1896, shortly after a severe thunderstorm, accompanied by lightning and rain, in 3 degrees south, 87 degrees east, the P. and O. steamship Victoria had a sudden increase of deviation amounting to 6 degrees in both the standard and the wheelhouse compasses, and later it was discovered that the lightning conductor on the fore had fused. The ship must have been struck by lightning during the storm.—Knowledge Magazine.

WALL STREET "TIPS."

Best Place to Plant Them if They Come Your Way.

A seasoned Wall street campaigner condenses a life of practical observation in the remark: "Stock market 'tips' are, as a rule, founded on nothing better than guesswork or pure invention. Although usually without value, openly peddled out to the public and not possible to trace to any reliable source, they come clothed in such a garb of mystery and apparent importance that there are always a lot of ill informed persons who will accept them and act on them as on gospel truth.

"Often these so called 'tips' are but the whispered suggestions of some manipulator who was confident that his mysterious, semiconfidential hint would travel and be made the basis of large buying of some stock he was especially anxious should be largely sold.

"It is told of one great speculative magnate of the past generation that when he was approached by the pastor of a rich and fashionable Fifth avenue church in search of means by which he could become suddenly rich he put his lips close to the clerical ear and whispered: 'Buy Pacific Mail. It's a sure thing. If you lose on it I'll make good your losses.'

"The pastor departed gleefully. Some two weeks later he called at the office of the manipulator and deplored the great financial losses he had incurred in following the confidential 'tip.' 'How much were they?' asked Mr. G., and on being told he drew his personal check for the amount.

"The minister took it and after expressing his thanks hesitated a moment and then said: 'But how about my parishioners? You placed no ban of secrecy on me, and their losses have been enormous.'

"The financier smiled grimly as he remarked, 'You see, doctor, those were the fellows I was after.'

"This story may be true or may not, but it points a moral. If you get a 'tip' on Wall street bury it in the back yard and forget it."—Cleveland Leader.

A Double Headed Bull.

On the occasion of a public reception at Napier, Australia, the school children of the town, after being duly complimented by his excellency from County Tyrone on the hearty manner in which they had rendered the national anthem, were solemnly assured that if they put their shoulders to the wheel they would be sure to reach the top of the tree, upon which a compatriot turned to me and said, "Sure, it was an axletree he meant, bedad!"—London Spectator.

Equally Cutting.

"Your voice," said the commanding officer, "is decidedly rasping."

"Yes, sir," said the subordinate, touching his hat. "I have been out roughing it with a file of soldiers all morning."—Chicago Tribune.

Why He Loved Spain.

Gioacchino Rossini, who was a great jester, was once seen embracing a Spaniard with great effusion. Asked the reason, he replied, "Because without Spain we would be the last nation."

The Motive.

Lawyer—What took you to the scene of the murder? Witness—The cars, sir. Lawyer—No, no! What motive was it? Witness—The locomotive. Lawyer—You may go.—Pathfinder.

Made the Most of His Hats.

When Lord Milner held his first reception at Pretoria the officers and legislators were given to understand that frock coats and tall hats were expected of them. There was only one shop in the place in which silk hats were sold, and this had but four of them. The Transvaal legislators rushed off in a body to buy these four, but the hatter, not being mad, saw his opportunity in their extremity. He knew there was no time to get hats from anywhere else, so he resolved not to sell. He offered to let them out on hire at the rate of 10 shillings for ten minutes. His shop was close at hand. Four gentlemen could present themselves before his excellency. After ten minutes they must silently steal away and hand over their hired finery to another panting quartet. It was done, and the hatter still repeats dreamily as he recalls the moment of his life, "It would not have been fair to have sold them, not fair to my customers and not fair to myself."—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VI.—Fourth Quarter, For Nov. 8, 1908.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, II Sam. xviii, 24-33. Memory Verse, 33—Golden Text, Prov. xvii, 25—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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In the last lesson we left David fleeing from Absalom because of the rebellion, but it was still manifestly true "the Lord preserved David whithersoever he went" (viii, 6, 14). The counsel of Ahithophel, who left David to join Absalom, was as if a man had inquired at the oracle of God, but in answer to David's prayer that God would turn the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness God saw fit to do it through Hushai, David's friend (xv, 31, 34, 37; xvi, 23; xvii, 14). There is great comfort to a believer in the words of Ps. xxxiii, 10, 11, "The counsel of the Lord standeth forever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations." See also Isa. xiv, 24, and it is our privilege to rest in the assurance of the "all things" of Rom. viii, 28; II Cor. iv, 15, and to take even the cursing of a Shimei (xvi, 5, 12) as permitted by God to show His power in due time and change the curse to a blessing. See the sequel to this event in chapter xix, 16, 20. If we would have perfect rest we must believe firmly that the Lord is roundabout His people, as the mountains, as a hedge, as a fire, and that nothing can possibly come through without His permission, not even the barking of a dog (Ex. xi, 7).

The phrase "David's friend" (xv, 37; xvi, 16) reminds us of Abraham, the friend of God (II Chron. xx, 7; Isa. xli, 8; Jas. ii, 23), and of our Lord's words, "I have called you friends" (John xv, 15). Why not be more worthy of such a royal friend? The friendship of this world is enmity with God, and it is impossible to be a friend of the world and of God too (Jas. iv, 4). The manner of Ahithophel's going out of this world (17, 23) has grown to be the common thing in our day, not hanging, but the taking of his own life, another indication that the return of the King draweth near. Mahanaim, where Shobi and Machir and Barzillai met David and his people with so much kindness, makes us remember the kindness of God to Jacob in some of the dark days and that we, too, have the ministry of angels as well as of visible friends (xvii, 27, 29; Gen. xxxii, 2).

Our lesson chapter opens with the going forth of David's army under Joab, Abishai and Ittai, with the words of David ringing in their ears, "Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom" (verse 5). The armies met, and David's followers were victorious. There was a great slaughter of Absalom's followers, and Absalom himself was slain miserably by the hand of Joab and thrown into a pit and covered with a heap of stones (17). His beautiful head of hair was seemingly his ruin (verse 9, chapter xiv, 26). How often it is that what one prizes most becomes the undoing of such a one! Pride of any kind always leads to a fall. David was prevented from going out with the army, the people saying that it would not matter if half of them died, but that David was worth ten thousand of them (verse 3), so he remained in the city and sat between the two gates to wait and watch for tidings, while the watchman went up to the roof over the gate that he might see afar off and advise the king. David hoped for good tidings, but it must have been with a sorrowful heart and some forebodings. The two prominent words in our lesson verses, "watchman" and "tidings," suggest to us many things and give us a whole study in themselves. Because of a well beloved Son given for us, the only begotten Son of God, the angel said to the shepherds, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people" (Luke ii, 10), but the majority of those to whom the good news has come seem not to care whether others hear or not. The lepers outside of Samaria put us to shame, who said in the midst of plenty, while others were perishing, "We do not well; this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace."

A common question asked by those who hear for the first time of the wondrous love of God, as to how long we have known it and why we did not come sooner to tell their friends who have died without hearing, ought to search us to the very heart. Do we believe the cry of the watchman, "The morning cometh, and also the night," and, as we think of Israel's blindness, what about obedience to the command in Isa. xl, 9, margin? Alas, there are many who, like Ahimaaz, the son of Zadok, insist on running, but have no tidings, and therefore their running is in vain. The message is plain, but we must receive it before we can run and tell it. See Hab. ii, 2. "Make it plain that he may run that readeth it," not, as often quoted, that he that runs may read, which is not in the Scripture. We see in our lesson the grief of a loving father over the untimely death of a wayward son, and our hearts are touched by the cry of the broken hearted father.

What about the heart of God as He gave up His only Son, the holy one, to become a sacrifice for our sins, a sin bearer, a curse for us? Let each one say "bearing my sins in His own body on the tree." Might he not say to us as He beholds our indifference, "Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by?"

World's Cleanest Soldiers.

The Japanese soldier considers it a disgrace to be dirty. Soldiers of other nationalities are not always overparticular, but, as Mr. Kipling has sung:

Oh, east is east, and west is west, and
never the twain shall meet.

However, the Japanese military man is not provided by a grateful and beneficent government with a portable bath, so when on active service he has to set his wits to work in order to obtain the necessary adjuncts to his ablutions.

The Chinese, for reasons of their own, manufacture long and large jars, whose diameter is that of a western main drain. It occurred to a bright Japanese that one might just as well have a bath standing up as lying down.

Accordingly he and his comrades interred a jar, built a furnace beneath it and filled it with water. Soon a boiling hot bath bubbled before them. Imitators sprang into being and subsequently into similar baths.—Bystander.

A SCISSORS ARTIST.

The Wonderful Feats Performed by Joanne Koetren.

More than 200 years ago a little girl was born at Amsterdam, Holland, whose name was Joanne Koetren. She was a peculiar child in that she cared nothing whatever for play and sport, but found her greatest delight in making copies of things about her, imitating in wax every kind of fruit and making on silk with colored floss exact copies of paintings which were thought wonderful.

But after she had become very accomplished in music, spinning and embroidery she abandoned all these for a still more extraordinary art—that of cutting. She executed landscapes, marine views, flowers, animals and portraits of people of such striking resemblance that she was for a time quite the wonder of Europe. She used white papers for her cuttings, placing them over a black surface, so that the minute openings made by her scissors formed the "light and shade."

The czar, Peter the Great, and others of high rank paid her honor. One man high in office vainly offered her 1,000 florins for three small cuttings. The empress of Germany paid her 4,000 florins for a trophy she had cut, bearing the arms of Emperor Leopold, crowned with eagles and surrounded by a garland of flowers. She also cut the emperor's portrait, which can now be seen in the Royal Art gallery in Vienna. A great many people went to see her, and she kept a book in which princes and princesses wrote their names.

After she died, which was when she had lived sixty-five years, her husband, Adrian Block, erected a monument to her memory and had designed upon it the portraits of these titled visitors. Her cuttings were so correct in effect and so tasteful as to give both dignity and value to her work and constitute her an artist whose exquisite skill with the scissors has never before or since been equaled.

CAMELS HARBOR HATRED.

Will Wait Until an Opportunity Arrives For Revenge.

The Arab who has angered a camel will throw his clothes upon the ground, and the infuriated beast after stamping on them and tearing them asunder with its teeth goes on its way, and the driver is thereafter quite safe, as it seems to be an axiom with the camel that no man shall be put in peril of life twice for one offense.

The camel is stupid save when angry and then seems to become almost preternatural in carrying out its vengeful designs. Palgrave relates the following story of a camel's revenge, which serves to illustrate this point: "A lad of fourteen had conducted a large camel laden with wood from one village to another at a half hour's distance. As the animal loitered or turned out of the way its conductor struck it repeatedly and harder than it seemed to have thought he had a right to do; but, not finding the occasion favorable for taking immediate quits, it 'bode its time.' That time was not long in coming.

"A few days later the same lad had to reconduct the beast, but unladen, to his own village. When they were about halfway on the road and at some distance from any habitation the camel suddenly stopped, looked deliberately round in every direction to assure itself that no one was in sight and, finding the road clear of passersby, made a step forward, seized the unlucky boy's head in its monstrous mouth and, lifting him up in the air, flung him down again on the earth with the upper part of his skull completely torn off.

"Having thus satisfied its revenge, the brute quietly resumed its pace toward the village, as though nothing were the matter, till some men who had observed the whole, though unfortunately at too great a distance to be able to afford timely help, came up and killed it."—London Telegraph.

Why He Drowned.

Describing the stringent police regulations of Berlin, a citizen of that city by way of illustration told the following story:

"Schmidt and Krauss met one morning in the park.

"'Have you heard,' says Schmidt, 'the sad news about Muller?'

"'No,' says Krauss. 'What is it?'

"'Well, poor Muller went boating on the river yesterday. The boat capsized, and he was drowned. The water was ten feet deep.'

"'But couldn't he swim?'

"'Swim? Don't you know that all persons are strictly forbidden by the police to swim in the river.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Not Mentioned by Herodotus.

Xerxes was meditating upon his good luck in having been made king by his royal father in preference to the eldest son.

"Still," he said, "if the succession had been determined by a primary election I would have got it just the same. Naturally everybody would have marked an X opposite my name."

Subsequently, however, the Greeks gave him the double cross at Plataea.—Chicago Tribune.

A Poor Place.

"And you say you almost starved to death in your last position?" said the kind housewife. "What position was it?"

"I was treasurer of a poets' union, mum," replied the dusty wayfarer, with a deep sigh.—Exchange.

Easy.

Higgs—I never want to see him again. Diggs—That's easily done. Lend him a fiver.—Illustrated Bits.

An Odorless Disinfectant.

If one objects to the odor of carbolic acid, he may use for the plumbing an odorless disinfectant prepared as follows: Dissolve half a pound of permanganate of potash in four gallons of water and pour this carefully down the pipes. This solution, if allowed to stand in bowls or basins, will stain them purple. The stains may be removed with a weak solution of oxalic acid. The acid must be rinsed off immediately after it has been used.

A Hindrance.

Suburbanite—You are half an hour late this morning. Letter Carrier—Yes, ma'am. The sections of stovepipe I have to wear inside my trousers legs on account of the dogs you keep along this street hamper my movements, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

Why She Held on to It.

Mrs. Willful—My husband told me if I didn't like the brooch you'd exchange it for me. Jeweler—Certainly, madam. I'll be only too glad, as four different ladies of your set want it.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 55 p m, 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m)

SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

William E. Maloney, Div. Supt.
Albert E. Myer, Div. Supt.
Thomas Lees, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7 07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

Albert E. Myers, Div. Supt.
Thomas Lees, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

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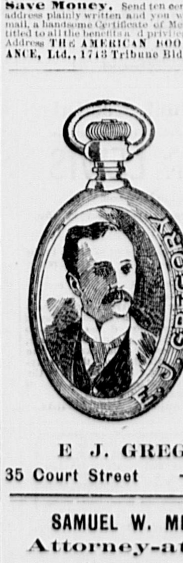

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Leave Woburn for Melrose Highlands at 5.45 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 8 15 A. M., then every hour until 2 15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.15, P. M.

Leave Melrose Highland for Stoneham and Woburn at 5 00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 7.30 A. M., then every hour until 1.30 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.30, P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn for Melrose Highlands at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.15 P. M.

Leave Melrose Highlands for Stoneham and Woburn at 8 00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Sept. 14, 1908.

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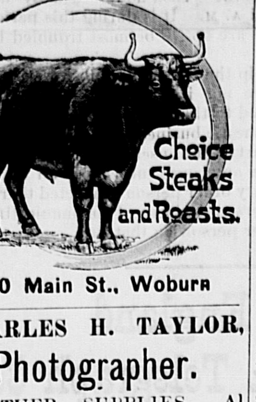
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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6,50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8 00, 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8 05, 8.20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11 50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6 40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6 50, 7.50, 8.20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect October 5, 1908

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55, †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8 21, †8.55, §9.23, †10.21, §11.01, †11.17 a. m., §12.05, †12.59, §2.00, †2 04, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.22, †5.02, †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.

LOWELL — †8.20, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, †4 42, §5.28, †6.42, §9.27, †10.59, §11.02, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2-26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H. — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D 42 p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell. ‖ Saturdays only.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, *Pas. Traf. Mgr.*
C. M. BURT, *Gen. Pass. Agt.*

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

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FOUND IN THE WOODS.

By GRANT PACKARD.

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Overnight the street corner had blossomed out with unpainted pine chestnut stands, topped by the roaster, which sent out the fragrance of the mealy nuts.

A crisp tang in the air sent the endless procession of workers along at a smarter pace. Only an occasional derelict sauntered along at a laggard's gait. Overhead a thin haze veiled the sky, changing the blue of the cloudless firmament to a softer tint, and through this a yellow sun burned dully.

Paul Westford as he hurried toward the office sniffed the odor of the roasting chestnuts and smiled reminiscently. Of course chestnuts roasted in a pan over a charcoal fire could not be as good as when they were gathered in the wood and roasted in a fire shovel.

It took two to roast chestnuts properly, two in a cozy parlor, with an open fire for the only illustration.

He knew all about roasting chestnuts. It was while they were roasting chestnuts that Carol Ryder had promised to be his wife. Ever since that night the perfume of the chestnut stands had reminded him of the girl he had loved and lost.

The course of true love had run with its customary irregularity, so it befell that during one of their misunderstandings John Ryder, Carol's father, had fallen upon evil times. His investments were threatened for lack of ready money. Another man had come to Ryder's aid and had claimed Carol as his reward.

The girl had married him in the mistaken belief that she owed it to her father to obey his wishes, and when Paul sought reconciliation he had found that it was too late.

He had come to the city that he might not be reminded daily of his loss and had prospered greatly. He had found engrossment if not forgetfulness in business.

Yet always the smell of roasting chestnuts brought back to him that night in the Ryder parlor, and he could feel again that thrill of joy when he heard the whispered "Yes."

Today it came back to him more strongly than ever, and on the pages of the letters he opened he could see the picture of the woods about Carrisville, rioting with color under the autumn sun.

He had never gone back to the town since his first departure. He had never wanted to see the place. But today he heard the country call him, and the call was not to be denied. He arranged with his chief clerk to look after affairs for a few days, and that night he left on the sleeper for Carrisville.

He found the town was sadly changed. Paul arrived in the early hours, when few were stirring, and as a sleepy hackman drove a sleepier horse through the silent street Paul felt a lump rise in his throat as when one greets an old friend and finds him that friend no longer, but even more foreign than an actual stranger.

The old brick schoolhouse had grown into a stone structure several stories in height. There was a new Methodist church, and many of the old houses had been replaced by more imposing structures, while in the business section the store fronts had been altered to present a metropolitan aspect.

It was not until after lunch and Paul had started out into the country that he began to feel at home. He had looked up none of his old friends, fearing to find them as sadly changed as the village itself.

There was a trolley now to take him to the outskirts of the town, but he dropped off when the canal bridge came in sight and the trolley turned on the road to the river. The bridge was not changed.

It was the same low, white structure from which he had dropped many a time to the deck of some passing canalboat to ride down to the lock and beg a ride back.

Beyond the bridge, too, the road looked the same. The trend of progress had been along the line of the trolley, and on this side of the canal the farmhouses were unchanged.

They had not even mended the break in the fence where he formerly slipped through for the short cut to the marsh. Here the largest frogs were always to be caught, and Paul was tempted to push through just to see if he still was slender enough.

It was a sharp climb up the hill, and Paul was glad to pause and rest for a moment when he gained the crest. Below, the canal wound its way between grassy banks, the towpath, dotted with toiling mules, showing white against the green.

Farther yet the river flowed placidly on to the churning foam of the rapids below, and between lay the level acres now yellow with stubble. In the valley, the autumn tints were not yet pronounced, but at his back, on the heights, the woods were glorious with red and gold.

Paul started out at a brisk pace for the chestnut grove where the nuts were always biggest and best. On the Saturday holiday the woods would be dotted with the nutpickers, but today he had the place to himself. He was on familiar ground now, and he headed straight for the grove.

There were few nuts on the ground, but Paul was not content with these, and, slipping off his coat and vest, he swung up into the biggest tree to shake some down.

He felt an odd sense of elation as he found that he could climb as well as ever, in spite of city life and elevators, and he determined to climb to the very top of the tree. It was from this same tree that he had had many a fall in his knickerbocker days, and he wanted to show his mastery of his old enemy.

The pride that goeth before a fall was his, and the inevitable tumble came. He was nearly back to the bottom limb when, with an ominous crackle, one of the yellow branches by which he was steadying himself gave way, he lost his balance and fell heavily to the ground.

For a moment he lay, half stunned, then a burning pain in his ankle roused him. Dragging himself to a sitting posture, he cut the laces of the boot and with his handkerchief bound the sprained ankle as tightly as he could. Then, by slow degrees, he made his way to his coat and slipped it on to prevent a cold.

Holding to the trunk of the tree he sought to rise, but he sank to the ground again and rested for a moment until the sharp pain ceased.

There was no stick in sight that could be used as a cane, and without such an aid there was small chance of being able to make his way to the edge of the wood, where he might be able to attract the attention of some pedestrian, on the road below. Yet he would crawl on his hands and knees rather than pass the night in the open.

He was still considering the situation when he spied a flash of brown and scarlet between the trees, and a girl came slowly toward him. As she came more clearly into view Paul gasped and rubbed his eyes.

Coming toward him was Carol Ryder, not as he expected to find her with the weight of added years, but as young and girlish as on that day when they two had gathered chestnuts and taken them home to roast.

It seemed that it must be some vision, for he had seen a late picture of Carol, and the girlishness had given place to a matronly dignity that sat oddly on her young face. This was the girl of the olden day—his Carol—and as she approached he struggled to rise and fell. She came hurrying toward him.

"You have hurt your ankle," she asked in a voice that surely must be Carol's. "I will try and find a stick for you to use as a cane. Don't try to rise until I bring you one."

She hurried away and presently reappeared with a stout branch.

"You will have to trim it down a little with your knife," she explained. "It was the best I could find. Is it Paul Westford?" she added as, for the first time, she studied his face.

"It's Paul Westford," he assented, "but you cannot be Carol?"

"I'm her sister Edith," she explained with a light laugh. "I was just at the awkward age when you left, and, anyhow, you never had eyes for any one but Carol."

"You look very like her," he said quietly as he rose by aid of the cane.

"So every one tells me," was the girl's careless comment. "You had better take my arm too. It will be safer. Do you think you can manage it?"

"Easily," he agreed as he accepted her suggestion and rested his free hand lightly upon her arm.

Slowly they made their way to the clearing, and not until they left the woods behind did Edith stop with a little cry of dismay.

"You never got the nuts," she cried, "and you came all the way from town to get them!"

"I came in search of old memories," said Paul softly as he looked down into the eager face upturned to his. "I thought they were dead memories, and I find that they still live."

The color flooded the girl's face as she turned it aside, but not till eyes had spoken to eyes, and Paul knew that he had found his mate.

One Thing Was Certain.

When Carol was nearly four years old her parents had occasion to move into another part of town, and one morning when a strange little girl wandered into the yard Carol, who is an only child, was delighted with the idea of a playfellow.

"Good morning, little girl," she called out brightly. "Did you tome to play wiv me?"

The little girl, who was older and larger than Carol, stared and was dumb.

"What's your name, little girl?" Carol proceeded.

No answer.

"Are you five?"

Still no answer.

"Are you six?"

The child fidgeted and grinned, but remained silent, with her finger in her mouth.

Carol surveyed her calmly a moment and then remarked emphatically, "Well, I don't know your name and I don't know how old you are, but I do know you aren't very smart for your age!"—Delineator.

His Lost Opportunities.

"Of all the masterpieces of art and nature there is just one that my infirmity prevents my studying critically," said the shortsighted man. "I never get a really satisfactory look at a pretty woman. When my attention is directed to an especially fine picture, a piece of statuary, a fine building or a beautiful landscape I am at liberty to come as near as I like, adjust the strongest magnifying glasses I can get hold of and study that object of art to my heart's content. But when somebody says, 'By George, there's a handsome woman,' I am denied that privilege. Conventionality, consideration for the lady's sensibilities, forbid that I should study her at close range through a magnifying glass. Consequently I am struggling through life with my curiosity in regard to feminine pulchritude only half satisfied."—New York Press.

In the Same Boat.

The stranger advanced toward the door. Mrs. O'Toole stood in the doorway with a rough stick in her left hand and a frown on her brow.

"Good morning," said the stranger politely. "I'm looking for Mr. O'Toole."

"So'm I," said Mrs. O'Toole, shifting her club over to her other hand.—Everybody's.

Matrimony.

Youngly—Did you ever notice that the matrimonial process is like that of making a call? You go to adore, you ring a belle and you give your name to a maid. Cynicus—Yes, and then you're taken in.—Boston Transcript.

The Extremes.

Lobster and champagne for supper—that's high jinks. Sawdust and near-coffee for breakfast—that's hygiene. Between these two eminences, however, there's room for some genuine living.—Life.

SCALPING.

Indian Tradition That Tells the Origin of the Custom.

According to the Indian tradition, scalping arose in this wise:

Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years ago, when all the Indians in the world were of one tribe and under one chief, there arose a dispute in the tribe as to who should succeed the old chief, who had just died without issue. There were two principal aspirants to the honor, each having a considerable following. The dispute finally ended with strife and war, and for the first time in the history was "brothers' blood shed by brothers."

The chief of one of the factions had a beautiful daughter, and one of the bravest warriors was a suitor for her hand. Her father consented to the match on one condition—that the young brave should journey to the camp of the enemy, many miles away through the deep snow, kill the chief, his rival, and return with some unmistakable token of his death. In spite of the snow and the distance, the young man immediately set out on his journey and, after lying in ambush for several days, finally entered the camp, boldly attacked the chief in his tent, slew him and cut off his head.

Next morning the murder was discovered, and the tribe set off in hot pursuit. Little by little they gained upon the fleeing warrior, who in his anxiety to elude his pursuers cast away all his impediments, to his very clothing, retaining only his stone knife and the trophy which was to win him his bride.

His pursuers gained rapidly until finally so near did they come he could hear them on his trail. His grewsome burden grew heavier and heavier, and as a last resort he whipped out his knife, stripped the scalp from the head of the dead man and, thus lightened of his load, reached his own camp in safety, presented to his chief the token of his prowess and was wed, amid great rejoicing, to the damsel of his choice.

From thenceforth he was permitted to wear an eagle's feather in his cap, and to this day the eagle's feather remains the sign of the successful warrior, the number he displays depending upon the number of scalps he has taken.—Chicago Record-Herald.

HE USED TACT.

A Successful Man's Story of the Way He Won Wealth.

"The late Ira D. Sankey," said a Brooklyn clergyman, "attributed a part of his success to tact—to the faculty of pleasing people. He used to tell a story in illustration of tact's great power.

"Mr. Sankey, according to the tale, met on the street one day a man he hadn't seen for two years.

"'Why,' said the man, 'how well you're looking, Sankey!'

"'You, too, are looking well,' said Mr. Sankey. 'And two years ago you were quite out at the elbow, while now you are clothed in purple and fine linen. Come home to dinner with me, won't you?'

"'Gladly,' said the other, and they went to dine.

"During dinner Mr. Sankey's guest talked agreeably of his 120 horsepower racer, his wife's limousine and his daughter's husband, the earl. It developed, in fact, that he was a multimillionaire.

"'And yet two years ago,' Mr. Sankey said, 'you were as poor as a church mouse. Tell me, how did you manage it?'

"'By means of tact,' replied the guest. 'I suddenly took to being tactful, and the results were marvelous. I never neglected on meeting an acquaintance to say, "How well you are looking!" The acquaintance would be tremendously pleased. He would invite me home to dinner, he would introduce me to all his influential friends and he would give me valuable tips and pointers. Naturally I soon became rich, very rich, rich enough to retire.'

"Then the guest looked at his watch and rose.

"'But I really must be going,' he said. 'Thank you, my dear Sankey, for an excellent dinner. Goodby. How well you're looking!'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Settled It Themselves.

In western China European travelers recently found a simple method of settling disputes. One of them writes: "While we called the midday halt at Tachade, we asked the villagers concerning some new graves which we noticed in a field close by. They answered, 'Our head man and two others were killed three months ago in a feud with a village higher up the hills.' 'Is it settled now?' 'Yes.' 'Did you report the matter to Laowo?' 'No. What would have been the use? We just settled the matter ourselves.' 'How?' 'Oh, we killed eight of the other party.'"

The Apple of Discord.

At the marriage of Thetis and Peleus, where all the gods and goddesses met together, Discord threw on the table a "golden apple" for "the most beautiful." Juno, Minerva and Venus put in their separate claims and, not being able to settle the point, referred the matter to Paris, who gave judgment to Venus. This brought on him the vengeance of Juno and Minerva, to whose skill is attributed the fall of Troy.

Literary Taste.

"I have written a book that everybody ought to read," said the author.

"I am afraid it won't do," answered the publisher. "What the public seems to want now is a book that nobody ought to read."—Washington Star.

Rare Indeed.

How rarely do these three things meet—a man who wants something, is fitted for it and any great number of persons who think he ought to have it!—Exchange.

Crushed.

Stonebroke—Do you think your father would object to my marrying you? Heiress—I don't know. If he's anything like me he would.

Salt Lakes.

The Great Salt Lake is gradually drying up, and the inhabitants of Salt Lake City seem quite surprised. They ought not to be. All salt lakes owe their salinity to the fact of their having no outlet, and a lake without an outlet is a dying lake.

Nor is death usually long delayed, speaking geologically. Lakes Koko Nor and Lob Nor were undoubtedly extensive inland seas not so very many decades ago, yet Sven Hedin found them reduced to mere acrid puddles set in the midst of well nigh limitless salt deserts that once were their beds.

The terrible Taklamakan desert, too, in which Hedin nearly died of thirst, was once the bed of just such a lake. So also were the salt deserts of Persia. Northern Tibet is studded with salt lakes in process of desiccation. The Aral and the Caspian seas were at one time far more extensive than is now the case, proving that they, too, are undergoing the inevitable process of desiccation to which all such bodies of water are sooner or later invariably subjected.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Negro Eloquence.

Some years ago one of Texas' widely known statesmen who is now dead was passing along a street in Dallas when an old colored man who had once belonged to him approached, took off his hat and passed a hand over his white wool as he asked:

"Marster, gin de old man 50 cents."

"Dan, you are a robber."

"How?" asked the astonished darky, opening his eyes, around which roughshod age had walked.

"Didn't you see me put my hand in my pocket?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, you old rascal, you rob me of the pleasure of giving you money without being asked."

The old man received a dollar. Bowing almost to the ground, while tears came out and coursed through the aged prints around his eyes, he replied:

"Marster, wid—wid such a heart as you hab and wid Abraham and Isaac and de Lord on your side I don't see what can keep you out of heaven."

Sitting Bull.

To look at Sitting Bull one would say that he was always quiet and self contained. In fact, he did usually keep himself under control, but he was cruel and almost heartless. He had practiced cruelty to animals and men from his childhood and as long as he lived; he was full of passion and often very angry. He was always imperious and insolent toward our generals, the Indian agent and other friends of the great father at Washington, whom he claimed to hate. He had great talent and ability to plan campaigns and battles and wonderful influence in bringing Indians together. Notwithstanding all this, he was afraid of death, and, though he planned the greatest victory which the Indians ever gained over white men, Sitting Bull himself was a coward and disgraced himself even before his own people by running away in the very face of success.—General Howard in St. Nicholas.

Folklore Stories.

The Journal of American Folklore has some interesting folk tales of the Nez Perces Indians:

"Once the sun fell down from the sky just about sunrise. Mole caught it and held it up until people got there and helped him to shove it back. The sun had meant to roll along on the ground instead of in the sky. It was from holding up the sun that Mole's hands are bent so far back.

"Coyote and Cloud ran a race. Cloud bet storm and Coyote clear weather. They started far away to the south, and for awhile Coyote was in the lead. Then Cloud made fruits of all kinds to grow in front of Coyote, and he, looking back and seeing Cloud far behind, stopped to eat. In this way Cloud caught up and won. This is why we have storms in winter time."

Long Suffering Bill.

A correspondent sends the following to a remote rural organ of the people:

"Our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. William M. Puckleton, has had several new 'No Trespassing' signs erected on his place. We have had the pleasure of perusing the one facing the Hedgeville pike. It reads:

> "Notis.—Trespasers will be persekuted to the full exten of 2 mean mungrel dogs wich ain't never ben overly soshibil with strangers an 1 dubbel barl shotgun wich ain't loaded with no sofy pillers dam if I ain't getin tired of this helraisin on my property. Yurs respecful.
>
> "BILL PUCKLETON."

—Current Literature.

In the Customary Place.

A well known English bishop some time since lost his third wife. A clergyman who had known the first wife returned from Africa and wanted to see the grave. He called at the cathedral and saw the verger.

"Can you tell me where the bishop's wife is buried?"

"Well, sir," replied the verger, "I don't know for certain, but he mostly buries 'em at Brompton."—Detroit Tribune.

Desperate Coughs

Dangerous coughs. Extremely perilous coughs. Coughs that rasp and tear the throat and lungs. Coughs that shake the whole body. You need a regular medicine, a doctor's medicine, for such a cough. Ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Ayer's
We publish our formulas
We banish alcohol from our medicines
We urge you to consult your doctor

Any good doctor will tell you that a medicine like Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cannot do its best work if the bowels are constipated. Ask your doctor if he knows anything better than Ayer's Pills for correcting this sluggishness of the liver.
—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

NANCY'S PROXY.

By EPES W. SARGENT.

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"Nancy, it's awful to go to school."

Nancy Hartman nodded a solemn assent to the statement, for she always agreed with what Bobby Seaton said.

In this instance her own views were reflected, albeit those views were somewhat prejudiced at the moment by the fact that she had been kept in after school, and Bobby had had to sit on the curb and wait for her. He had done his best, too, to be kept in, and so share her punishment.

"I'll be glad when I'm married and don't have to go to school," he continued solemnly. "Married people don't have to go to school."

"Mr. Scarritt did," reminded Nancy.

"He was a minister," explained Bobby, as though that made a difference. "Besides he was married when he was in college. College is different from a school."

Nancy nodded wisely. She could not grasp any distinction, but since Bobby said so, there must be a difference.

"School's horrid," she complained. "I just fired one teenty little spit ball, and Miss Magnus made me stay in."

"She's got to stay to correct the exercises," explained Bobby, "and she's 'fraid to stay alone. That's why she always makes some one stay in."

"'Tain't fair," insisted Nancy, "and we were going after nuts too."

"I tell you what," exclaimed Bobby. "Let's get married, and then she can't make us go to school."

"Right now?" demanded Nancy, with a glance at her soiled dress.

"That little ink stain don't matter," assured Bobby. "We'll go to Mr. Scarritt. He got married when he was in school, so he'll understand."

"But he went to school after he got married," reminded Nancy.

"That's because he wanted to," explained Bobby. "If he didn't want to go he didn't have to. We won't want to go."

He started to his feet, and Nancy obediently followed. Had Bobby proposed a stroll to the north pole she would have followed with the same content, for was not Bobby wise with the wisdom of full eight years, while she boasted a scant six?

It was a short walk to the minister's home, and presently Bobby, brave but a trifle weak in the knees and with a higher color on his face, was explaining to the minister his desire to wed.

The Rev. Scarritt, grave and studious, was shocked at the suggestion and with gentle reproof at their sacrilege turned them from his study. The reproof was lost on a determined mind, and when the door had closed Bobby shook his tiny fist in the air.

"Just 'cause he's married he don't care 'bout no one else," he said vindictively. "He's not the only marrier in town. Huh!"

There was a world of scorn in the exclamation, and Bobby's wrath was hot. He had not understood what the minister was saying, but he had gathered that he was being scolded for even thinking of marriage, and this under the very eyes of his beloved.

There were three other ministers in town, but none of them was at home, and Bobby turned toward the tired Nancy.

"It's no use," he said, with a tightening of the quivering lip. "We've got to go to Riverside."

Nancy blinked back the tears and put her hand in his.

"It's dreadful hard getting married," she said. "Do all people have trouble like this?"

"When they elope," explained Bobby calmly. "You don't have time to fix it with the minister."

"I don't think that 'loping's much fun," ventured Nancy, but Bobby's look silenced her. Together they trudged along in silence until the houses were passed and the road to Riverside lay bare and lonely before them.

The shadows were closing in, and there were clumps of trees that made patches of dark, just the sort that bears love to hide in.

For the benefit of his lady Bobby kept up a brave front, but his clasp on the tired, dirty little hand that lay within his own tightened when the dark places came, and the sturdy little legs were urged to greater speed until the danger point was passed.

The dark was closing in now, and Nancy's plump little legs were not as strong as Bobby's, and, though she bravely sought to hold the pace, she lagged behind.

At last, in spite of her fortitude, she had to give in and sank with a little sob on the grass beside the roadway.

"I just can't go any more, Bobby," she wailed. "It seems like we 'most walked round the earth."

"It's only a little way now," urged Bobby, "an' maybe the minister will ask us to stay for supper."

The mention of food was the last straw. Fatigue had prevented the thought of hunger, but now Nancy knew that she was famished.

A school lunch is not calculated to last until 7 o'clock, and Nancy remembered that there was to be jelly cake for supper.

At the sound of the sobs that shook her tiny frame Bobby knelt beside her and sought to check the flow of tears, but not until she had cried herself to sleep on Bobby's shoulder did silence come.

Bobby himself felt very much like crying, but that would never do, and he held back the tears while he stared bravely into the dark, his arm protectingly about the sleeping Nancy.

It seemed to him ages passed as he sat there in the silence and the dark. No wagons came along, though once an automobile shot past at a speed that rendered his cry unavailing.

The passing of the car only served to make the loneliness the more pronounced, and when two more great yellow eyes shone far down the road Bobby gently lowered the golden head from his shoulder to the grassy bank and sprang to his feet. Perhaps if he waved his arms they would see and stop.

Nearer and nearer came the lights, and he stood directly in the yellow patch the lamps made in the white dust of the road. To his great relief the car slowed down, and from behind the curtain of light that half blinded the tired eyes came the welcome sound of a familiar voice. Bobby sprang forward to throw himself into the strong arms of his big brother.

"You're a fine pair of runaways," cried Howard. "We have been searching the roads for nearly two hours."

"Is Nancy with you?" demanded an anxious voice from the car, and Bobby knew that Nancy's sister was there too.

She gave a little cry when Howard brought the girl to her and covered the tear stained face with kisses. Howard made up a bed in the tonneau for the children and ran on to where the road permitted a turn toward home. Bobby was not sleepy now, and he stood leaning over the back of the front seat watching the car eat up the road.

"We was eloping lovely," he said plaintively, "until Nancy got tired. Now I s'pose this spoils it all."

"I guess it does, old man," was the laughing comment. "Suppose that you give me your proxy."

"What's proxy?" demanded Bobby curiously.

"It's this way," explained Howard as he let the car slow down. "If you want to do something, but don't have time or for some other reason you can't, you appoint a proxy to act for you. I appreciate highly your endeavors to unite the Hartman and Seaton families, but, since your scholastic duties prevent the consummation of your laudable intentions, I propose that you constitute me your proxy in the premises. I might add that in consideration of this demonstration of your confidence in my integrity I am prepared to reciprocate with the donation of one bright silver half dollar in the coin of the realm."

Bobby regarded his brother suspiciously. He never could tell just what Howard was up to when he used the big words, but the proffer of a half dollar was a business proposition, and he stretched out his hand.

The exchange was made and Howard turned to the girl.

"Etta," he said gently, "it would be a shame to frustrate the plans of these two innocents. Don't you think, dear, that you might act for Nancy and make this marriage by proxy an assured fact?"

For a moment the girl hesitated, then she half turned in the seat.

"It would be a shame—to spoil their plans," she said gently. "I think—I should like—to act as Nancy's proxy, dear."

A Natural Result.

Willowby had a good shoemaker, Hiram Pool by name. Nobody knew the trade of making, mending and tapping, resoling and patching shoes better than he. His conversation took on local color from his shop, no matter what the subject might be. One evening an astronomer, sojourning in Willowby, gave a "talk" at the town hall, and Hiram went to hear him.

"What did you make of all he said about the cause o' wet weather when he'd spoken so light of the moon having all to do with it?" somebody asked Hiram the next day.

Mr. Pool held up the boot he was mending and squinted at the sole of it.

"His talk needed waxing," said the shoemaker dryly when his inspection of the boot was finished. "But what I made out of it was that he considered the wet weather usu'lly comes when the clouds are so old and rotten they won't hold the patches."—Youth's Companion.

Encouraged to Hope.

When the Empress Frederick, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, was a little girl, her disposition, to the great grief of the queen, was haughty and arrogant. Once, when about to embark on the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, she was lifted across to the deck of the boat by one of the sailors, who, as he was putting her down gently, said, "There you are, my little lady."

"I am not a 'little lady;' I am a princess!" was the prompt and indignant reply. The queen, who had overheard the conversation, detained the man with a gesture and, turning to her spoiled little daughter, said:

"Tell the kind sailor that you are much indebted to him for his civility and that, although you are not a 'little lady' yet, you confidently hope to merit the title before long."

An Air With Real Air.

During one of the political tours of Mr. Cleveland, in which he was accompanied by Secretary Olney, he arrived during a severe storm at a town in which he was to speak. As he entered the carriage with his friends and was driven from the station the rain changed to hail, and immense stones battered and rattled against the vehicle. A brass band, rather demoralized by the storm, stuck bravely to its post and played.

"That is the most realistic music I have ever heard," remarked the president.

"What are they playing?" asked the secretary of state.

"'Hail to the Chief,' with real hail!" rejoined Mr. Cleveland.

Origin of the Word "Bogus."

The word "bogus" is said by Dr. Ogilvie to be derived from Boghese, the name of a notorious American swindler who about the year 1835 flooded the western and southwestern states with counterfeit bills, sham mortgages, etc. Others connect the word with "bogy," a scarecrow or goblin, and so applied to anything fictitious or chimerical.

Lowell in the "Biglow Papers" says: "I more than suspect the word to be a corruption of the French bogasse." This bogasse was the sugar cane as delivered in its dry, crushed state from the mill, also called can trash and fit only for burning, being synonymous with useless rubbish.

Again, according to Brewer, there is in French argot or thieves' slang a word "bogue," which signifies the rind of a green chestnut or the case of a watch, and this also brings us to the idea of an outward seeming without any solid or reputable foundation.—Kansas City Journal.

The Woburn Journal
Telephone 55.
FRIDAY, NOV. 13, 1908

NOLICENSE.

It is of vastly more importance that Woburn should vote next month to continue in the Nolicense column than that any particular person should be elected Mayor of the city. True, some men in the office of Mayor would be more vigilant than some others in ferreting out and prosecuting offenders against the liquor laws, but that does not militate against the statement that to secure a nolicense majority is of paramount moment to the best interests of this community.

Nobody of common sense believes that illicit liquor selling can be wholly prevented even in a no-license town or city; but it may be reduced to a minimum, as has been demonstrated by the present administration since the anti-license policy went into effect last May.

What Woburn needs more than anything else to give it an honorable standing in public estimation is a good name. It needs a reputation for sobriety and orderly conduct, which cannot be secured so long as the city persists in granting licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors. A good name is one of the best assets a man, or a municipality, can have; and if Woburn will adopt Nolicense as a permanent policy, it will gain such a name, and then it will grow and prosper. It is strange that real estate owners, householders, and large taxpayers in this city seem to be stoneblind to the value of a good name. But there are such men among us, and they are largely responsible for the unenviable reputation which the city bears outside of its boundaries.

It is earnestly hoped that this city will give a big majority for Nolicense at the election next month.

CAUCUSES.

The Republicans of this city will hold caucuses for the nomination of candidates to fill city offices and three members of the School Board on Friday evening, Nov. 20.

☞ The delay of Mayor Blodgett to respond to the appeals of citizens and clergymen to accept another nomination may work serious harm to the antilicense cause and jeopardise its success at the polls. If he should decline to run again it would leave only a week for the antilicense people to find a candidate before the caucuses, a period too short to make a judicious selection, obtain the consent of the right man for the office, and prepare for the battle. From the public's point of view the delay was inexcusable. If, however, Mayor Blodgett should consent to take another term it would make plain and easy sailing for the temperance people, and a Nolicense victory would be assured. It is thought by some that he will announce his decision at the gathering in Lyceum Hall this evening; but whether he does, or not, he should realize that, in this case, as generally, "delays are dangerous."

☞ Ex Representative Andrew R. Linscott of this city was a member of the Massachusetts delegation that participated in the dedication of the monument erected in the National Cemetery at Newbern, N. C., last Wednesday. The 5th Massachusetts Regiment, which served in the Department of North Carolina, was represented by Captain Edwin F. Wyer, present postmaster of Woburn. The monument was erected in memory of the Massachusetts soldiers who died in that section of the South during the Civil War. The delegations left Boston last Monday evening. The monument was accepted by Hon. William D. Chapple, President of the Massachusetts Senate, for Governor Guild.

☞ It looks just now as though Mr. Lawrence Reade is a good many laps ahead of all others in the race for the Democratic nomination for Mayor. At a meeting held by several leading members of the party a few evenings since he was unanimously, and with considerable enthusiasm, named for the post of honor, which may be accepted as a pretty sure indication of what the result of the Democratic caucuses will be, for the men composing that meeting can control votes. The opinion prevails among the saloonists that Reade can do more towards carrying the city for License than any other candidate; and that is why they want him nominated.

☞ When Mr. Taft comes to making up his Cabinet and choosing an Attorney General, what would be more natural than that his thoughts should turn to that able Lawyer, that enthusiastic brother Yale man, and that Prince of Good Fellows, Samuel J. Elder, Esq., of Massachusetts? The new President could not make a better choice.—*Boston Globe.*

A capital suggestion; but, unfortunately for it, Mr. Elder is not a Politician.

☞ A committee of Democrats waited on ex-Mayor Hugh D. Murray last Tuesday to induce him to consent to become the Democratic candidate for Mayor. Up to date no public announcement had been made as to the result of their mission. It is thought, however, that Mr. Murray will not run.

☞ Ald. Highley of Ward 6 don't know yet whether he will be a candidate for Mayor, or not; probably Mayor Blodgett's determination as to whether he will enter for a third term may have considerable to do with Ald. Highley's decision in the premises.

☞ The Republicans of this city should not forget that three members of the School Board are to be chosen at the city election next month, nor to select a strong ticket to succeed the retiring members.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

Edison Co.—Light.
H. P. Johnson—Citation.
Henry G. Gowing—Citation.
Andreas Bloom—Mort. Sale.
Charles D. Adams—Mort. Sale.

— Be sure to attend the Republican caucuses next Friday evening.

— Mayor Blodgett has been in New York City this week on business.

— Mrs. H. E. Strout from Brockton was visiting friends here some days last week.

— Mrs. Ella Putney left Woburn for her home in Putney, Ga., last week Friday.

— Walter C. Knapp, Olof Olson, and August Nelson have been appointed Public Weighers.

— Bishop Lawrence is to make an official visit to Trinity church next Sunday afternoon.

— There are numerous people in this city who would like to vote Ald. Harold P. Johnson for Mayor.

— There was a smart rain here last Wednesday evening, but more of the same sort would have been welcomed

— This evening the Phalanx Associates are to hold their annual meeting for the election of officers in the Armory.

— On next Friday evening, Nov. 20, the Senior Class of the High School are to give a dancing party in Mechanics Hall.

— Ald. D. W. Bond of North Woburn is mentioned as a possible candidate for Mayor. He is a worthy citizen and a good man.

— Mrs. Carrie Reynolds of Boston is spending the present week with her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Andrus, on Court street.

— The Woman's Missionary Society of the First Congregational church meet with Mrs. Ella J. Smith, 508 Main street, this afternoon.

— The Gabalotte Club were handsomely entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Johnson at their fine Warren avenue residence last week.

— That License Commissioner appointment don't seem to materialize to any alarming extent, as the late lamented Artemas Ward would say.

— Among the visitors at the Parish supper from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Kimball and daughter Ruth, from Hingham.

— The nomination of Mayor Blodgett for a third term would carry the anti-license ticket through akiting. That is one of several reasons why he is wanted for a candidate.

— Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds of Church avenue left for North Weare, N. H, last Saturday where she is to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Minnie Nichols, and family.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— The advertised ball of Mayor and Mrs. William E Blodgett is to take place this evening in Lyceum Hall. The fortunate guests are lotting on a delightful Terpsichorean entertainment.

— It looks as though there would be no cause for complaint on the score of light attendance at the Republican caucuses next week. A commendable interest in the nominations has been aroused.

— A Woburn merchant was so delighted with the result of the election Tuesday that he gave each of his employees a $2.50 gold piece. He believes that T-a-f-t spells prosperity. —*Boston Journal.* And so they do.

— A correspondent sends to the JOURNAL an unsigned communication entitled "Why not more factories here?" for which space will be given in these columns on some date in the near future. It is a good practical sort of a paper.

— The following are the officers of the High School Freshmen class: President and Secretary, Miss Rachael Blodgett; Vice-President, Miss Edith Hart; Treasurer, Miss Ruth Prior; Committee on Pins, George Greenleaf and Miss Mary Folan.

— We noticed, while passing along on Fairmount street recently, that the house of the late Principal Owen is advertised for sale. It is a nice place, well located, and will make a cozy, comfortable home for some one intending Woburn as a permanent abiding place.

— The annual Fair of the Swedish Evangelical Lutheran church Sewing Circle, was held last week. It was a gratifying success. Under the able ministrations of Rev. G. Sigfrid Swensson the church is forging ahead, spiritually and financially, in the most satisfactory manner.

— The Lend-a-Hand Club of the Unitarian church are to conduct a second-hand clothing sale tomorrow at 10 Walnut street. Contributions are solicited. Miss Helen Ramsdell of Arlington Road will, if notified, attend to the collection of such things as may be offered for the sale.

— F. M. Pushee would be a capital Republican candidate for Alderman-at-Large. He has a clear and well balanced head for business; has large pecuniary concern in good local government; takes a commendable interest in it; and would make a popular candidate.

— Smith & Varney's store has been occupied as a jewelers store ever since 1871, or 37 years. Mr. Smith's father was in it several years before his decease. It is the only store in this city that has been used for the same line of trade for so long a period of time.

— Mayor Blodgett vetoed the pool-table license granted by the City Council to Michael Smith, and deserves to be lauded to the skies for doing so. According to the Mayor's story of the case, and the records bear him out in it, Smith was totally unfit to have a license.

— Mr. and Mrs J. Morton Eaton celebrated the 59th anniversary of their nuptuals last Wednesday, Nov. 11, at their home 24 School street, North Woburn. They are the parents of the wife of Ald. D. W. Bond, grandparents of Mrs Percy W. Linscott. Mr. Eaton is 82 years old, and his wife 79.

— The appointment of Mr. Raymond W. Aldrich, son of ex-Representative Henry M. Aldrich, to be one of the Cemetery Commissioners by the Mayor, was one of the best that could have been made. He is abundantly qualified for the office and is one of the likeliest young men of Woburn.

Special Lamps Free.

Edison customers can now get the special Round Bulb or Tubular-shaped Incandescent Electric Lamps FREE in exchange for other lamps.
This puts these lamps on the same basis as the ordinary lamps we have so long given free.
The excess exchange charge was Round Bulbs 5 cents; Tubular Lamps 10 cents. NOW they are FREE.
These lamps are not as economical as the common lamps—much less so than the Tungsten lamps.
They are good, however, for special purposes—decorations, etc.

EDISON ELECTRIC ILLUMINATING COMPANY,
Oxford 3300 Collect 39 Boylston Street, Boston.

HARDWARE
Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.
H. B. BLYE & CO.,
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.
Telephone connection.

NEW FALL STYLES
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Fine Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - Woburn

ROBERT EDESON and ANN MURDOCK in "The Call of the North," at the Hollis Street, Theatre, Boston.

— Superintendent Clapp speaks well of the Woburn evening school, now full underway. He says the attendance is far more satisfactory than in years past, and that the classes are making commendable progress in their studies. It is as important and valuable a school, so far as it goes, as any in the city.

— The Catholic church at North Woburn is nearly ready for occupancy. It is the Unitarian lecture hall remodeled and made into a neat and commodious church for the numerous Catholics of North Woburn. Fr. Keegan looks carefully to it that his flock, in all sections of the city, have proper church accommodations.

— Thanksgiving will be here in a fortnight from yesterday, Nov. 26. George Durward, provision dealer, already has a sharp eye out for fat turkeys for Thanksgiving dinners, and when the festival day comes, and before, he will show a marketful of the finest gobblers and hen turkeys that Vermont, or any other State, produces.

— The piano duet recital given by Mrs. Annie M S. Lewis and Mr. F. Percyval Lewis in the vestry of the Unitarian church last Monday evening, was highly enjoyed by a large and musically cultured audience. It was, indeed, a rich musical treat. The artistic rendering of several songs by Mrs. Jackson gave delight to the listeners.

— The receipt of a basket of fine fruit—oranges, grapes, pears and Western apples—from the generous hand of Mrs. Angelo Crovo, is hereby acknowledged with hearty thanks. Happily for us, Mr. Crovo, the head of the largest and best fruit store in this city, was not cognizant of Mrs. Crovo's liberal donation, or her intention to make it.

— Linnell's market is a favorite trading place for those people who are bound to have the best meats, poultry and vegetables for a Thanksgiving dinner. James, the Manager, is never satisfied with anything short of the best, as the patrons of the Linnell market know full well, and that is what he will have, in the shape of turkeys, geese, ducks, etc. for Thanksgiving.

— The Woburn High School team whaled the Punchard High school team of Andover last Friday afternoon to the tune of 6 to 5. In the first game played by them the Punchards won hands down, but since then the Woburn boys have made progress and learned things that make their defeat no easy task. There was great rejoicing at the High school over the victory of the Woburns.

— The First Congregational church gave their annual supper yesterday evening. The church always mark this annual feast with a white stone, a ceremony which, we trust, the patronage last night permitted them to perform with joy and gladness. The JOURNAL, being printed the first thing Friday morning, is, of course, unable to make any extended remarks on the supper, or the presumed crowds of people present.

— Rev. Dr. March, who was 92 years old last July, visited the polls on Tuesday, week, and for the 18th time, cast his ballot at a Presidential election Beginning in 1840 the Doctor has voted at every National election since. Mr. Sherman M. Burton, father of Mrs Daniel Hood, 96 years old, also, voted on Tuesday. Mr. Charles O. Ames, one of the oldest men in Ward 6, exercised his right of suffrage, with his neighbors, on election day.

— Now take the matter of the purchase of dry goods. It is always better to buy of a reliable establishment than of the catchpenny concerns which care for nothing but to get your money and no reputation to maintain. It is cheaper in the end; the goods are more satisfactory; it saves vexation, disappointment and trouble. For these reasons, and others equally potent, we recommend the dry goods house of Copeland & Bowser as perfectly reliable and the best one to trade at.

— On charges preferred by the New England Monument Company of this city (Hern & Co) Mr. Joseph E Stewart, Superintendent of Woodbrook Cemetery for several years past, was removed from that position last week by the Board of Cemetery Commissioners. It was reported that there were other charges against Supt. Stewart, but the Board declined to make them public. Mr. W. M. Thompson was put in charge of the office temporarily.

— The weather this week has been of a peculiar quality for the time of year, and has elicited remarks varying in character according to the ideas of the different individuals uttering them. It has hardly been what could properly be called Indian Summer weather, although there have been mild, soft days; but they were generally minus sunshine, a usual accompaniment of that season. Morning and evening fogs of rare density have prevailed to a considerable extent; but, on the whole, weather conditions have been satisfactory.

— For valuable services rendered as Drill-master for their great Boston parade two weeks ago the St. Charles Holy Name Society, last Sunday afternoon, presented Lietenant Daniel J Canty with a valuable gold watch and chain. President Thomas J Feeney made the presentation, which was the greatest surprise Lieut. Canty ever experienced. He managed, however, to toll the boys how glad he was to get the watch, and how heartily he thanked them for it. The presentation was followed by addresses from Rev F. Russell and President Feeney.

— The shape of the new Woburn directory, published by the veteran printery of W. A. Greenough & Co., 14 Oliver street, Boston, is a departure from the old regulation style, and a good one. The typework and binding are, also, worthy of commendation, and we have an idea that the contents are correctly given and reliable. Greenough & Co. have been the leading Boston directory publishers from a period so remote that the memory of the Oldest Inhabitant runneth not to the contrary, and their work in that line is looked upon as being about the best that the market affords.

— In furnishing artificial light for dwellings, stores, factories, etc. the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston are making good progress in this city. The people have learned, and are rapidly learning, that electric illumination is far better and cheaper than any other, and about every new building is furnished with it by the Edison Company, and in many others it is crowding out the old systems of lighting. The time is near at hand when electricity will be exclusively employed for light, heat and power purposes, in the application of which, wonderful progress towards perfection is constantly being reported.

— Among the new industries of Woburn nothing has done more for the good of the city than the factory of C. F. Budd & Co. They came here about two years ago and bought the old Bassett Machine Co.'s building on Main street, opposite Richardson street, which they rebuilt, making fine factory of it. They employ about 40 of Woburn's young women, who make ladies' garments, etc. They have orders enough ahead to keep them busy for the next two months. They sell to the best stores in Boston and all other cities in the State, all of the Woburn dry goods stores being among their customers. It's a pity that we can't have a dozen more such industries come here.—X.

— Boston baked beans are known around the globe. In the city of Boston alone about thirty-two million quarts of baked beans are devoured annually, to say nothing of the pork that goes with them and the brown bread that is also served. There are factories or bakeries which handle nothing but baked beans from one year's end to the other. One of the largest of these, which supplies restaurants wholly, bakes fourteen thousand quarts of beans a week. Other bakeries also furnish brown bread, while nearly every bake-shop that makes bread, pastry and pies also bakes beans several times a week. There are bakeries with ovens that will hold two thousand quarts each.

— On Nov. 6, Mr. Leon H. Vincent gave a talk upon "American Humor, From Artemus Ward to Mark Twain," before the Woburn Woman's Club—*Boston Transcript*. His subject was a stale one, but he handled it with such rare skill that the ladies were delighted. To give his production a local flavor Mr Vincent should have informed the Club that "Petroleum V Naseby (Locke of the Toledo, Ohio, *Blade*), Postmaster at Confedrit Cross Roads," was a native of Woburn, having been born on Locke's Hill, then in this town. A few years before he died he visited his birthplace and spent a short time among the scenes of his boyhood. He was the most famous of the American humorists in Civil War times.

— A note received by the JOURNAL people from Mr Joseph R Greene, a former resident of Woburn, last Saturday contained the announcement that that estimable gentleman had not visited this place for many years, but did not say how much pleasure and happiness his protracted absence had cost him. When we came to Woburn 28 years ago Mr Greene was Cashier of the First National Bank, but not very long after that, getting somewhat worried about his health, he resigned the office and after travelling a few months, engaged in business in Boston. He was popular in the Bank, on the street, and in social circles, and still has good friends in this city. He ought to come and see them oftener than he does.

Mayor Blodgett Will Not Be a Candidate for Re-election.

We quote the following from a letter of Mayor Blodgett's to the voters of Woburn, which will appear to day:—

"At the beginning of the present year I openly stated I should not be a candidate for re-election this Fall. In these latter days, for reasons which are obvious and I believe in the interest of the public good, I have not seen fit to re-state my position quite so definitely, but it has never been withdrawn, nor have I for one moment swerved in my purpos not to be a candidate this Fall. All my personal and business plans have been based on this fact. I will not permit my name to be printed on the official ballot."

City Council.

The Board held a meeting last Monday evening, at which President Fred Brown presided. Only about 10 members were present.

Ald. Carey brought up the old threadbare matter of widening Union street, with which the public became sick and tired long ago, and some comments were submitted anent it. Although Ald. Carey said the order he introduced for the widening suited Mayor Blodgett as a compromise measure, the members present seemed to take but little interest in it. The matter is likely, as in the case of watermeters, to be buried beyond the possibility of a resurrection.

The purchase of 34 acres of land on the west side of Horn Pond in the interests of a more abundant water supply, was discussed, but nothing done.

The strained relations between the Council and the Mayor are getting to be more so continually. There was quite a time over the final paragraph of the Mayor's veto of the Smith pool-table license granted by the Council, the upshot of which was the return of the veto, with the Council's amendment, to the Mayor for correction, or any other action. He won't change it although the Council recommended it by a unanimous vote, and President Brown had told the Mayor that the paragraph ought to be cut out. The Mayor prides himself on his independence and disregard of the opinions of others. He acts solely on his own ideas, and accepts advice from nobody. Ald. Johnson moved that the paragraph of the veto so offensive to Ald. Highley be eliminated, and the same was carried without a dissenting vote. It now remains to be seen what Mayor Blodgett's reply to the action of the Council will be.

Some other business was transacted at the meeting.

UNION SERVICES.

The first of a series of Union Services in the interest of civic righteousness will be held in the Unitarian church next Sunday, the 15th of November at 7.30 P. M. The services will be in charge of Rev. W. H. Osmond of the Episcopal church.

The Episcopal, Baptist, Unitarian and Congregational churches unite in these services. There will be two speakers at each service. Next Sunday, Rev. James Yeames of Arlington and Rev. W. H. Osmond will be the speakers. All are cordially invited.

Boston Theatres.

THE BOSTON.

Of the many successes of that brilliant playwright, Henry Arthur Jones, none have met with greater favor on this side of the water than "The Liars," which was first produced in this country by Mr. Frohman, with a company headed by John Drew. It is one of those bright comedies with an endless chain of amusing situations that appeal to all classes, and at the same time teaches a lesson. It is a society comedy in a way, and the principal characters are a young woman married to a man older than herself, domestic difficulties and a rather weak friend, who falls in love with the wife, and thinks the only thing on earth is to run away.

KEITH'S.

The season at Keith's Theatre is becoming notable for the large number of prominent theatrical and operatic stars that are heading the bills, Virginia Harned and Zelie de Lussan being followed by Thomas E. Shea the tragedian. Mr. Shea has been for years one of the most popular actors appearing before the public, and few men have had a greater following. Like the other, however, the inducement of vaudeville was too strong for him to resist, and he was finally secured by Mr. Keith for a tour of the circuit. He will make his first vaudeville performances in Boston, November 16th, in a condensed version of "The Bells."

CASTLE SQUARE.

College life is always attractive to the outsider, and it is for that reason that "Brown of Harvard" has won such a success on the stage. It will be given next week at the Castle Square by the John Craig Stock Company, and it promises to attract both know well the life at the college on the Charles, and those who have heard much about it. The hero is a wealthy young student who, in spite of the means at his disposal, is involved in difficulties of love and friendship. For a time, things look black for him, but he is vindicated at last, and the play ends happily to the satisfaction of everybody. From the beginning to the close of the final act, the play is full of rollicking comradship and jollity of college life.

HOLLIS STREET.

One of the most important events of the present theatrical season will be the annual Boston engagement, beginning next Monday evening, November 16, at the Hollis Street Theatre, of Mr. Robert Edeson, always a local favorite, whom Henry B. Barris will present in the successful new play, "The Call of the North," which comes here direct from the Hudson Theatre, New York City, where it enjoyed a prosperous engagement and added to the popular star's laurels. Based on Stewart Edward White's novel, "Conjuror's House," "The Call of the North," from the pen of George Broadhurst, is a virile drama of the vigorous life in the silent vastness of the great northern forests, its action transpiring in the picturesque State of the historic Hudson Bay territory in uppermost Canada—some six hundred miles beyond the borders of civilization—a region ripe in romance and primitiveness and new of reproduction behind the footlights. Its well conceived and cleverly developed plot deals with the love and adventures of Ned Trent, a young American who, as played by Mr. Edeson, is said to be one of the most appealing roles which the actor has yet created.

Flag Presentation.

WOBURN, Mass., November 7, 1908.

You have no doubt seen the announcement that His Excellency, Curtis Guild, Jr., Governor of the Commonwealth, has accepted the invitation of the Woburn Progress League to visit Woburn on the occasion of the presentation of a State Flag to our High School on December 1, 1908.

The Woburn Progress League, as is simply expressed in its constitution, stands for "Woburn's welfare" and we believe that every incident which places our city in a favorable light before the public is a distinct advantage.

We invite the public-spirited citizens of Woburn to render us financial assistance in providing the flag and the necessary apparatus for its display. Contributions of any sum will be welcomed.

As our membership fee is fifty cents, a contribution of that amount or more will entitle the contributor to be enrolled as a member of our League, if he so desires.

Subscriptions may be sent to our President, to our Treasurer, George W. Smith, 67 High street, Woburn, or may be left at the drug store of Frederick P. Brooks, 361 Main street.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM, President
ELMORE A. PIERCE,
EDWIN K. PORTER,
Committee.

Mr. J. H. Foster.

In the death of Mr. Jarius H. Foster, which occurred at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. C. E. Edgerly, in Boston, where he was visiting, last Wednesday morning, Nov. 11, 1908, Woburn lost one of its oldest and best known citizens. He was born at Duxbury on February 22, 1826, and came to Woburn in 1862. His home of late years has been with his son, Mr. Alvah J. Foster, on Church avenue.

He first worked in the Woburn iron foundry, but in 1872 was appointed baggageman at the old depot, where he served several years.

Two children mourn the death of their father, Mrs. C. E. Edgerly of Boston, and Alvah J. Foster of Woburn.

The funeral is to be held at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon in the parlors of the Unitarian church.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street. Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—22d Sunday after Trinity.
10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School.
4 P. M., Evening Prayer. The Bishop of the Diocese will visit the parish at the 4 P. M. service to administer the rite of Confirmation. There will be no night service.
Rev. W. H. Osmond, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Mortals and Immortals."
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In Lexington, Nov. 4, by Rev. Michael J. Owens, Patrick Flaherty of Woburn and Delia Doherty of Lexington.

In Lowell, Nov. 4, by Rev. Bernard Fletcher, Patrick Quinn of Woburn and Theresa Carney of Lowell.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 5, James Francis Foley, aged 1 month, 20 days.

In this city, Nov. 6, Mary A. Quinn, aged 55 years, 11 months, 22 days.

In this city, Nov. 8, Lucy Maria Johnson, aged 59 years, 5 months, 25 days.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Coleman Joyce, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Sarah K. Joyce, of Woburn, in said County, or to some other suitable person

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of December, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

LOCAL LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

Telephone Talks

Household business before pleasure. Party line "telephone visits" need not be curtailed, but your service would be improved if they were made in conventional visiting hours.

"Rush Hours."

NO OTHER PUBLIC SERVICE is called upon to meet such extraordinary fluctuations of demand as is the telephone. The "rush hours" of trolley and steam roads represent, by comparison, a demand that is steady and moderate.

Moreover, during the transporation "rush hour" crush some people must stand, or, if they insist upon having a seat, must wait for less crowded cars.

In telephoning, however, the simile would be applied by stating that each "passenger" must have, not a seat, but a "special car," and that this car must have a "special motorman and conductor," and the absolute right of way over a "special pair of rails" from the point where its journey begins to the point where it ends.

In telephone exchanges the "rush hours" usually are those between 8.30 and 11 A. M. It is during this period that party line subscribers are apt to be most troubled by "busy" reports.

It would materially help the service of subsbribers on such lines if calls that are not imperative—social calls, for example—were deferred to the afternoon, leaving the morning hours free for domestic business calls.

It would be well if party line users would keep in mind this fact—that while any one subscriber on it is talking, it is closed to every other person connected therewith, and also to every person desirous of communicating with him or with any other person on that line.

New England Telephone & Telegraph Co.

1908 Wall Papers 1908
Picture Framing a Specialty
Agent for the Oliver Typewriter
Repairs on Estates, and Collection of Rents. Houses For Sale and To Let.
Established in 1879.
C. E. SMITH. 439 Main St.
HOME OFFICE: 11 Bennett Street.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Alvin T. Morrill and wife, Ludovica Dimon Morrill, in her right, to Silas R. Carter, Edwin Irving Sawyer, and James D. Tyler, Trustees of the First Unitarian Society in Berlin, dated March 31, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 2644, Fol. 258, and duly transferred to the undersigned; for breach of condition of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction, upon the premises first hereinafter described, on

Tuesday, December 8, 1908,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, viz:—The following tracts, or parcels, of land all situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts:

FIRST: A certain tract of land with the buildings thereon and bounded as follows, to wit:—Northerly by Lexington street, by land of Jacob M. Ellis and by land of the heirs of Walter Frost; easterly by land of the heirs of Walter Frost, and by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; southerly by land of said Benjamin F. Flagg, by land of William B. Doyle, and by land formerly of Joseph Gardner; westerly by land of Mary G. Pierce.

SECOND: A certain lot of woodland near Horn Pond and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; easterly by land formerly of Stephen Dow; southerly by land of Ebenezer L. Pierce; westerly by land of William B. Doyle.

THIRD: A small lot of land bounded as follows, namely:—Southeasterly by Lexington street; northeasterly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; northwesterly by Garden street.

FOURTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Locust street; easterly by land now or formerly of James B. and Horace W. Pearsons and by Garden street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by Willow street.

FIFTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Willow street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by land of the heirs of John Weston; northerly by land now or formerly of Doherty, and by John Cummings.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes, tax bills or other municipal liens.

Three hundred dollars ($300.00) will be required to be paid by purchaser at time of sale. For further particulars apply to Andreas Blume, Attorney-at-Law, 27 School street, Boston, Mass.

ANDREAS BLUME and JAMES W. SPRING, Trustees under the will of William Phipps, Mortgagees.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue and in pursuance of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Charles F. Fowle to Charles D. Adams, dated July 27th, 1893, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist Deeds, Book 2214, Folio 539, which mortgage was duly assigned to Marion Knapp and again assigned to Ada L. Cook, the present holder thereof, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public aution, on the premises, on

Monday, December 7, A.D. 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises in said mortgage deed described, viz:—A certain parcel of land with the building thereon, situated near the Centre village of Woburn, containing seven thousand one hundred and eighty-two and 7-100 (7,182.07) square feet, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises at a stake at High street, thence the line runs easterly on and by said High street, sixty (60) feet to Auburn street; thence a little east of south on and by said Auburn street one hundred two and 1.10 (102.1) feet to a stake at land of William S. Bennett; thence westerly by land of said Bennett eighty-five (85) feet to a stake; thence northerly ninety-nine and 3-10 (99 3) feet to the point of beginning.

Subject to all unpaid taxes, tax titles, or municipal assessments, if any.

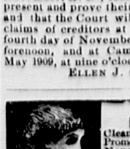
Terms: $100 at time and place of sale, balance in ten days.

ADA L. COOK, Assignee of the Mortgagee and present holder thereof.
C. D. ADAMS, Att'y,
10 Tremont St., Room 60, Boston.

Estate of Maurice W. Carroll late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, represented insolvent.

THE Probate Court for said County will receive and examine all claims of creditors against the estate of said Maurice W. Carroll, and notice is hereby given that six months from the fourth day of November, A. D., 1908, are allowed to creditors to present and prove their claims against said estate, and that the Court will receive and examine the claims of creditors at Cambridge, on the twenty-fourth day of November, 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and at Cambridge on the third day of May 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

ELLEN J. CARROLL, Administratrix.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

Beacon Lights

The name of Paul Revere, Artist, Patriot and Artisan, will ever shine as one of the Beacon Lights of American history.

His Heroism is immortalized in Verse—his Genius, in Sterling Silver.

Paul Revere

Silversmith of the Colonial Period, lives today, not only in the few old pieces bearing his mark and now treasured as Colonial Heirlooms—but as well in the Paul Revere Pattern in Towle Sterling, which follows faithfully the theme of designs for silver decoration originated by him. Its graceful lines, with the threading that forms its only ornamentation, exemplify the elegant simplicity of the Period.

For true Colonial Atmosphere, exquisite taste and faultless design, we commend the Paul Revere.

Made for permanent service, and affording an unusually wide scope of selection, you may complete your set at once or gradually.

An occasion for a just pride is the possession of a table service in the Paul Revere.

Smith & Varney
A Jewelry Store since 1871

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
☞ Season opens Sept. 29.

Artistic and Scientific
MUSICAL INSTRUCTION
Mrs Annie M. S. LEWIS Pianoforte
Mr. F. Percyval LEWIS Theory, Organ
Private and Class Lessons in Woburn
Address Winchester; or consult in Woburn Unitarian Vestry, Sat. 10-12, 2-4.

WANTED.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE requires the services of a man in Woburn to look after expiring subscriptions and to secure new business by means of special methods unusually effective; position permanent; prefer one with experience, but would consider any applicant with good natural qualifications; salary $1.50 per day, with commission option. Address with references, R. C. Peacock, Room 102, Success Magazine Bldg., New York.—3

WE SELL

Shredded Wheat	10c. pkg.
Cream of Wheat	12c. "
Triscuit	10c. "
Quaker Puffed Rice	10c. "
" Wheat Berries	10c. "
" Oats	10c. "
" Corn Flakes	10c. "
Force	10c. "
Saxon Wheat Food	15c. "
Ralston Breakfast Food	14c. "
Pillsbury's Cereal	15c. "

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-1.

CRACKS
IN SKIN
CHAPS
ON HAND AND FACE.

Rose Clycerine Lotion

CURES. 25c. a Bottle

Whitcher's PILL BOX

28th year in use.
U. S. Food and Drug Act, No. 17722.

Pure Spices.

The strength, flavor and taste of spices depend largely, in most cases wholly, upon the volatile oil contained in them. Ordinary spices are widely adulterated, not only by the removal of the volatile oil, but by the adition of foreign, inert, harmful, ingredients; all for the purpose of cheapening the product and rendering it more profitable to the seller.

Squibb's Spices are absolutely pure and for many years have enjoyed the highest reputation for excellence among those who have employed them. We want you to make a trial of these spices, of which we have a full line.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main Street,
WOBURN

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE
Registrars of Voters

Will be in session at the City Clerk's office, Room 1, Municipal Building, Common Street, on

THURSDAY, NOV. 12,
SATURDAY, NOV. 14,
MONDAY, NOV. 16.
AT 7 O'CLOCK P. M.
AND WEDNESDAY, NOV. 18,
FROM 12 M. to 10 P. M.

For the purpose of registering all persons legally qualified to vote in the Municipal Election, and for correcting the Lists of Voters.

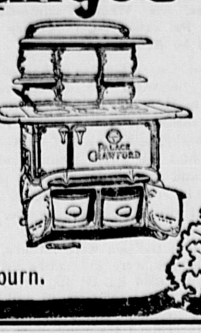
Registration for the Municipal Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, November 18.

All naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

Charles H. Harrington,
John C. Meehan,
John C. N. Parker,
John H. Finn,
Registrars of Voters.
Woburn, Oct. 22, 1908.

REAL ESTATE

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.



Crawford Cooking-Ranges

Our New Range a Winner!

The new range that we introduced last year has won all hearts. The old End Hearth is gone—there is more room on top—the ashes fall into a Hod far below the fire, making their removal easy and the grate to last longer. The Ash Hod when emptied is returned full of coal. Three sizes, "Palace," "Castle," "Fortress."

All the famous Crawford features are present: Single Damper, Patented Grate, Cup-Joint Oven Flues, Asbestos Backed Oven, Improved Oven Indicator. Booklet free.

Made by Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co., 31-35 Union St., Boston

For Sale by E. CALDWELL, Woburn.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George E. Morgan and Annie E. Morgan, his wife, in her own right, both of Lexington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to James Dobbins and James Shannon both of Woburn in said county, dated July 14, 1900, and recorded in Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 2834, Page 291, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises in said Lexington on

TUESDAY, the 24th day of November, A. D., 1908,

at three o'clock in the afternoon all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:—A certain parcel of land situated partly in Lexington and partly in Woburn in said County, bounded and further described as follows, viz:—

Beginning in said Woburn at a point in the northwesterly line of the road leading from Woburn to Lexington now called Russell street and from said point running northwesterly by land now or late of Duren thirty-eight rods to a corner; thence turning and running nearly westerly by land now or late of said Duren twenty-two rods and seven links to a corner; thence turning at an obtuse angle and running northwesterly by land now or late of said Duren thirty-seven rods; then at nearly a right angle and running southwesterly by land of Johnson eleven rods and eight links; thence turning at an obtuse angle and running northwesterly by land of George Evans three rods and four links to land of Packard; thence turning at a slightly obtuse angle and running southwesterly by said land of Packard fifty rods to a corner; thence turning and running southeasterly by said land of Packard three rods and five links to a corner; thence turning and running nearly south by said land of Packard thirty-seven rods to a corner by land of Mulliken; then turning and running southwesterly across line between Lexington and Woburn by land of Mulliken thirty-seven rods to land of Malley; then turning at nearly a right angle and running southeasterly by said land of Malley and land of Mrs. Robinson fifty-four rods to the northerly line of said road; then turning at an acute angle and running northeasterly by the northerly line of said road one hundred and twenty rods, more or less, to point of beginning. Containing forty-eight and six-tenths acres more or less.

$300. will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms made known at sale.

JAMES DOBBINS.
JAMES SHANNON,
Mortgagees.

Woburn, Mass., October 30, 1908.
Edward Johnson Attorney.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Franklin Cutler, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Lucy F. Cutler, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of November, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Rose Frolio, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to George F. Dodge of Wilmington, in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-third day of November, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the next of kin and all others interested in the estate of Albert G. Ames, late of Wilmington, in said County, an absentee.

WHEREAS, Henry G. Gowing, the receiver of the property of said absentee, has presented to said Court for allowance, the first, second and third accounts of his administration on said estate and application has been made for a distribution of the balance in his hands among the next of kin of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of December, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why said account should not be allowed and distribution made according to said application.

And the petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by delivering or mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
WOBURN, Nov. 6th A. D., 1908.

Taken on execution and will be sold by public auction on Saturday, the twelfth day of December, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock A. M., at my office in my dwellinghouse No. 55 Montvale Avenue in Woburn in said County of Middlesex, all the right, title and interest that Thomas J. Murray otherwise known as Thomas Murray of Woburn in said County, had (not exempt by law from attachment or levy on execution) on the sixth day of November, A. D. 1908, the time the same was taken on execution, in and to the following described real estate the record title standing in the name of Patrick Murray late of Woburn, deceased, to wit:—A certain parcel of land situated in Woburn in said County of Middlesex bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises at the junction of Plympton street with Dublin street so called formerly called Flagg Court; thence the line runs northerly by said Dublin street to land of one Reddy; thence easterly by land last named to land of the Town of Woburn; thence southerly by said land of the Town of Woburn to said Plympton street; thence westerly by said Plympton street to the point of beginning. Containing 12,000 square feet. Being the same premises conveyed to Patrick Murray by Lawrence Reade, Administrator of the estate of James Rogers by deed dated June 10, 1881, recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1570, Page 561

JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

Football Season Here

During the month of October every eye is turned toward the oval

Our purpose in advertising in this space is to turn the eyes of everybody, during the whole year, toward the "Oval". Of course we mean "Creamalt"—the oval loaf.

For beauty of shape and for deliciousness of flavor, you won't "tackle" anything in the class of Creamalt. It's the only "Oval" people never "kick" at. Game starts next time you eat.

George G. Fox Company

Sales Agent Wanted.

$36 per week or 400 per cent profit.

All samples, stationery, and art catalogue free. We want one permanent agent in this locality for the largest picture frame house in America. Experience unnecessary. We instruct you how to sell our goods and furnish the capital. If you want a permanent, honorable and profitable position, write us today for particulars, catalogue and samples. FRANK W. WILLIAMS COMPANY, 1214 W. Taylor St., Chicago, Ill.

WINCHESTER.

At the recent election this town cast 52 ballots less than in 1904. The total was 1299.

A regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. is to be held at 3 o'clock this after noon, Nov. 13.

People have begun to bank up their houses for winter. It is almost hog-killing time, too.

Arthur E. Whitney has an interesting article in the last issue of the *Star* on "Winchester Common and Village Square." He is a reliable local historian, and writes good English.

The grade crossing hearings have come to a close, and the people breathe easier. The State Railroad Commissioners will decide the matter one of these days. Some fine plans have been presented for examination.

Lectures, concerts, social functions, bowling, basketball, and similar diversions, manage to keep our literary, musical and sporting people from rusting these Fall evenings—indeed, they are kept pretty busy following up the good things that are going.

Tuck, the original Bryan man in this town, stumpspeaker and collector of campaign funds, has not been heard from to any considerable extent since election. Tuck really thought that Bryan would be elected, and his disappointment knew no bounds.

The school savings plan, recently established, promises to be a great success. At the three schools in which the system is at work the savings last week were encouraging. It is a good thing. In the Middle West it has been in vogue for several years, and has proved a great success.

Postmaster Richardson is getting on all right from the effects of a surgical operation performed on his foot by Dr. B. I Church a few weeks ago. It was a bone trouble, and more serious than at first thought to be; but Dr Church brought him through it in the best of shape.

The Cooperative Bank of this town recently elected the following officers: President and Director, Howard D Nash; Vice President and Director, George A Fernald; Secretary, Treasurer and Director, Thomas B Cotter; Directors, John Challis, James J Fitzgerald, Alexander Foster, Jr, William B. French, Charles A Gleason, Theodore C. Hurd, Francis J O'Hara, Thomas S. Spurr, Samuel S. Symmes, Nathan H. Taylor; Auditors, D W Pratt, W. H. Herrick, H. C. Robinson.

Literary Notices.

Baseball has given way to football and this winter game is finely illustrated by the picture (in colors) of the boys on the gridiron which decorates the November AMERICAN BOY front cover. By the way, this issue begins the tenth year of that most popular of boys' magazines. The contents will be found to contain just the stories and articles which boys delight to read. In addition to the chapters of the fine serials by Houston, Tomlinson, and Optic, there are a number of short stories and articles of a most interesting character. 76 illustrations. $1 00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

Human interest and breadth of National Affairs has long distinguished the NATIONAL MAGAZINE among the people. Editor Joe M. Chapple just seems to take the reader by the arm, and in his work official and social Washington looms right up before your eyes, and you feel yourself there with him. Is it a State election, a Presidential election, or campaign, the story is written with the spirit, kindliness and breadth of a man who is not only there,—but who has his eyes open. It may be a chat with the President, a conference with section men, or impressions from some of the hosts of people who come to Washington for business and pleasure; it may be the sound, eloquent words or the humor of Statesmen—all the phases of national life move through the pages of Affairs at Washington, with lifelike distinctness and enthusiastic interest.

Woman Suffrage Notes.

Many distinguished persons are found among the officers chosen by the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association at its recent annual meeting. Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead was re elected President, and among the honorary Vice-Presidents are Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Hon. John D. Long, Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, Hon. John L. Bates, Prof. Borden P. Bowne, Rev. P. S. Henson, D. D., Miss Helen A. Whittier, William Lloyd Garrison, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Col. Thomas W. Higginson, Rabbi Charles Fleischer, Mr. Edward H. Clement, Rev. William E. Huntington, D. D., Rev. Nathan E. Wood, D. D., Hon. W. W. Crapo, Mrs. Susan S. Fessenden, Rev. Philip S. Moxom, Mrs May Alden Ward, Rev. Charles F. Dole, Rev. J. L. Withrow, D. D., Mrs. Katherine Lente Stevenson, Geo. A. Walton and Rev. Charles G. Ames. Mrs Gertrude B. Newell was elected Treasurer, Mrs. John Leonard Corresponding Secretary, and Mrs. Harriet Minot Laughlin Clerk.

This Is An Easy Test.

Sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in one shoe and not in the other, and notice the difference. Just the thing to use when rubbers or overshoes become necessary, and your shoes seem to pinch. Sold Everywhere, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.*

QUICK WIT SAVED HIM.

The Way a Criminal Fooled a Paris Police Chief.

In the "Memories" of M. Claude, chief of police during the reign of Napoleon III., there is much that is fascinating to lovers of detective stories. One of M. Claude's experiences was that in which he was outwitted by a clever criminal who saw in the police chief's resemblance to Beranger when the poet was at the height of his popularity a means of escape from capture. The criminal had returned to Paris and was living as a rich student in the Latin quarter, then in the height of its bohemian splendor.

Claude thought to make an easy capture of his man by attending a certain famous ballroom at the hour when dancing was at its height. He tells the story:

"I had no difficulty in discovering him seated among a swarm of pretty girls and bewitching danseuses.

"Convinced there were but two ways of getting the better of a cunning enemy—surprise and audacity—I walked straight up to where my rascal was seated. I walked slowly, with steady steps, my eyes on the eyes of my man. He was a dark skinned, handsome fellow, with a face as brazen as it was cynical. I saw by an impreceptible sign that he recognized me. He turned pale—he was mine!

"I was almost near enough to capture him when I saw him bend to the ear of one of his companions. Instantly all the girls surrounded me and stood in a feverish, excited, ardent phalanx before me. They formed an impenetrable barrier, behind which my rascal escaped, while the women pressed eagerly upon me, crying out:

"'Beranger! It is Beranger!'

"The magic name presented upon the youthful spirits there the effect of an electric spark. All the dancers of the establishment stopped dancing and surrounded me with acclamations. The students and young girls rushed up to me, some bearing bouquets, others glass in hand. I was literally covered with flowers, while the whole place rang with shouts, a hundred times repeated, of 'Vive Beranger! Vive Beranger!'

"I was aghast, and yet I understood the trick. On the point of being collared by me, the man I had marked down had recourse to this shrewd game, which must have succeeded even better than he expected. I certainly had some points of resemblance to the illustrious song maker or the whole world of students and grisettes in the Latin Quarter would not have fallen so readily into his trap. I was as bald as the poet at that time, and at all times I have had a certain good natured, sympathetic benevolence in my appearance such as the portraits of Beranger show to this day.

"Well, if the youth of Paris countersigned the intentional error of my clever scamp I owed it to my resemblance to the poet. Though I was tricked, I was well tricked. It was not for me to own to these giddypates that I was not Beranger, but Claude, the policeman, the agent of all the prosecutors, judges and lawyers who under the restoration had done so much harm to their idol. I escaped from the ovation, which was becoming delirious under an avalanche of flowers."

The Wonderful Aphis.

The aphis is in one way the most startling of all forms of insect life, for, although the females can and do lay eggs, its usual method of increase is by a sort of budding process, the young growing on the bodies of the parent exactly as brussels sprouts grow out of the stalks of the plant. The old produce young at the rate of twenty-five a day, and as the young are at once mature each can produce its twenty-five on the following day. It positively frightens one to work this multiplication out to a conclusion, for it means this: Supposing that the aphide could increase and multiply without interference, the twenty-fifth generation would be a number too long to quote here. Put down a 1 and follow it with 28 naughts and you will be within a few millions of it.

Beneath Him.

"These chefs!" said one New York multimillionaire to another. "Mine, you know, draws a thousand a month. He used to be at the Cafe Royal in Paris. But his independence! One night I gave, just to show off, a dinner of 200 covers. The afternoon of the dinner, I found him motoring in the park in a taxicab with two French dancing girls. Of course I hailed him and took him to task. 'Oh,' said he, 'a dinner of that sort I always leave to my assistants. With such masses of food it is impossible to introduce delicate, subtle or original cooking. Now, little girls, shall we drive on?'"—Argonaut.

Adding to His Sufferings.

The Doctor—I expected to go out of town next Saturday, as usual, to spend Sunday with my family in the country, but professional duties forbid. The fates are against me. The Professor—The fates are to blame, are they? Well, it's natural for a week ender to come to a lame conclusion.—Chicago Tribune.

Both Agreed.

"Young man, I was told today that you were the worst boy in the neighborhood."

"Gee! If I was a man and any one talked that way about my little boy some one would get licked."

"Some one is going to get licked now. Take off your coat."—Houston Post.

An infinitude of tenderness is the chief gift and inheritance of all great men.—Ruskin.

Her Luck.

By a strange coincidence a much married woman lost three husbands in succession through fatal accidents in the mine. Naturally her case excited much interest, and she had many sympathetic callers, to all of whom she made the same reply.

"Ah, yes, it's very hard," she said, "but in the midst of my sorrow I've always had somethin' to be thankful for. None o' my husbands lived long after I'd insured 'em, as some poor souls' husbands do!"—London Graphic.

Exclusive to the Last.

An instance of exclusiveness maintained under difficulties is reported from the ladies' cabin of an Atlantic liner. All were sick except one lady and a cat, which wandered uneasily about. The lady ventured to stroke the cat, remarking, "Poor pussy." The cat was inclined to respond and elevated its tail in token of good will, when from a neighboring berth came in choking tones the words, "Excuse me, that is a private cat!"—Argonaut.

THE GUILLOTINE.

It Was Not Invented by the Man Whose Name It Bears.

In a book published by Hector Fleischman in Germany the story of the origin of the instrument of execution which was named for Dr. Guillotin in the days of the reign of terror is flatly denied. "There is no truth in the story, so long believed," he says, "that the genial old physician invented the machine which was named for him and by means of which he is said to have lost his life shortly after its adoption. Guillotin, in keeping with the spirit of his time, proposed on Oct. 10, 1789, that all offenders, regardless of their birth or station, should be dealt with alike by the law, and six months later he proposed to the government that convicted murderers should be beheaded by means of a simple apparatus. The mechanism of which he and no one else had any idea at that time was spoken of as the 'simple apparatus' by the humorists of the day, and the phrase was used to make its proposer ridiculous, so that when a machine finally was adopted the wits of the time named it guillotine. The government, evidently recognizing the value of the suggestion, asked one Antoine Louis, a surgeon at the Salpetriere, to devise a machine and later gave a similar order to a carpenter by the name of Guidon, who offered to construct an instrument for decapitation for 5,660 livres. This was considered too high a price, and the contract was given to a German cabinetmaker by the name of Tobias Schmidt, who received 824 livres for the accepted model in 1792. Schmidt made guillotines for all the provinces, and the industry brought him a moderate fortune, which he proceeded to squander in Paris, while Dr. Guillotin, who never had anything to do with the making of a machine which bore his name, continued to practice his profession quietly and unostentatiously in Paris until he died there on March 26, 1814."

PAYING FOR A MEAL.

It Was Worth About a Shilling to Pick Those Bones.

Colonel Ebenezer Sproat of Revolutionary fame was born and bred in Middleboro, Mass. He was always fond of a joke and was quick to seize an opportunity to indulge his propensity, as the following incident illustrates. His father, also a Colonel Sproat, kept a tavern. One day while Ebenezer was at home on a furlough three private soldiers, on their return from the seat of war, called for a cold luncheon.

Mrs. Sproat set on the table some bread and cheese with the remnants of the family dinner, which her son thought rather scanty fare for hungry men. He felt a little vexed that the defenders of the country were not more bountifully supplied. The soldiers, after satisfying their appetites, asked him how much they should pay. Ebenezer said he would ask his mother. He found her in the kitchen.

"Mother," he said, "how much is it worth to pick those bones?"

"About a shilling, I guess," she answered.

The young officer returned to the soldiers and, taking from the barroom till 3 shillings and smiling genially upon them, gave each man one and with good wishes sent them on their way. Mrs. Sproat soon after came in and asked Ebenezer what he had done with the money for the soldiers' dinner.

In apparent amazement he exclaimed: "Money! Did I not ask you what it was worth to pick those bones, and you said a shilling? I thought it little enough, for the bones were pretty bare, and I handed the men the money from the till, and they are gone."

Mrs. Sproat could not find heart to reprove her favorite son for this misinterpretation of her words, and then she, too, loved a joke, and so, after an instant's glum look, she laughed and said it was all right.

Had Seen Them All Before.

Once while James Whitcomb Riley was visiting a town where he was booked to give a reading a committee called to take him in a carriage over the city. In acknowledging the compliment he said:

"I'll go with you, gentlemen, provided you promise that you will not show me the new courthouse, the new town hall, the new bridge, the new school building and the new jail, for I've seen them all a hundred times in as many towns, and they invariably wear me out before the time arrives for the curtain to rise on the evening entertainment."

Influence of Mountains.

The influence of the mountain is pure and holy, giving strength and simplicity, encouraging the older virtues, discouraging the newer vices. In the hill men of Wales we see this clearly enough. Go where you will among the wilder and more mountainous parts of Wales and you will find that rare independence and self reliance which are not marred by a curiously defiant discourtesy. You find there those that are truly "nature's gentlemen."—London Standard.

A Good Reason.

One day Mary was found standing on a chair in front of the mirror, gazing at her pretty image.

"Why are you looking in the glass, darling?" asked her mother.

"'Cause I like the look of me," was the frank reply.—Chicago News.

Ungallant.

"Officer, I appeal for protection. A man is following me and attempting to make love to me."

"Begorry. Oi've been lookin' for an escaped lunatic Where is he?"—Kansas City Times.

A Precaution.

"Young man," said her father, "I don't want you to be too attentive to my daughter."

"Why—er—really," stammered the timid young man, "I had hoped to marry her some"—

"Exactly, and I'd like to have you marry her, but if you're too attentive to her you won't have money enough to do it."—Liverpool Mercury.

Almost Qualified.

"Help you!" scoffed the irate housewife. "Well, I guess not. I only assist invalids."

"Well, mum," responded Beefsteak Ben as he tried to remove the bulldog from his shins, "I'll be an invalid if I stay here much longer."

The Poor Milkman Again.

The milkman was boiling over with indignation.

"And you mean to say my milk don't look right?" he snapped. "Why, lady, this can of milk is a picture!"

"Ah, yes," laughed the keen housewife; "a fine water color."—Exchange.

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EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

AS SUGGESTED BY NORAH.

By Matilda Henderson Wheelock.

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Ordinarily the merry clatter of pans and kettles and the cheerful swish of soapsuds as Norah's dexterous hands manipulated the dishcloth formed an enlivening accompaniment to the tender strains of "Kathleen Mavourneen" or the rollicking melody of "Rory O'More."

But this morning no fresh young Irish voice caroled forth through the open window above her kitchen table, and the corners of Norah's wide red mouth had a pathetic droop, wholly out of keeping with a nativity which unequivocally proclaimed itself in every feature.

Even the clatter and swish had a subdued sound, as though the pots and kettles and the soapsuds, realizing that sorrow had invaded their domain, were thus tendering a seemly acknowledgment.

This explains how it came about that another sound, also subdued and likewise indicative of acquaintance with sorrow, came floating in through the window and fell suddenly on Norah's ears.

This was nothing more nor less than a muffled sob, and a single glance through the window sufficed to show that it had proceeded from the hammock swung in the shade of the big crab apple tree in the back yard.

This hammock, supposed to be Norah's own particular retreat in her hours of leisure, was now occupied by a tumbled heap of pink gingham, which lay with face forlornly buried in a weather beaten pillow.

Norah watched for a wondering moment the ebullition of childish woe then dried her hands, wiped her eyes with a corner of her apron and hastened down the kitchen steps in the direction of the hammock.

A deeper burrowing of the head into the pillow, a louder and more soulful sob and a more vicious output of the long, black leg rewarded her initial inquiry as to the cause of anguish so acute.

But presently the story came out—Aunt Beth had broken her promise!

Norah knew of the picnic this afternoon at Watson's grove.

Norah did and furtively wiped away two fresh tears as she made a sad little sound in her throat indicative of assent. For was there not to be a dance in the evening, and wasn't she herself to have gone?

And now—well, now she wasn't going, and something that she knew in her heart would have been said tonight would never be said now!

Well, after promising positively more than a week ago that she, the aggrieved one, should go to this picnic in Uncle Larry's machine along with Uncle Larry and Aunt Beth herself she, the aforementioned untrustworthy Aunt Beth, had calmly announced not half an hour ago that, so far as she and the aggrieved one were concerned, there was to be not only no picnic, but no Uncle Larry!

Now, the aggrieved one knew that "uncle" had been up to date merely an honorary title and that not for some months yet was Uncle Larry to have come into full possession of the aggrieved one as a really and truly niece.

This had been a matter of minor import, since it hardly seemed possible that the emoluments ensuing from the possession of a truly uncle could be greater than were those of one so privileged as to own an Uncle Larry in prospectu.

Supplies of candy and motor rides could scarcely in any case be more steady. There hadn't as yet been any picnics, for this was the first of the season. And now there wasn't ever going to be any picnic and no truly Uncle Larry!

As this edict of Aunt Beth, with all its potential consequences, came back to her afresh the aggrieved one, emitting a particularly vociferous wail and giving muscular vent to her despair in a final vicious kick, flung herself out of the hammock upon Norah's own grief burdened breast.

"Why, Norah, you're crying too!"

The aggrieved one's sobs underwent a sudden cessation as she became aware of this heretofore unheard of lachrymal proceeding on the part of happy Norah.

"I—I can't help it, miss. I'm so—so sorry—for Miss Beth," sobbed Norah, making a futile attempt to stanch the flow of tears on the corner of the long suffering apron.

Sorry for Aunt Beth! This was an entirely new and rather absurd view of the situation.

"Why, Norah! What are you sorry for Aunt Beth for?"

"Because—oh, miss, because she don't mane it! She don't iver in the worrld mane a worrd av it!"

More wonders! Not mean it! Why, if this were true and Aunt Beth really didn't mean it, then there wasn't anybody to be sorry for. The aggrieved one's voice had a sudden joyful note of hope.

"Oh, do you think she didn't really mean it, Norah? Then whatever made her say it?"

"Och, belike 'twas jist a foolish quarrel—jist a foolish, foolish quarrel—an' now she's like to ruin her whole loife be not givin' in! That's the way gurrls be—they'll be dyin' to make oop, but it's die they will before they'll give in! An' the men be jist as bad, for they'll tak' her worrd for it an' sthay away, whin if they had anny sinse at all they'd know the poor gurrl was givin' the lie to her own hearrt an' they'd mak' her own oop to it! Och, poor Miss Beth! All she wants is for him to mak' her own oop—an' it's cryin' her purty eyes out she is this minute, I'll be wagerin'!"

The aggrieved one slid to the ground and stared for a moment in open eyed amazement at the expanse of green gingham flung in an abandon of misery over Norah's bowed head. Then she turned, scurried around to the front and tiptoed softly up the stairs.

It was indeed as Norah had predicted. Aunt Beth was crying her eyes out. A big brown eye applied to the keyhole corroborated the small ear's testimony. Aunt Beth must certainly be very, very sorry indeed if her present apparent misery were any indication of the depth of her penitence.

Having fully satisfied herself upon this point, the aggrieved one, again on tiptoe, retraced her way to the lower hall, listened at the farther end until the rattle of pans and kettles proclaimed the resumption of Norah's interrupted duties, then sped swiftly down the path to the barn and through a passageway into the alley. Nor did she stop until she had traversed a distance of some blocks.

The door of the ornate garage which was her destination stood open. Uncle Larry and the chauffeur were doing something to the big machine.

"She didn't mean it, Uncle Larry! She truly didn't mean it!"

Uncle Larry brought a gloomy gaze to bear upon the small panting figure which confronted him.

Presently the gloom gave partial way to a look of bewilderment, and this in turn to the dawn of a half comprehension, which kaleidoscopic point being reached he stooped, caught the aggrieved one in his arms and set her in the tonneau of the machine.

"Now tell me all about it," he said. "Who doesn't mean what, and what authority have you for supposing she doesn't mean it?"

"Aunt Beth. Norah said she didn't mean it."

The big wrench in the hands of the chauffeur suddenly ceased manipulations, an intricate part of the machinery seeming at the moment to demand close and silent scrutiny.

"Norah said girls were all like that; they'd be dying to make up, she said, and wouldn't. An' she said the men ought to make 'em, an' if they had any sense they would. She said she knew Aunt Beth would be crying her eyes out, an' she was, Uncle Larry, for I slipped upstairs an' she was on the bed with her handkerchief up to her eyes, an' she was crying like anything. An' Norah cried so hard herself you'd 'most think she was the one that had quarreled with you an' wanted to make up an' wouldn't. An' please, Uncle Larry, won't you make Aunt Beth let you keep on being my uncle? An' she'll go to the picnic, too, if you'll make her. Norah says that's all she wants—just to have you make her!"

Master and man exchanged a darting glance, a sudden illumination on the face of each.

"I'll drive the big car myself this afternoon, Nolan," said Uncle Larry. "And if you care to come over to the picnic later in the afternoon and stay for the dance in the evening you may take the runabout."

Sparring.

"Will you take me to the theater tonight?"

"Yes, if you want to go."

"Do you want to go?"

"I wouldn't go unless you really wanted to go."

"Don't you want to go?"

"Of course, if you want"—

"But I wouldn't think of taking you unless you want to see the play."

"And I will not go unless you want to go."

"But you are the one to say whether you want to go."

"Of course I see now that you do not want to go, and in that case we will stay at"—

"I do want to go, though, if you want to go."

"Then, of course, you won't say whether you want to take me, so I suppose we shall stay at home."

"On the contrary, if you want to go, we go. If you don't want to go, we don't go. Now what do you say?"

"I say that if you want to go with me I want to go."

About this time he looked at his watch and found that they could not possibly reach the theater before the beginning of the third act.—Lippincott's.

Clever Thought.

When a certain country storekeeper, who was also the postmaster of the borough, began the transaction of business one morning about a year ago he found that the safe in which were kept the postage stamps had been robbed during the night and promptly reported the matter to the proper authorities. The latter decided, after an investigation, that restitution should be made for the stolen stamps, but that the expense of repairing the damage to the safe would have to be borne by the storekeeper, which was accordingly done.

Some time later a second robbery was committed and reported, as before, as the result of which there was another investigation, which disclosed the fact that the stamps had been abstracted on this occasion without any violence to the safe.

"But how was it done?" asked the inspector, somewhat puzzled. "The safe does not seem to be injured at all."

"I made up my mind I would not be caught again," replied the postmaster slyly. "I left it open."

Closed.

"Are you going to the same hotel at Palm Beach this winter?"

"Good Lord, no! I came away last year and forgot to tip the head waiter."—Cleveland Leader.

Queer Furs.

"This is cat fur," said a furrier. "We use it for linings. An excellent lining cat fur makes too. Dogs, calves, colts, coons, opossums, bats, rats—any animal that wears fur, in fact, is salable in the fur market. Bat hair is felted up with other stuff into an imitation skin. It is also used, I believe, in rope plaiting. The dog, the coon and the opossum yield a fur that, properly treated, makes a very handsome lining. Rat skins are employed in certain delicate repairs, and they also serve to form the thumbs of cheap gloves. A queer thing about the fur business is that the furs must be taken in the dead of winter. The trapper must work under the cruelest climatic conditions. Only thus is the fur at its best. The dresser, on the other hand, who could work best in cold weather, must do all his work in the heat of summer or otherwise he would not be able to keep up with the changing fashions."—Exchange.

The Magical Mirror.

An ordinary mirror of any size or shape, a piece of French chalk pointed so that it can be used to write and a silk handkerchief are the requisites. Draw upon the mirror with the chalk any design or words you choose. With the handkerchief wipe the glass lightly until it is perfectly clear and no writing or design is apparent. Having all this prepared beforehand, show to some one and request that he breathe gently on the face of the glass, when he will see a picture of his future wife, for the design drawn will show very distinctly. This can again be wiped off, and if breathed upon the design will be again visible.

Bright Prospects.

"My dear," said the banker to his only daughter, "I have noticed a young man attired in a dress suit in the drawing room two or three evenings each week of late. What is his occupation?"

"He is at present unemployed, father," replied the fair girl, a dreamy, faraway look in her big blue eyes, "but he is thinking seriously of accepting a position of life companion to a young lady of means."

BATTLE OF THE NILE.

Where "the Boy Stood on the Burning Deck."

CASABIANCA AND HIS FATE.

The Facts About the Little Hero of Mrs. Hemans' Famous Poem, His Father and the Tragedy of the Doomed French Flagship, the Orient.

That was a lucky child who in the latter part of the last century escaped the ordeal of standing up before a circle of relatives and friends—outwardly enthusiastic and admiring, inwardly often greatly bored—to repeat those well known if somewhat inaccurate lines that tell us how "the boy stood on the burning deck." Whether, nine times out of ten, the infant reciter or, for that matter, any of the members of the applauding family circle could have given the date and place of the occurrence may be doubtful. The forty lines of Mrs. Hemans gave them all the history that they craved, and when the parrot-like performance closed with "faithful heart" a sentimental maiden aunt would sigh, a liberal uncle bestow largesse to the extent of half a crown, and that was all.

It was in 1798 that young Casabianca, the ten-year-old son of the commodore of the French flagship Orient, stood amid the awful devastation of the battle of the Nile. Bonaparte had himself sailed in the ill fated Orient from Toulon in the previous May, taking with him a good stock of burgundy and also that famous "camp library" of cabinet editions, including forty volumes of English novels, in which the Bible and the Koran were classed under the head of "politics." More important still for those who love the picturesque details of history and great men, he was accompanied by his then private secretary, Louis Antoine Fauvelet de Bourrienne, from whose always entertaining if not invariably accurate pen we have a capital account of the voyage to Egypt.

Much of the time was passed by Napoleon lying in his berth while Bourrienne read to him and in promoting discussions on various questions among the scientific and other distinguished men who accompanied the expedition. The flagship carried a population of more than 2,000 souls, and the cry of "Man overboard!" was not infrequent. On these occasions Bonaparte displayed a side of his character to which full justice is not always done. Bourrienne describes his agitation till a rescue was effected as extreme. On one occasion a false alarm was raised during the darkness of night, and the supposed "man" proved to be the quarter of a bullock which had dropped from the rigging, but Napoleon rewarded the rescuers even more liberally than usual, pointing out that their exertion had been for what they believed a human life.

The fleet arrived off the coast of Africa on July 1, and here Bourrienne and his "Memoirs" leave the squadron to accompany the army and his chief on land. Brueys, the French admiral, had during the voyage expressed forebodings as to the result of an encounter with the British fleet. Nelson, who sailed from Syracuse on July 25, was confident, but well knew the price he might be called upon to pay. When Captain Berry said, "If we succeed, what will the world say?" Nelson replied: "There is no if in the case. That we shall succeed is certain. Who may live to tell the story is a very different question." For himself he made that famous anticipation, "A peerage or Westminster abbey."

The battle began at 6:30 o'clock, half an hour before nightfall. Nelson, on board the Vanguard, flew his colors in six places lest they should be shot away. In a few minutes after the ship had gone into action the crews of the first six guns were swept away by the terrible fire of the French fleet, and twice again during the fight were fresh crews called for. The shot which struck Nelson on the head tore from his forehead a piece of skin which, falling over his one useful eye, rendered him for the time being totally blind. Carried to the cockpit, he insisted on taking his proper turn among the wounded for the surgeon's attention. Soon after 9 o'clock at night, while he was still below, a cry arose that the Orient was on fire. Unaided and unnoticed in the confusion, Nelson made his way up, and presently from the quarterdeck his voice was heard shouting orders that the boats should be lowered to go to the assistance of the Orient's crew.

The doomed French flagship had but just been painted, and quantities of oil and inflammable material littered her deck. Brueys, the admiral, was dead, but Louis Casabianca and his little son were still on deck. At 10 o'clock the ship blew up. "There came a burst of thunder sound," and, although the commodore was not at the time lying "unconscious of his son," as the poetess has it, for both were seen clinging to a floating mast after the explosion, neither father nor son was among the seventy members of the crew who were saved by the English boats.

From the mainmast and ironwork of the Orient Captain Hallowell of the Swiftsure had a coffin made, which "memento mori" he presented to the admiral that he might at the close of his career of glory be buried in one of his own trophies. Nelson received this offering in the spirit of the giver and even kept it set up on end in his cabin till the remonstrance of his favorite servant brought about its banishment.—London Globe.

True Both Ways.

"The die is cast!" hissed the villain.

Then, shaking their gold locks, the chorus bounded on.

"It seems," the critic murmured, "that the cast is dyed too."—New York Press.

Just Goes Out.

Juvenile—Mamma, when the fire goes out where does it go? Mother—I don't know, dear. You might just as well ask where your father goes when he goes out.—Town Topics.

Isn't This Rough?

Ella—A poet wrote a sonnet on my face the other day. Stella—Did he write it on the lines?—Bohemian.

An Everyday Suit.

"That Gus is certainly a nifty dresser. He has a suit of clothes for every day in the week."

"Why, he has the same suit on every time I see him!"

"Yep; that's the one."—Cleveland Leader.

CURIOSITIES OF DIET.

How Nature Adapts Food to Man and Man to Food.

GREAT VALUE OF CEREALS.

Why People Can Eat Bread at Every Meal Without Getting Tired of It. The Fruits of the Burning Tropics and the Fats of the Frozen Arctic.

Modern science has shown that nature provides food for mankind with marvelous care and foresight. The human system requires a certain amount of proteid daily to replace wornout muscle and tissue. Fish and meat supply this in large quantities. In hot climates, however, these spoil so quickly that their use is limited. Nature, as if to compensate for this, has given to certain tropical fruits a much larger quantity of proteid than northern fruits contain. Thus government analysis shows that figs have five units or calories to the ounce, dates two and five-tenths and bananas one and five-tenths. Apples have five-tenths, peaches nine-tenths and pears seven-tenths. Probably the figs and dates tested had lost part of their moisture, and some allowance should be made for this.

The Arab can, therefore, maintain his vigor on a diet chiefly plucked from trees. Henry M. Stanley and his white companions subsisted almost entirely on banana flour for two years in the African jungle. Their freedom from disease was in part attributed to the wholesomeness of this diet. The dried banana contains 20 per cent of proteid, about double that of ordinary wheat flour.

At the opening of the mango season in Jamaica many of the natives practically live on this fruit for two or three weeks. They fairly revel in it. An Englishman who was familiar with the science of diet could not understand how they could not only maintain their health on this fare, but actually grow sleek and fat. He knew that an effort to live on the fruits of his native country would result in weakness, sickness and eventual death. Chemical analysis showed, however, that the mango contained enough proteid to supply the bodily needs.

If nature has been thus kind in adapting food to man's uses, she has been equally so in adapting man to his food. You may have wondered why people can eat bread at every meal without tiring of it. The difficulty of eating one quail a day for thirty days is well known. Even such delicacies as asparagus and strawberries cause an aversion when served too frequently. Nature sends men a never failing appetite for cereals because they are altogether the most valuable of foods. They contain a considerable amount of proteid, their salts are of importance to the organism, they are readily digested when properly cooked, and they furnish a great deal of nourishment in small bulk.

Thus wheat flour, cornmeal, oatmeal (dry) and rice (dry) have more than 100 units to the ounce. Baked potatoes have 32.7 units, cabbage has 9.2, spinach 7, asparagus 6.5, apples 18.4, strawberries 11.4, spring chicken 19.5 and tenderloin of beef broiled 5.9. If a man tried to get even half of his nutrition from the coarse vegetables, which have a considerable indigestible residue, he would have to eat pounds of them daily, and his stomach would be sadly overburdened. Nature gives us the desire for a varied diet, and science shows that this is altogether the best for us.

In the arctic regions there is little vegetation. Man must live almost wholly on animal foods. Fish and meat would not suffice, because they contain only proteids. These would replace wornout muscle and tissue, but could not be burned in the body to generate heat and energy. Fats, however, consist of carbon and hydrogen, which are the chief components of the foods of vegetable origin and supply the fuel needed by the body. The polar animals have fat in abundance, but residents of the temperate and torrid zones can eat it only in limited quantities. To them the mere thought of chewing chunks of grease is nauseating.

The children of the frozen north, however, are endowed not only with the ability to eat and to digest large quantities of fat, but with a keen appetite for it. One who is sensitive to such impressions must turn away when he sees the natives of southern Alaska, the Thlinkits, swallowing seal oil flavored by salmon berries with the gusto of a boy over ice cream. The Eskimos, farther north, will eat blubber, slightly cooked in the flames, to an indefinite number of pounds.—New York Tribune.

Her Object Attained.

"Forgive me, my dear," said the gossip humbly, "but I thoughtlessly mentioned to Mrs. Brown the things that you told me in strict confidence."

"There is nothing to forgive," replied the wise woman pleasantly. "It was for that very purpose that I told them to you in strict confidence."—Chicago Post.

Getting Even.

"You are half an hour late this morning," said a schoolmaster to a scholar.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, who had been "kept in" the day before. "It was late yesterday when I got home!"—London Tit-Bits.

We give altogether too little importance to what we say to others and too much to what they say to us.—Eliot.

Able to Hear It.

Joseph Medill of the Chicago Tribune was somewhat deaf, although his ability at times to hear what was said in an ordinary tone of voice was frequently remarked. It is related of him that he dropped into the business department of the office one day to make an inquiry about something that had occurred to him, and a young man who had been in his employ only a few months undertook in a loud tone of voice to enlighten him.

"What did you say?" asked Mr. Medill, putting his hand to his ear.

The young man repeated the question in a still louder voice.

"I can't hear you," said the editor.

"Oh, chase yourself around the block, you old granny!" muttered the impatient employee just above his breath.

"I am not an old granny," said Mr. Medill, turning away, "and I shall not chase myself around the block."

The fresh young man made immediate arrangements to say goodby to his job, but the great editor probably thought that the lesson he had received was sufficient and did not disturb him.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VII.—Fourth Quarter, For Nov. 15, 1908.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Ps. xxiii—Memory Verses, the Whole Psalm—Golden Text, Ps. xxiii, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

How beautiful the description of David in II Sam. xxiii, 1, "David the son of Jesse, the man who was raised up on high, the anointed of the God of Jacob, and the sweet psalmist of Israel," and notice in verse 2 from whence he received his messages, "The spirit of the Lord spake by me, and His word was in my tongue." The tongue and the pen were David's, but the messages were the Lord's by His spirit. See also Ex. iv, 12; Jer. i, 7-9; Ezek. iii, 10, 11; John xii, 49, and note how the prophets and even our Lord Himself received their messages from God the Father. The spirit of Christ in the prophets had mainly a twofold theme, the suffering of Christ and the glory that should follow (I Pet. i, 11), and in no psalm are these more fully set forth than in Ps. xxii, written as if by an eyewitness and giving some of the very words He uttered on the cross (verse 1), yet pointing on to His resurrection kingdom and glory, saying, "The kingdom is the Lord's, and He is the governor among the nations" (verse 28).

The psalm for today seems to refer to the millennial glory of Israel and yet was the personal experience of David and may be that of each individual believer. David knew well the life of a shepherd and what it meant to care kindly for the sheep, and even to put his life in danger for them, as when he delivered one of his lambs from a lion and a bear and slew them both (I Sam. xvii, 34-36). As he thought of his care of his flock he could look up to the living God, the Lord of hosts, and say, "Jehovah is my shepherd," and as he knew that his sheep were safe and well cared for under his watchful care, so he was sure that he was even better cared for by his shepherd, the stone of Israel (Gen. xlix, 24; Ps. lxxx, 1). Hear the Lord's own words in this connection in John x, 11: "I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." Think of Him also as great shepherd living in us and working in us to will and to do of His good pleasure (Heb. xiii, 20, 21). Then see (I Pet. v, 1-4) where as the chief shepherd He will reward those who for Him feed His flock. All the blessedness comes from being able to say My Shepherd.

We may know all the facts about Him and believe all that He says He is and has done and will do, but if there is no personal appropriation there is no benefit. The soul must be able to say My Redeemer, My Lord, My Shepherd. Then we can rest in Rom. viii, 32, and know of a surety that we shall not want, for there is no want to them that fear Him and live uprightly before Him (Ps. xxxiv, 9, 10; lxxxiv, 11). Lying down is restful, and green pastures speak of satisfaction; satisfied and restful. He satisfieth the hungry soul. There is such a thing as abiding satisfied (Prov. xix, 23), and yet there is a satisfaction that will be only when we awake in His likeness (Ps. xvii, 15). In Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead (Col. i, 19; ii, 9), and if we are not filled full in Him the difficulty is with us and not with Him. Not only rest and fullness, but quietness of soul, is ours also in Him (verse 2, margin). He is "The Lord our Righteousness" (Jer. xxiii, 6), and the work of righteousness is peace, and the service of righteousness is quietness and assurance forever. When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? (Isa. xxxii, 17; Job xxxiv, 29.) Like sheep we are prone to wander, and straying sheep must be sought, for they do not return of their own accord; therefore David said: "I have gone astray like a lost sheep. Seek thy servant" (Ps. cxix, 176).

His sheep can never perish, but may lose the joy of salvation; hence the prayer, "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation" (John x, 28; Ps. li, 12). Being righteousness itself, He can lead only in paths of the same, and this He does, as He does all else, not for our sakes, but for His Name's sake (verse 3; I John ii, 12; Ezek. xxxvi, 22). Let us say: "Lord, I place my hand in Thine and will not murmur nor repine. Content whatever lot I see, since 'tis my God that leadeth me." Our whole life here is lived in the shadow of death, for it is always true as David said elsewhere, "There is but a step between me and death" (I Sam. xx, 3). But He is with us every day and all the way, and nothing can touch us unless He permit it, and if He allows death to touch us it will be a gain, a very far better "absent from the body, present with the Lord."

A table in the presence of his enemies was many a time David's experience while fleeing from Saul and Absalom. It will be Israel's in millennial days. It will be ours as far as we need it, and it is for God's glory. Our future as believers is all told in verse 6. God is love, and love is kind, and therefore He cannot permit anything that is not loving kindness as He sees it, however it may look to us. Here we may dwell in Him and He in us (John xiv, 23; xvii, 23; II Cor. vi, 16-18), and by and by it will be for every child of God "forever with the Lord," and with Him on His throne (I Thess. iv, 17; Rev. iii, 21). May we ever hear His voice as in Isa. xliii, 1, 2; xlviii, 17; John xiv, 27).

A Famous London Tavern.

The Mermaid was the name of a famous London tavern frequented by noted literary men and actors during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. All the wit and talent of the time assembled there for convivial enjoyment. Authors have made it the scene of great mind combats between such men as Shakespeare, Ben Johnson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Carew, Donne and others of reverential memory. It was the gathering place of the celebrated Mermaid club, the origin of which is ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh. The Mermaid tavern was located in Bread street and was handily reached from three thoroughfares, so that it has been often referred to in various ways. The Mermaid in Bread street, the Mermaid in Friday street and the Mermaid in Cheap street were, however, all one and the same. It was the nearest to Bread street. The Mermaid was destroyed in the great London fire. There were other Mermaid taverns, one in Cheapside and another in Cornhill, but they had no such associations as clung to that of Bread street.

A MENTAL FRENZY.

Some of the Things a Man Saw In Delirium Tremens.

Charles Roman gives a record of his own experiences as a victim of delirium tremens. It is a remarkable psychological document, comparing favorably in interest and as a piece of writing with De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater." Following is a brief extract which gives some suggestions of the things the patient saw:

"Up to this point the zoological visitations had been intermittent. During the next few days, however, I saw all that I could stand. I saw such prehistoric creatures as exist nowhere except in museums. I saw rats as they marched past my door or flew through my windows or floated in my tub. Elephants strode in and out with lumbering steps and swaying trunks. At times they seated themselves and taunted me with their thunderous bellows or their ear splitting screeches. They flaunted their snouts high in the air and guffawed. Monkeys jumped from limb to limb in the trees outside my room. Snakes of all colors, of all descriptions, reptiles with fantastic figures upon their backs and with eyes of sapphire or ruby or of milk white marble, wriggled upon the floor or crept in or out of heretofore unseen crevices in the walls and dropped into the water in my tub. They swam around and around me, squirming under me, with their tongues darting in and out with ferocious activity. Giraffes craned their necks around the doorways or through the windows, chickens roosted over my head and cackled, dogs and wolves ran around the room barking and snapping, pigeons flew from one corner to another and cooed. Lions I heard roaring, and tigers I saw while they opened their mouths, like huge cats, in silent, angry disapproval, licking their whiskers and wetting their paws softly and daintily—this and far more.

"I saw crocodiles in droves. Fat, scaly, glistening beasts they were, with frothy, foaming jaws, long, sweeping tails, crouching upon or creeping along the foot of my bathtub or my bed and grinding their yellow teeth in gluttonous anger as they contemplated me, their prey. I saw the reeking, slippery body of a crocodile slide into the water of my tub. Then as I shrank in breathless horror to escape I saw his greedy, filmy eyes arise to the surface, with his cold, foul chin flush with mine. His icy beak touched my cheek. The hot vapor from his lungs seared my flesh. I turned as cold as ice and trembled like a leaf in a storm."—American Magazine.

GENESIS OF FEAR.

Gray Cells of Our Brains Stamped With Ancient Terrors.

The average man would sooner face a 200 pound human antagonist than a fifty pound dog which he could choke to death in three minutes. I have seen a charging ram scatter half a dozen men, any one of whom could have mastered the brute in a moment, and not one of whom was in ordinary matters a coward. There are instances on record of men who with their bare hands have held and baffled an ugly bull, but it was only the pressure of grim necessity that taught them their powers. Put a man against an animal and the man looks around for weapons or support, whether he needs them or not. There was a time when he did.

For man, today the most lordly of animals, was once well nigh the most humble of them all. He has come up out of a state in which fear was the normal condition of existence—fear of violence, of the dark that gave opportunity for violence, fear of falling, of animals, of being alone. And into the plastic gray cells of our brains are stamped these ancient terrors, a living record of the upward climb of man.

The baby shows this record most clearly. In him the prints of heredity are not yet overlaid by the tracks of use and custom, and therefore in him we may most easily read our past history. He is our ancestor as truly as he is our reincarnation, and his every shrinking gesture and frightened cry are chronicles of the younger world, tales of the age of fear.

They tell of the days when man was not the master of the earth nor even a highly considered citizen of the same, but a runaway subject of the meat eating monarchs, whose scepter was tooth and claw, a humble plebeian in the presence of the horned and hoofed aristocrats of woods and fields. They speak of the nights when our hairy sires crouched in the forks of trees and whimpered softly at the dark—whimpered because the dark held so many enemies, whimpered softly lest those enemies should hear.—Lippincott's.

Vanity of the Peacock.

Our favorite and much petted peacock, says a correspondent of the London Spectator, can be kept happy any length of time looking at his reflection in the window pane or in a looking glass. He comes in daily to tea, making no mistake about the hour, and spends much time en route in gazing at himself as he appears in the glass of the French windows by which he enters the room. If I am sewing and do not speak to him when he comes into the room, he will gently put his head quite close, almost touching my ring or needle, for he likes bright things, till I have to give up working and talk to him as with a small child whom one is afraid of pricking.

Lost Charm of the Wayside Inn.

The inns of England, celebrated by Harrison and famous far and wide at the beginning of the last century, have degenerated into sad places which we visit only of necessity. Little did Stephenson think when he proposed the line from Manchester to Liverpool that he would ruin the wayside inns of England and kill the art of cookery.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Reassuring Truth.

A lady on one of the ocean liners who seemed very much afraid of icebergs asked the captain what would happen in case of a collision.

The captain replied, "The iceberg would move right along, madam, just as if nothing had happened." And the old lady seemed greatly relieved.—Success.

Unsettled.

Skinner—Good morning, ma'am. Did you ever see anything so unsettled as the weather has been lately? Mrs. Hashley—Well, there's your board bill, Mr. Skinner.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

In a Bad Way.

"Here is a doctor who says you mustn't eat when you're worried."

"But suppose you're always worried for fear you ain't goin' to get anything to eat?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m, 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11 00 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

William E. Maloney, Div. Supt.
Albert E. Myer, Div. Supt.
Thomas Lees, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908. cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7 07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

Albert E. Myers, Div. Supt.
Thomas Lees, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

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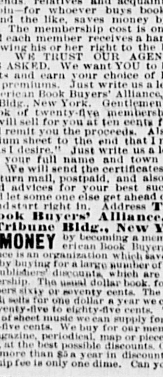

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Leave Woburn for Melrose Highlands at 5 45 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 8 15 A. M., then every hour until 2.15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.15, P. M.

Leave Melrose Highland for Stoneham and Woburn at 5 00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 7.30 A. M., then every hour until 1.30 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.30, P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn for Melrose Highlands at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.15 P. M.

Leave Melrose Highlands for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Sept. 14, 1908.

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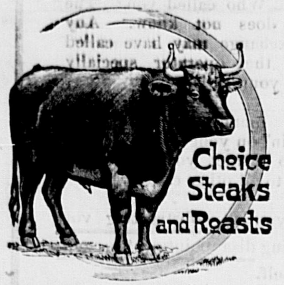

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Notice To Patrons,

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5 30, 5.45, 6 00, 6.30, 6 45, 7 00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5 20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6,50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5 40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7 25, 7.40, 8.10 A M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6 45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8 00, 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6 50, 7.05, 7 20, 7.50, 8 05, 8 20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11 50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6 40, 7.10, 7 25, 7 40, 8 10, 8.25, 8.40, 9 10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11 40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6 30, 7 30, 8 00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6 50, 7.50, 8.20, 8 50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9 10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11 10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7 30, 8.30, 9.00, 9 30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7 50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8 10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11 40 P. M., then 12 10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect October 5, 1908

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55, †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8 21, †8.55, §9.23, †10.21, §11.01, †11.17 a. m., §12.05, †12.59, §2.00, †2 04, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.22, †5.02, †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.

LOWELL — †8.20, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, †4 42, §5.28, †6.42, §9.27, †10.59, §11.02, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2-26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H. — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D6.42 p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell. H Saturdays only.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, *Pas. Traf. Mgr.* C. M. BURT, *Gen. Pass. Agt.*

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn
312	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

M. J. MULKEEN,
Steamship Agent.
Notary Public
— AND —
Justice of the Peace.
Room 11, Mechanics Bldg, WOBURN
OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

LAWRENCE READE,
[illegible] St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director
[illegible] Main St. Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn

CIVIL ENGINEER
and SURVEYOR,
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.
Office: 349 Main St., Woburn!

LOTTIE'S BARGAIN.

By EDNA BLEEKMAN.

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Perhaps it was because Wisner was the proprietor of the only dry goods store in Undervale that Lottie Vincent was attracted to him, perhaps because Lottie was an inveterate bargain hunter, and propinquity is a powerful aid of Cupid.

It is a matter open to argument and not worth the arguing. The main point at issue is the fact that Lottie was attracted and that Sidney Wisner repaid that regard with interest.

Undervale had reached that stage of growth when the "general store" had commenced to resolve itself into its various component parts, not to be reunited until at some far distant day, when the department store repeated the original shopkeeping on a larger scale and again one could purchase dress goods and salt fish, groceries and harness under one roof.

It was Wisner who had seen that the time was ripe, and the Boston store was the result. He rented one of the rooms in the new Benson block and with new stock and fixtures gave the place the aspect of a city establishment. Undervale was delighted with the change, none more so than Lottie.

She was a born bargain fiend, and as her parents were wealthy she had the money to gratify her passion, with the result that from the first she had been Wisner's best customer.

Even after the business reached a point where he was able to put on two clerks he made it a point to wait upon her himself.

Lottie delighted in her personally conducted shopping tours, and from visiting in the store Wisner passed to visits to her home.

Wisner also began to watch his bank account grow. From the first his store had prospered, and he determined that when his profit and loss account showed a fair balance on the proper side he would put his fate to the test.

Homer Vincent was president of the bank and trust company, and Wisner wanted to be able to make a good showing when he went to ask for Lottie's hand, though he could not hope to equal the Vincent fortune.

He had not long to wait, for the new store prospered mightily, and the time soon came when Wisner began to rehearse the speech he should make to Lottie's father when he should first have spoken to Lottie.

It was a simple matter to prepare his speech for the elder Vincent. He said it over until he believed that he must repeat it in his sleep. The trouble now was to speak to Lottie.

He knew that Lottie would not be won by the simple suggestion that they get married. When the Clemmons Comedy company played their semiannual engagement at the rink Wisner shut up shop and took Lottie to the performance every evening for the week. Lottie's keen appreciation of the romantic leading man dashed his hopes.

He never could hope to make love like Ralph Rascovar of the Clemmons company, and that was the model Lottie most admired. He had a vague idea of taking a course in a dramatic school, but he could not spare the time from his business, so he contended himself with studying the methods of the leading men of the tenth rate companies that visited Undervale, and the more he studied the more hopeless he grew.

Leading men were tall and slender and had dark, romantic eyes. Wisner was short and inclined to plumpness, and his eyes were shrewd and gray. He could not loll over the back of a sofa and look into Lottie's eyes as she raised her timid orbs to his.

That was all right on the stage, but Lottie's gaze was disconcertingly frank at times, and, anyhow, he would have to stand on a footstool to gain the proper height, and he was positive that at the critical moment he would fall off and spoil it all.

Lottie herself was just a shade too rounded in her curves to be called willowy, and she, too, was below the medium height.

Taken by the large, it seemed an impossible task, and the advent of each theatrical company seemed to set a higher standard by which his feeble efforts were to be judged.

Hubert Bonnington was the last straw. Lottie came away from the performance of "Won by a Vendetta" declaring that after having seen Bonnington all other lovemaking would seem tame and flat by comparison.

Wisner went home to spend a sleepless night with despair for company, and not until the dawn broke did there come a ray of hope. The company was playing not forty miles away on Saturday.

He might get [illegible]gton to let him come over and [illegible]me lessons. He went to the store to see that it was opened, and then he hurried to the station to catch the company when they should come over from the hotel.

Bonnington was one of the first to arrive on the station platform, and Wisner made an immediate attack. Around the corner of the depot he poured out the story of his troubles, and, to his credit, Bonnington did not laugh.

"My dear boy," he said kindly, "if you're the right man and she's the right girl you don't need to study lovemaking. It's never that way in real life. You watch a chance and take her off her guard. Then do and say whatever comes into your mind, and she's yours.

"You could study for years, and you'd forget everything that you had learned when it came to a showdown. They wouldn't stand for real proposals on the stage, and the reason we make love so well is that we don't care for the girl. That's how we can give all our attention to the lovemaking.

"When the right time comes you'll know it, and you won't get down on your knees and say 'Be mine, be mine!' You'll just gather her in, and it's all over before you realize it."

Bonnington accepted the cigars that Wisner thrust upon him, and Wisner went back to the store happy in the possession of expert opinion. He puzzled over the comment through the day, and when Lottie came in to see about some dress lining he gazed hungrily at the flushed face and wondered when the right time would come.

Apparently it was not the right time yet, for Lottie left the store with a bundle under her arm, and his nearest approach to sentiment had been to cut the price of the lining 2 cents a yard.

He thought of a dozen clever speeches he might have made, but not until she had gone.

He was still thinking them over as he dressed the window that evening. Wisner made a point of frequent changes in the display, and every Friday evening he fastened a canvas screen outside the plate glass and changed the dressing, running out many times to observe the effect before he pulled down the inner curtains and took down the screen, content that the Saturday shoppers would be attracted by his display.

He had just commenced to dress the window after removing the old stock when one corner of the screen was lifted and Lottie's smiling face was seen through the glass.

Wisner smiled and nodded in reply to her greeting, and he was about to beckon her to wait until he could join her on the sidewalk when his hand struck the stool on which rested the new price tags. He caught up the top one and pinned it on his coat, striking an attitude in imitation of the dummy forms.

Lottie laughed at the sign, which read, "A Real Bargain at the Price," and the end of the screen dropped. For one awful moment Wisner thought that she had been disgusted by the clownish appeal.

He could not know that even eyes that are gray and unromantic can tell their story of love. Lottie had read their plea, and a moment later Wisner heard the store door open and close again, and a moment later Lottie's face appeared at the door to the window.

"I think I'll take that bargain, Sidney," she said as her cheeks were dyed a deeper red. "You can wrap it up, and I'll take it home with me—to talk to father."

The bargain sprang from the window, but it was half an hour before it wrapped itself up—in its overcoat—and was taken home to talk to Homer Vincent.

"I thought you couldn't resist a bargain," he jubilated as they hurried along the street.

Lottie gave the strong arm a little hug. "You'd be dear at any price," she cooed.

He Got the Prize.

At a church function each person was required to wear conspicuously upon his or her clothing some pictorial or other device that should represent in "rebus" form the title of any well known book, and all the others were to guess at the book intended.

"Paradise Lost," represented by a card upon which five dice had been pasted, and from which two had evidently dropped or been removed, was easily guessed. "Hard Times" was no puzzle. Neither was it hard to recognize "A Pair of Blue Eyes," "Innocents Abroad," "Vanity Fair" nor "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in spite of the pictorial disguises.

One of the guests, however, had a poser. Attached to one of the buttons of his coat was a card bearing simply the inscription, "Ter."

Every one at last gave it up and asked for the solution.

"Why, that's easy," he said. "It means 'A Tale of Two Cities,' Manchester and Leicester. Last syllables—tail, in fact—of both. See?"

"That's not fair!" said the others. "It's the last syllable of Chester, Lancaster, Gloucester, Chichester and Exeter. We protest!"

"Well," he said, "I won't insist. Try this one."

He turned the card over. It was inscribed on the other side with these three letters, "Ans."

After a severe mental struggle everybody gave this up also.

"That ought not to puzzle you," he said. "It's 'The Last of the Mohicans.'"

He got the prize.

Knew the Kind.

"It used to be, when a lady insisted on keeping her husband awake nights to tell him how much better her family was than his family and some other chastening truths, that the policeman took her off, and she was either fined or ducked as a common scold."

"And, pray, what did they do with the uncommon ones? Surely in those days, as in ours, some displayed more talent than others."

"They probably knew better than to monkey with the uncommon ones. Man is a bright creature who learns by experience."

Everybody Satisfied.

Braggs—I'm nothing if not original. I like to be different from other people.

Naggs—Well, that's all right. Doubtless other people are satisfied to have it so.—Chicago News.

Eloquence of the Welsh.

Here is a little story of an Englishman in Wales: "On the comparative qualities of the English and Welsh tongues let me tell of the Welshman who saluted me in the Welsh. I was compelled to confess ignorance. 'Ah,' he said, turning fluently enough to English, 'you should learn the Welsh! My wife was English, and she can speak conversations now quite well.'

"I acknowledged my shortcomings and admitted that I had always understood the Welsh to be a remarkably eloquent tongue. 'Yes, yes, it iss so,' said the native. 'In Welsh a man can express exactly what he means. As for the English, I call it not a language at all—only a dialect.

"'You haf noted that an Englishman or a foreigner in speaking his language waves his hands and arms about to help out the meaning of the words, but a Welshman who can speak Welsh well he hass no need to move his hands. In the Welsh he can say all that he means.'"—Chicago News.

DYNAMITE IN THE MAKING.

Workmen Who Are Encircled by Death In Gallons and Tons.

So thoroughly deceptive is dynamite in the making that you are apt to be disappointed on viewing the surface of things. You could more readily fancy thunderbolts leaping and crashing from tender blue skies than that the most fearful forces in creation are hidden under such a peaceful exterior. Nitroglycerin, a cupful of which would distribute you over square miles of landscape, is diligently mixing around you in hundreds and thousands of gallons.

It is making itself in big iron retorts, cascading down leaden gutters and merrily tumbling in minute Niagaras into immense vats, where the deliquescent yellow peril pursues its journey powderward. Out of one receptacle it fares furiously through special lead coils, driven only by cooling blasts of air, and is drawn off like draft ale and piped on to the next perfecting stage. Gaze with the nitroglycerin expert into one of those big caldrons. The interior is brilliantly illuminated by electricity, the only illuminating agency permitted in or about the danger houses.

Around you are other houses at uniform distances apart and connected by a series of narrow gauge tracks wherein workmen are railroading nitroglycerin from here and pulp cotton from there to be compounded into dynamite and blasting gelatin. Greatest care is taken in rolling the product from house to house. As soon as a loaded cart is ready to pass out of the nitroglycerin house, for instance, a semaphore signals from an adjoining station, to which the consignment is carefully hurried.

Around you are long storehouses packed with pulp in tons of innocent whiteness. Presently this pulp will assume a tan color under the nitrating process, and then, suddenly becoming carbonite, red cross, hercules, judson and giant powder, forcite or what you order, it develops the quasi virtues of dynamite—dynamite or blasting gelatin in which more natural forces are condensed to the cubic inch than exist anywhere else in creation. Death, curbed and sleeping, encircles you in gallons and tons. Annihilation threatens at every turn in the form of potential pulverizing forces. But the man and the mercury are there also, alert, responsive, reliable.—Leslie's Weekly.

LIBRARY SLOW POKES.

Time Killing Methods of Officials In Continental Europe.

"Americans who grumble about having to wait a long time for books when applying to a public library," said a Boston literary woman, "should try to work or study in a foreign library, particularly in Germany.

"The typical continental librarian takes no account of time. The reader, worker or student must turn in his or her application for books at least a day in advance. The men who search for the books applied for are aged, tottering creatures who have been shuffling around the dusty piles of books for years, and the word hurry is not in their vocabulary.

"The most priceless books and manuscripts are kept in places which are perfect fire traps, and disorder predominates in every department. When you speak about the impossible methods employed the librarians tell you that they are too poor to introduce any modern indexes or catalogues. This is to some extent so, but as a matter of fact they would not change if they had all the money in the world at their disposal.

"They do not wish to encourage the common people to use books. The learned are among the aristocracy, and the spread of the knowledge which is hidden in those wonderful literary museums is far from the purpose of the men at the head of Europe's libraries.

"There may be some delay in our libraries, but our people in the lower walks of life are certainly ahead of the common people of the old world in the matter of getting books when they want them, and generally free of charge."—New York Telegram.

The Town to Be Born In.

In the German town of Klingenberg, near Aschaffenberg, Bavaria, in addition to having no rates to pay for the upkeep of the town, those actually born in the parish receive from the municipality a sum of £12 15s. a year. This sum, if invested regularly at, say, 3 per cent, would entitle the owner to receive about £1,500 at the age of sixty—a very handsome old age pension. Were it not necessary that the inhabitants should prove birth in the parish before becoming entitled to this payment the popularity of Klingenberg as a place of residence would doubtless be enormous.—Westminster Gazette.

For Bargain Day.

"She's no lady!"

"Why, I always thought her most refined."

"On the surface, yes. But what do you think of a woman who wears her little boy's football shoes to the bargain sales and spikes every one who gets in her way?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

After Him.

"It's hard to lose your friends," remarked the man who was down and out.

"Hard?" snorted the man who was on the high tide of prosperity. "It's impossible."—Philadelphia Record.

The Prompter.

"I suppose that inspiration prompts many of your jokes."

"A few," admitted the press humorist. "Desperation, however, prompts the most."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Force of Habit.

"The question of enlarging the church comes up tonight, John, doesn't it?"

"Yes, dear, and we expect to have a lively time. They tell me the opposition to the pastor will be strong. Where's my overcoat? Oh, yes! And now I want the tin horn and the cowbell and the big rattle."

"Mercy, John, what are you going to do?"

"Do! Why, I'm going to root for the pastor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FREDERICK AND VOLTAIRE.

Stormy Relations of the Miserly King and the Lavish Author.

The world knows plenty about the elements of strength in the characters of great men, but less about their weaknesses. Here is a story that shows the other side of the natures of Frederick the Great and Voltaire:

Frederick the Great had a leaning toward literature. He wrote poems, plays and booklets that, in his opinion, possessed rare merit. So it seemed fitting to him that great literary men should fraternize, and he sent an invitation to Voltaire to be his guest. Accompanying the invitation was a sum of money to defray the great Frenchman's traveling expenses to the Prussian capital.

Let it be explained at this point that Frederick was extremely penurious and that Voltaire was not only extravagant, but had many of the characteristics of what we would now call a grafter. It should also be understood that Frederick despised grafting, and Voltaire abhorred miserliness.

Voltaire accepted the invitation—and then had an afterthought. Why not take a favorite niece with him? So he wrote to the king that if he would send an extra thousand louis he would bring the girl.

"Sir," replied the king, "I did not ask the young lady to do me the honor of visiting me, and I shall send nothing to pay her expenses."

"The old miser!" said Voltaire to a friend. "He has tubs of money in his treasury, yet will not grant me this wish."

However, Voltaire went to Berlin, but each found that he hated the other too much to make their friendship permanent.

The king once gave Voltaire a package of poems to revise.

"See," said Voltaire to a German nobleman, "what a quantity of dirty linen Frederick has sent me to wash!"

The king thought his guest was too free with the chocolate and sugar and gave orders that he be put on a restricted daily allowance.

Voltaire retaliated by gathering all the wax candles he could find in the halls and storing them in his trunk.

Soon the royal palace became too hot for him, and he began to pack up. Then Frederick missed his package of poems. At once he scented a plot. Voltaire intended to take the verses back home with him and palm them off as his own. Lord Macaulay has said that the poems were so bad that he was convinced Voltaire would not for half of Frederick's kingdom have consented to father them. But the king thought differently, being the author of the poems.

So the Prussian monarch had Voltaire thrown into jail at Frankfort and kept him locked up for twelve days. Sixteen hundred dollars that was found in his pocket was taken away from him. The king in the days of their friendship had given Voltaire a life pension of $3,200 a year, and the money that was confiscated was a semiannual installment.

Thus ended their friendship.—Scrap Book.

Spanish Nicknames.

One of the peculiar ways in which Spanish differs from English is in the names the language gives to all people with a certain infirmity or peculiarity. A blind man is referred to as el ciego, a man with but one eye is a tuerto, a pug nosed man is chato, one who is cross eyed is a bisojo, a cojo is a lame man, and a manco has but one arm. If he is humpbacked, he is a jorobado; if baldheaded, a calvo, and if his hair is very short he is a pelon. The feminine titles for the same classes are the same, with the exception that they end in "a" where the masculine terminate with "o." These short names are used most commonly. In fact, they are applied as nicknames in many cases, and especially among the lower classes persons are addressed or referred to only by these names.

A Wedding Present.

A widower in Scotland proposed to and was accepted by a widow whose husband had died but a month or two previously.

To celebrate the occasion he asked the widow's daughter what she would like for a present. She wanted nothing, she said, but being pressed to name something she replied:

"Well, if you want to spend siller you might put up a heidstone to my father."—London Telegraph.

The Ruling Passion.

"John! John!" called the excited little wife.

"W-what is it, Lucy?" muttered the big baseball player as he drowsily turned over in bed.

"Why, there is a man downstairs."

"W-what's he doing?"

"He's in the dining room after the plate."

"Trying to reach the plate? Put him out, Kelly; put him out at third!"—Kansas City Independent.

Destroys Hair Germs

Recent discoveries have shown that falling hair is caused by germs at the roots of the hair. Therefore, to stop falling hair, you must first completely destroy these germs. Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, will certainly do this. Then leave the rest to nature.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's

Formula with each bottle
Show it to your doctor
Ask him about it, then do as he says

Recent discoveries have also proved that dandruff is caused by germs on the scalp. Therefore, to cure dandruff, the first thing to do is to completely destroy these dandruff germs. Here, the same Ayer's Hair Vigor will give the same splendid results.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

IMPRESSING ISABEL.

By ELLIOT WALKER.

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"I'm sure I don't know how I am ever to get out of this scrape." The girl peered helplessly from the antiquated shed, shuddering at the thunder crashes close on the heels of every flash of lightning.

A deluge of rain swept across the wild pastures. The brook, fifty feet away, roared between its alder lined banks.

Upon her wide hat fell a steady dribble from the leaky roof, and her thin dress was fast dampening in the mist driven shelter.

She forced a laugh. Isabel Lynn was not easily daunted. Of course it was lonely and wet and very shattering to the nerves, but she was perfectly safe. Oh, yes; let her thank her stars to be secure under the friendly boards.

Suddenly a gasp broke from her.

She shrank back. Something was coming with leaps through the high weeds growing rankly at the corner of her retreat. Through Isabel's startled brain tore thoughts of dangerous animals. The near mountains might hold anything. She cowered into the farthest corner. Surely the thing would go by.

But it didn't. It dashed under the shed, with a loud snort, blowing and shaking vigorously, then stood gazing at the storm, and words came to Isabel's horrified ears in a steady stream of disgusted wrath.

"Well, if this doesn't beat me! Look at my shoes! Look at my new flannel suit! My hat is ruined! The next time I go trailing around on the trail of a girl I'll know it. Foster Allston, you're an unmitigated ass. I guess the charming Miss Lynn will not have the pleasure of meeting you! Girls! Bah! I'll take the first train home. I wish I'd never heard of her."

"So do I!" sounded a voice in his rear.

The man jumped and wheeled. He saw a slender, white gowned figure straighten up, take a forward step and then halt. A clap of thunder drowned his exclamation. Then his jaw fell.

"Did you speak, sir?" indignantly.

"I—I tried to. Really, I—I am overjoyed to—to be here, Miss Lynn. Of course you are—you—that is—bless my soul! So unexpected, you know. Quite a shower."

He cut a ridiculous figure in his staring embarrassment, pulling off the wrecked straw hat, bowing in his soaked garments, greatly at loss for words, woefully conscious of what he had said. And he knew that Isabel Lynn had heard him as a model of courtesy and easy manners.

He scraped a hesitating toe in the dirt, smiling idiotically. Was it for this—his fifty mile journey?

"Isabel is extremely particular and sensitive to first impressions," his Aunt Julia had said. "Here is your letter of introduction, Foster. It's silly to go crazy over a photograph, but go ahead. She is worth it. Everything depends upon the way she is approached. I've praised you to her up to the skies."

The girl stepped nearer, eying him in scornful amusement. Her eyes were bright with ill concealed desire to humble. The dampness had curled her disordered hair in bewitching rings about her white forehead. Roses shone in the smooth cheeks where sarcastic dimples played.

Allston thought he had never seen a more lovely face nor one so unreadable. Idly swinging her hat, she surveyed him curiously, with a chilling hauteur, which stung him to steadiness and a reckless impulse to retort.

"When one summers at a farmhouse and takes long strolls an occasional wetting must be expected, Mr. Allston," said Isabel evenly. "You shouldn't mind your new suit or your shoes. Dear me, how childish! I have heard that you could afford to disregard trifles. I wasn't to blame. You needn't have 'trailed' me."

Allston regarded her in silence.

There was more than a hint of disappointment in Isabel's tone. Had she been prejudiced in his favor only to react sharply at his boyish outburst?

Surely some humor lay in the situation. Couldn't the girl see it? He reflected dismally that many women never forgive slighting remarks, even when uttered in unmeaning carelessness.

The cool voice went on.

"I suppose they told you at the house that I was over this way?"

Foster nodded.

"And you never imagined I might be in this shed?"

A head shake.

"You must have had me very much on your mind. Were I a big man seeking a lost damsel my idea would be to keep my eyes open for the shelters to which she would sensibly run, not lose my wits in selfish consideration of raiment and then anathematize the lady." She laughed cuttingly.

Allston's countenance was reddening.

"Why don't you speak?" The uplift of her chin was a challenge for his reply. She would laugh and forgive him after sufficient reduction.

"I'm thinking," said Allston slowly. "I'm trying to make out what chance I have of—of"— He paused, hesitating.

"What chance?" Her eyes opened wide at his seeming audacity.

"Of catching the 6 o'clock train. It is getting late."

"Oh!" Isabel looked down, then up. A strange darkness was settling down upon the earth. Both had forgotten the storm, now grumbling back from the south. The man stepped out in the rain. In a moment he returned. His face was set in hard, worried lines.

"You'll put on my coat, and we'll get into the open," said he decidedly. "I may be a fool, but I know something of cloudbursts. This building isn't safe. Quick!"

A sharp command, a clutch beneath her arm, then a rapid hoisting over rough ground, through a pelt of huge drops, to a low stone wall, and Isabel, breathless, felt herself pulled to her knees, while a strong arm clasped her firmly.

Forgetting all save the recognition of superior strength and judgment, appalled by the murky blackness, the reverberating shocks of heaven's artillery thundering over the hills, she nestled against him, with a little cry, as before her frightened gaze a broad sheet of flame showed bending trees flattened to earth and a distant rail fence flung into flying wreckage.

The man held her more tightly with an unconscious pressure. His face was set and steady, tense in his watching, yet filled with that bold, half smiling light seen on the visages of those who fearlessly face danger.

The next bright flare found her eyes meeting his in a look as rapid and intense as the lightning itself. The girl smiled at him as his breath drew in sharply.

"Down!" shouted Allston. "Flat! It's coming. Shut your eyes and hang to my neck."

Isabel did. In the roar of the elements she clung blindly to him, conscious only of a deafening noise and a sense of collapse.

The hush following was broken by Allston's laugh.

"Thought so," he uttered. "Look! Our shed is a heap of sticks, Miss Lynn. That miniature cyclone hit it just right. Well, well, if I hadn't happened to think so much of my clothes"—

"Don't!" said the girl. "Don't, please!"

The man solemnly consulted his watch.

"If we hurry," he observed, "I can get you home and catch my train."

Isabel caught his sleeve.

"No," she whispered softly. "I'd rather you would miss it."

* * * * * * *

Allston's Aunt Julia was speaking of his engagement a month after a bedraggled couple surprised the occupants of a certain farmhouse.

"I don't understand how Foster managed it so quickly," she said. "I find my letter of introduction was not used. He must have made an excellent impression the minute he met Isabel."

Napoleon and the Roman Law.

Napoleon I. had an extraordinary mind. He appeared never to forget anything he cared to remember and assimilated information as the stomach assimilates food, retaining only the valuable. An incident will illustrate this remarkable quality of his mind.

When forming the "Code Napoleon" he frequently astonished the council of state by the skill with which he illustrated any point in discussion by quoting whole passages from memory of the Roman civil law. The council wondered how a man whose life had been passed in camp came to know so much about the old Roman laws. Finally one of them asked him how he acquired his knowledge.

"When I was a lieutenant," Napoleon replied, "I was unjustly placed under arrest. My small prison room contained no furniture except an old chair and a cupboard. In the latter was a ponderous volume, which proved to be a digest of the Roman law. You can easily imagine what a valuable prize the book was to me. It was so bulky and the leaves were so covered with marginal notes in manuscript that had I been confined 100 years I need never have been idle. When I recovered my liberty, at the end of ten days, I was saturated with Justinian and the decisions of the Roman legislation. It was then I acquired my knowledge of the civil law."

Marriage Among the Aztecs.

The Aztecs, the most civilized people of the new world at the time of its discovery, had a curious marriage custom. The ceremony was performed by a priest, who took the hands of the bride and bridegroom, asking them if they would marry.

He then took a corner of the woman's veil and the man's robe and knotted them together, and so they were led to the bridegroom's house. A fresh fire was then kindled on the hearth, and around this fire the priest caused the bride to go seven times. The wedded couple then sat down together, and so was the marriage contracted. An inventory was also made, which the father of the bride afterward retained, of all the man and wife brought together, of furniture for the house, of land, of jewels, ornaments and clothes. Then if it chanced that the couple were divorced (as was common among the Aztecs when man and wife did not agree) they divided the goods according to the portion each had brought to the other, both man and wife having liberty to marry again whom they pleased. Of the children of the marriage the daughters were given to the wife and the sons to the husband. It was enacted upon pain of death that the divorced couple were not again to remarry.

All Details Arranged.

"Dear," whispered the eloping lover, "what shall we do with the rope ladder? We shouldn't leave it hanging there."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the coy damsel. "Pa said he'd pull it up again so we couldn't get back."—Philadelphia Press.

Feminine Logic.

"George, you seem to be losing all control over Jimmie."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, he won't do a thing I tell him to do."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Estimate.

"Old man Titewad must be worth a billion dollars," observes the man with the ingrowing mustache.

"Nonsense!" says the man with the dejected ears. "He hasn't over a hundred thousand to his name."

"But I was estimating it at what he would be worth if a dollar was as big as he thinks it is."—Chicago Post.

A Human Bungalow.

Pilkson didn't impress you favorably, then?"

"No; he's just a bungalow."

"A what?"

"A bungalow. He hasn't any foundation."—Newark News.

A Freak.

Jubb—Why, Jimmy, you look as if you'd grown four feet since I last saw you. Jimmy—Huh! I wish I had. I'd exhibit in a dime museum as the "human quadruped" and get a pile of money, I would.

The Woburn Journal
Telephone 55.
FRIDAY, NOV. 20, 1908.

GOOD WORDS.

Prolonged ill health had compelled the withdrawal of the late Edward D. Hayden of Woburn from nearly all his wonted activities in his latter years, but he is gratefully and pleasantly remembered for his earlier achievements, both in private and public life, as well as for his attractive personality. He represented in Congress for two terms what is now practically Mr. McCall's District, and he ranked as an able and conscientious legislator in Washington.—*Boston Herald.*

Mr. Hayden could have remained a member of Congress from this District indefinitely, for no man was stronger with the people than he; but Washington life and society had no attractions for him, and he declined to serve longer in the National House of Representatives.

A marked characteristic of Mr. Hayden was his democracy. No matter whether it was his coachman, or a day laborer, if the man was intelligent and honest, Mr. Hayden never refused his hand to him because he might be a poor man. He was a favorite with the common people, towards whom he never put on patronizing airs, and his death is sincerely mourned by that class.

ALD. BOND TO RUN.

At the earnest solicitation of a committee consisting of Chairman H. S. Riley of the City Committee, President Fred J. Brown of the City Council, Mayor W. E. Blodgett, ex-Mayors W. F. Davis and George F. Bean, Charles M. Strout, Jonathan Ela and John W. Shattuck, who visited him a few evenings ago, Alderman Daniel W. Bond of North Woburn has consented to take the Republican nomination for Mayor, and, in all human probability, he will be nominated at the caucuses this evening.

The success of the committee in securing Ald. Bond's consent to run was a fortunate thing for the Republican Party of Woburn and the friends of good government, for a better man for the office, or a stronger one for votes, could not have been found in the whole range of the city. He enjoys the confidence and esteem of the people in the highest degree, and by this token it is entirely safe to bet that he will be elected Mayor of Woburn by a rousing majority next month.

A PAIR OF THEM.

If common report can be relied on, there are a brace of Democratic candidates in the race for Mayor, namely, ex-Mayor Lawrence Reade, and ex-Mayor Hugh D. Murray, each of whom has taken out nomination papers. In all fairness and honesty Reade is entitled to a unanimous vote of the Party; but he will not get it. He was promised the nomination last year, and then euchered out of it by the "Big Four," with whom, however, he got even by he and his large political and personal following turning the scales in favor of No-license at the polls.

Mr. Murray is a good citizen and upright man; but isn't as popular as Mr. Reade, nor quite up to his measurement for the office of Mayor.

But the harder the Democrats fight the easier it will be for the Republicans to win.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUSES.

If the JOURNAL has been correctly informed, the Republicans of this city are to hold caucuses this evening to nominate candidates for offices to be voted for at the coming election. The Republican Ward and City Committee take but scant pains to inform the public of their movements through the only proper channel; so, the JOURNAL is often compelled to guess at what such movements are.

A candidate for Mayor, three members of the School Board, and Aldermen, are to be selected this evening; but it would be hazardous for anyone to attempt to give the names of those who may be chosen to stand for election to the various positions.

☞ The November number of *Public Service*, a Chicago monthly publication devoted to commonsense dealing with public utilities, contains an article on "Street Railway Transfers" from the pen of Major General William A. Bancroft, President of the Boston Elevated Company, which is worth reading. Supplying a great store of information respecting free street railway transfers, the General's paper closes as follows:

"To recapitulate, many street railways throughout the country are known to be in precarious financial condition; most street railway companies have suffered to a greater or less extent from loss of revenue due to extension of transfer privileges; the free transfer is logically a violation of the American principle of one ride for one fare; it should be regarded as a privilege extended by the company to the public, not as a right to be exacted of the company irrespective of the effect upon the company's income; no wholesale remedy can be suggested for the abuses that have grown up in connection with the free transfer system, each particular case demanding its own solution."

☞ Last week Philip M. Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. David Wilbur Brown of this city, was appointed American Minister to Honduras, which commands a salary of $10,000 a year. After graduating from Williams College he became a Professor in Robert College at Constantinople, Turkey, and in 1901 was appointed Second Secretary of the American Embassy at the Turkish Capital. After serving there a couple of years, or so, he was promoted to the office of Secretary of the American Legation at Guatemala, where he was, also, a considerable portion of his four years term Charge de Affaires. At the close of that period he was again promoted to the Secretaryship of the Embassy at Constantinople at a salary of $3,000, and, last week, was advanced to the higher and more lucrative office of Minister to Honduras. He is smart and clean, and, probably, still higher diplomatic honors await him.

☞ Mayor Blodgett of Woburn announces that he will not seek reelection, so there is likely to be a scramble among the Republicans desiring the nomination.—*Boston Transcript.*

Contrariwise, it is feared that the absence of a scramble may work to the disadvantage of the Republicans, and especially to the cause of anti-license. There is a plenty of good, sound Mayoralty timber in the Party, but the trouble is to obtain the consent of the right kind of men for the office to become candidates. Nevertheless, considering the condition of the Democratic Party, it is more than likely that the Republican and Nolicense candidates will win a substantial victory on election day.

P. S. Since the above was penned Ald. Daniel W. Bond has consented to accept the Republican nomination.

☞ At a meeting recently held by the Lincoln Centenary Committee of New York it was resolved to ask the Superintendent of each school district in the United States to have Lincoln's Gettysburg Address read to the pupils in their schools at exactly noon on February 12, 1909, the 100th anniversary of Lincoln's birthday. It is a good thing, and we doubt not that Superintendent Clapp will see to it that the request of the Committee is complied with in every school in this city.

☞ The City Council failed to override the veto of Mayor Blodgett of the Smith poolroom license at their meeting last Monday evening. The two-thirds vote necessary to carry the measure over the veto could not be mustered, and Smith lost his poolroom. Neither did the Mayor crawfish on the famous paragraph in the veto message to the Council which was so offensive to Ald. Highley. He told the Council in a letter that he wouldn't take back a word of it, and didn't. It was a silly piece of business all round.

☞ From the JOURNAL's point of view the best thing for Ald. Highley to do is to represent Ward 6 another term in the Council before going in for the office of Mayor. He is smart and loyal to the best interests of the city, but a good many people think he has not been in the public service long enough to entitle him to support as a candidate for Mayor this year. He had better wait another year.

☞ At the Democratic caucuses held last night Hugh D. Murray was nominated for Mayor.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Edison Co.—Light.
Arthur E. Blake—Mort. Sale.

— Unitarian Parish Fair, Dec. 3-4.

— Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Budd are fishing and hunting in the wilds of Maine.

— There will be Union Service at the Unitarian church Thanksgiving morning, Nov. 26. Dr. Norton will preach.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— The managers of Trinity church Fair, which opened yesterday, are to give an entertainment for the children in G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank building, this afternoon.

— The Rev. H. B Williams will speak at the Maternal Association meeting at the First church, Friday evening, Nov. 27 at 7.30 o'clock. Subject: "Sunday School Problems."

— Mrs. E. K. Porter entertained the Nichols Corner Nickle Club in royal style at her home on Arlington Road last Monday evening. She was elected President of the Club at the meeting.

— A formidable opposition to the reelection of Ald. Highley has developed in Ward 6, and it looks as though he might be obliged to do some strenuous campaiguing to get back onto the Board.

— Mr. Thomas A. Watson, founder of the Fore River shipbuilding establishment at Quincy, is to lecture before the Woman's Club this afternoon, His theme is to be, "A Feasible American Industry."

— About every namable thing necessary to compose a bangup Thanksgiving dinner can be found at the Boston Branch grocery. The store is especially rich in raisins, nuts and pure confectionery.

— The Sportsmen's Show of the New England Forest, Fish and Game Association will open in Mechanics Building, Huntington avenue, Boston, on Dec. 24 next and close on Jan. 5, 1909. It is going to be the best ever.

— There'll be no scarcity of turkeys in this city for Thanksgiving. The two principal markets—Linnell's and Durward's—will have a plenty of them —fine ones, too; and the prices will be so reasonable that everybody can have turkey and cranberries for Thanksgiving dinner.

— The first snowstorm of the present Fall that has been able to give the ground a covering of white occurred on Wednesday, Nov. 18, just 7 months to a day after the last one in the Spring. All other mentions in these columns of this subject should be skipped by the reader.

— Newspaper publishers should always send their best printed and cleanest sheets to exchanges; but the most of them seem to think that torn, smutty, or any old thing, is good enough for an exchange. The Winchester *Star* is the worst offender in this line that we know of.

— On Nov. 25 the Christian Science Publishing Company of Boston will issue the first number of a daily paper to be called "The Christian Science Monitor." The price is to be two cents a copy, or $5 a year. Subscriptions will be taken at Room 15 Savings Bank building in this city.

— Kenneth S. Johnson and Quincy A. Brackett have set up a wireless telegraph receiving station at the High school, and Principal Low is going to have a class taught to operate it. It will be a good thing for all hands—something that will be of practical use in the future to those who learn it.

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— The drink that "goes to the right spot," and makes a person feel good all over on a cold day, is a mug of pure hot chocolate, "warranted not to cut in the eye," such as McLaughlin & Dennison hand out to numerous customers at all hours of the day and evening at their popular drugstore.

— Peggy, who, next to Mr. D. H. Richards, is the most reliable weather recorder in this city, says the last Spring snowfall in 1908 was on April 19; and the first Autumn one was on Nov. 13. This last was but the slightest kind of a fall, only a few flakes being discernable with the naked eye.

— The Sewing Society of the Swedish Evangelical Free church are to hold their annual vendue on Thanksgiving Day. Contributions for it should be forwarded to Mrs. Charles Rinquist of Greenwood avenue. The proceeds are for the benefit of the church, and, therefore, the Fair should be liberally patronized.

— Engineer Barbour and the State Board of Health say, according to reports, that Horn Pond water is growing poorer in quality. No person possessing a mite of common horsesense will believe a word of it. Horn Pond water, the product of springs, is just as good now as it ever was—the best in the State.

— At the Congregational church next Sunday morning the Laymen's Movement will have right of way. Rev. S. O. Benton of New York, representing the great meeting in progress in Boston, will be the speaker. Every man of the congregation is expected to be present. The offering is for Thanksgiving uses among the less favored of our people.

— The Sons of Veterans gave a fine dramatic entertainment in Lyceum Hall last Wednesday evening, which was enjoyed by a large and fashionable audience. The play was "The Country Minister," a popular one, and it was carried through as neatly as professionals could have done it. It was the annual celebration and entertainment of the S of V., and a great success.

— The Insurance Agency of S. B. Goddard & Son is hereafter to be managed by Mr. Herbert C. Huntress of Boston, a thoroughgoing insurance man, and, for some years past, an associate of the late Mr. Ralph F. Goddard in examining and adjusting losses by fire. He is to reside in Woburn, as the large business of the Goddard's will require his personal attention.

— Mr. Fred T. Dow of Birmingham, Alabama, son of Mrs. Carrie E Dow of this city, and Miss Maud H. Skinner, daughter of Mr. James Skinner, President of the Woburn Co operative Bank, are to be united in the silken bonds of wedlock on Wednesday evening, Dec. 2, 1908, at the elegant residence of the bride's parents on Montvale avenue. At least, such is the well authenticated report.

— Capt. John P. Crane of Academy Hill is a public spirited man and benefactor. His latest move which will compel a loosening of his pursestrings is to supply the city with ornamental trees. He has chosen the black ash, a handsome tree, an order for 50 of which he has given, with more to follow. They are to be planted on Rag Rock, the Common, and other places where they may be needed, or the Captain's choice dictates.

— Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Parker celebrated the 10th anniversary of their marriage Monday evening, Nov. 16, at their home, 1 Cleveland avenue, with a reception from 8 to 10 o'clock. A large number of their friends were present and the evening passed pleasantly with instrumental and vocal music. Although it was a "tin wedding" the gifts included silver, china, cut glass and legal tender of a generous denomination. The "Sunny Corner" Class of the M. E. Church, of which Mrs. Parker is President, presented them with a beautiful punchbowl and glasses. A drippingpan was noted whose contents outshown even the Thanksgiving turkey. These included the dates 1898 and 1908 with a large P inclosed in a perfect horseshoe, all formed of bright new dimes, one hundred in all. Mr. and Mrs. Parker were married in Vermont but have lived here the past seven years.

— Peter E. McHugh has withdrawn as a candidate for re-election to the Board of Public Works. He says he has had enough of it.

— The Mayor's dancing party last Friday night was a monumental success. It was the most brilliant assembly that has ever gathered in Lyceum Hall

— Ald. Harold P. Johnson says he is ready to fall right in and help elect any good man Mayor. That is the proper kind of talk, and just what might be expected from Ald. Johnson.

— The recently chosen officers of the Mechanic Phalanx Associates are: President, Major John M. Portal; Vice-President, G. William Buchanan; Secretary and Treasurer, M. Littlefield.

— The opinion prevails quite generally among the tenpin sports that a person to beat Capt. John M. Portal at that game has got to get up mighty early in the morning and keep busy all the time.

— A copious rain, which set in on Saturday evening and continued to Sunday morning, saturated the bosom of Mother Earth splendidly. It was needed, and more of the same sort wouldn't be bad to take.

— Mr. Hugh A. McPartlin died at his home on Warren avenue in this city early Sunday morning from a shock suffered the evening before while walking along Main street near the Cummings schoolhouse He was 53 years old, and left a wife and eleven children to mourn his death.

— Mr. Edward F. Bryant of Chicago has been visiting his parents, Mr and Mrs. O. F. Bryant of Salem street, this week. He was accompanied by his son who is a student Dartmouth College. Mr. Bryant has been connected with the Pullmans of Pullman car fame at Pullman, a suburb of Chicago, in financial affairs many years. He occupies an honorable position among Western financiers.

— Mrs. Dr. S. W. Kelley is talked of by the Republicans for the School Board, and will probably be nominated at the caucuses this evening. She is well qualified for the position, being a graduate from Wellesley College, and an all round thoroughly educated young woman, and a person deeply interested in the welfare of our public schools. Mrs. Lizzie B. Blake, wife of Dr. H. G. Blake, declines another election. She has been a valuable and influential member of the Board.

— The Episcopal, Congregational, Baptist and Unitarian churches opened a series of union meetings in the Unitarian church last Sunday evening for the promotion of the cause of No-license. Rev. W H. Osmond, Rector of Trinity church, and Rev. James Yeames of Arlington were the speakers. The series of meetings, in which the different clergymen are to participate, will be continued up to the time of the city election. They are expected to accomplish a great deal for antilicense.

— Loammi Baldwin Chapter, D. A. R, spent last Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. C. W. Gilbert at Oak Knoll, her residence, on Montvale avenue, and took tea with her. In providing the company with the exhilerating beverage, with its accessories, she was assisted by her daughter Dora, Marion Chalmers, and Amelia Goold. A Boston caterer contributed materially to the afternoon's enjoyment. Mrs. Hortense D. Hay, Regent of the Dean Winthrop Chapter of Winthrop, was the Guest of Honor, and, as such, made a brief, but entertaining, address. Every member present said she had passed a delightful afternoon.

— There isn't a motorman on the Boston & Northern Street Railway who has more, or better, friends than Charles Lennon, whose home is on Porter street in this city. Last Tuesday evening they gave him a great surprise in the shape of an unheralded visit to his residence and the presentation of a handsome chair, with which proceedings Charlie and his wife were most pleasantly shocked. After William J. Blake finished his presentation speech, and the motorman had made reply to it, there was a concert, dancing, refreshments, and other things which were greatly enjoyed by the visitors and donors of the chair. It was a nice party, and the pleasantest kind of a time.

— The Unitarian Parish Fair will be held Dec. 3 and 4 in the vestry of church. The Fair opens Thursday at 4 P. M. Supper at 6 30. Parlor entertainment in the evening. Friday, dramatic in the evening.

— Arrangements have been made for the lighting of St. Anthony's church in North Woburn with electric lights, and eighteen incandescents have been installed. The service will be furnished by the Edison Elec. Ill. Co.

— Regrets are heard on every hand over Mayor Blodgett's decision not to be a candidate for another term in the Executive Chair. He is, most emphatically, the right man in the right place. Under his judicious administration our city was surely winning a good name and fair reputation abroad.

— The funeral of Mrs. Fannie M. Taylor, widow of the late James D. Taylor, former residents of Woburn, was held in the parlor of the Unitarian church last Tuesday afternoon. She died at the home of her daughter in Hyde Park on Sunday, Nov. 15. She was a sister of Mrs. Fred A. Hartwell of this city.

— Mr. Moses Bancroft is the only sewingmachine agent who has an office in Woburn, which is 410 Main street, opposite Lyceum Hall. He, also, has headquarters in several neighboring towns. Mr. Bancroft is a veteran in the business, and by giving everybody a square deal has long enjoyed a large and lucrative trade.

— At a meeting held a few evenings since Burbank W. R. C. 84, received two new members. The Corps propose to increase their revenues this winter by giving whist parties, suppers, entertainments, etc., as successfully as in seasons past. The ladies of 84 are patriotic, loyal and eminently industrious, and their cashbox deserves to be liberally contributed to by the forehanded men and women of this city.

— The JOURNAL need not urge the voters to consider the selection of candidates for the School Board of the first importance, for this is conceded on every hand. Our schools should be looked after by the best educational and executive ability in the city, and it is hoped and believed that the Republicans will choose the best material they have with which to fill the three vacancies caused by the expiration of terms of three of the present members of the Board. As at present constituted the Board is an excellent one; don't cheapen it by making bad nominations tonight.

— If we are correctly informed, candidates for election to the Board of Public Works continue to increase in number, and that nearly all of them are Democrats. What there is so attractive about a seat on that Board is a mystery. The salary amounts to but little—not enough to warrant scrabbling for—while the work and responsibilities of the position amount to a good deal. To be sure, opportunities for graft by members of the Board are firstclass, for they contract for about everything the city uses in its several Departments; but Woburn has no grafters in its government; so, that pickings and stealings have no weight in inducing men to seek election to the Board. It must be the honor attached to the office that they want. So far, Ald. John Wallace is the only Republican candidate in the field that we have heard of.

— For last Sunday morning's sermon Rev. Dr. Norton chose for his subject "The Feast and the Fainting." Whether, or not, it was suggested by an incident at his home after the grand annual parish feast on Thursday evening, Nov. 12, we cannot say, but it looked that way. Not long after his return home from the supper, the rich and varied viands of which he greatly enjoyed, as did the hundreds of people who surrounded the banquet boards, the Doctor was summoned to the door of his residence by a sharp ring of the bell, and opening it discovered a forlorn looking man standing near who said he had had nothing to eat all that day; had no place to sleep that night; and was without money. Dr. Norton invited the poor fellow in, gave him a supper, and generously, and in true Christian spirit, provided for the man's comfort for the night. That was a sharp object lesson of "Feasting and Fainting."

— Next Thursday, Nov. 20, will be Thanksgiving Day, for the enjoyment of which preparations, we doubt not, are now well along. The prices of Turkeys, we hear, are so reasonable, and likely to be so next week, that nearly everybody can have a turkey dinner with cranberry sauce, mincepie and cheese, without unduly taxing the pocket nerve, or "skinching" for a whole week beforehand to save up for the Thanksgiving dinner. It is the one day of the year when, in New England, the poor and needy are generally and generously remembered by benevolent people and churches; when good eating and drinking are distributed with a more open hand; and we hope this will be the habit of our better to do people next week. The JOURNAL's hope is, that every family in this city may be able to sit down to a rousing good turkey dinner on Thanksgiving Day, and get away after it scot free from the usual attack of dyspepsia.

— The JOURNAL regrets the near departure of Rev. G. Sigfrid Swenssen, pastor of the Swedish Evangelical Lutheran church in this city, for Aurora, Ilionis, from which large and prosperous city he has received and accepted a call tendered by a flourishing Swedish church to become their Shepherd. On next Sunday evening, Nov. 22, Rev. Mr. Swenssen will preach his farewell sermon to the Woburn church, and on Tuesday, Nov 24, he, with his family, will leave for the new Illinois home. His going away is deeply regretted by the church and parish here, for he has accomplished a power of good for them in every respect, and they hate to give him up. Mr. Swenssen is a native of Illinois, having been born and bred at Rockford, and educated at Augustana College and Divinity School at Rock Island. He spent seven years at that great Swede institution of learning on the Mississippi River. He served two terms as pastor with the Woburn church, during both of which he was eminently successful in increasing its membership, and removing its financial burdens. He has many friends out side of the church here who will regret his leavetaking.

— The Sunny Circle of King's Daughters of the First Congregational church are to hold a meeting at 7 30 o'clock this evening with Mrs. Carrie Stone on Eastern avenue.

— Mrs. Arthur E Gage entertained the Bunker Hill Chapter, D. A. R., at her home on Sherman Place, Thursday afternoon. After the business meeting the Weeks sisters of Somerville gave a delightful musical program, assisted by Mrs. H. B. Williams who sang charmingly three solos. A historical paper was given. Refreshments were served and a social hour enjoyed

Stricken in Church.

Hon. Edward D. Hayden, one of the most prominent and highly respected residents of Woburn, died at his home on Warren avenue on Sunday forenoon, Nov. 15, 1908, as the result of an apoplectic shock, or attack of heart failure, in church, to the latter of which he had been subject for several years.

Mr. Hayden fully deserved the high place he occupied in the public esteem, for he was a truehearted man; of generous impulses; superior intelligence; sincere, upright and conscientious in his daily walk and conversation; a friend to everybody, and everybody his friend.

The death of no person in this city is, nor will be, more generally and deeply lamented than that of Hon. Edward D. Hayden, the following notice of which is condensed from the Boston *Transcript* of Nov. 16:

Hon. Edward D. Hayden, Vice President and Secretary of the Boston & Albany Railroad, and a member of the Forty-Ninth and Fiftieth Congresses, was taken suddenly ill while at service in the Woburn Unitarian Church, last Sunday morning and died on reaching his home. He was 75 years of age. During the singing of the opening anthem he was seen to fall forward and was taken to the vestibule of the church. Physicians responded but their efforts were of no avail. Mr. Hayden had been suffering from apoplexy and heart disease for years.

Mr. Hayden was born in Cambridge on Dec. 27, 1833. He fitted at Groton for Harvard, graduating in 1854. He studied at the Harvard Law School and in the offices of the late Chief Justice Chapman in Springfield and Ezra Ripley in Boston, beginning practice in Woburn in February, 1858. In 1861 he was appointed Paymaster in the United States Navy, serving in the Mississippi Squadron under Admiral Porter in the Vicksburg and Red River campaigns. In 1866 he returned to Woburn and became a partner in the leather firm of J. B. Winn & Co. He left that trade because his abilities as an executive officer had attracted the notice of railroad men, and for more than thirty years he was on the Directorate of the Boston & Albany Railroad, and at the time of his death had been Vice President and Clerk of the Corporation for many years.

Mr. Hayden was formerly closely identified with Woburn banking institutions, and for more than twenty years was a Director of the First National Bank of that city, and President from 1874 to 1900. For twenty years he was a Director of the Woburn A. and M. Association. He was a member of the corporation of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, and at one time was one of its Trustees. He was a Director of the Shawmut National Bank of Boston.

For three years he was in the Massachusetts Legislature. In the Forty-Ninth and Fiftieth Congresses he represented the Fifth Massachusetts District. As a Selectman under the town government and later as Alderman under the municipality, he gave valuable time and effort to the service of his fellow citizens in Woburn. The Woburn Public Library, the gift of Charles B. Winn, his first wife's brother, was his pride. Its interests were closely watched by him. He was one of its original corporation members, a life Trustee and President since the death of Hon. John Cummings. He belonged to the Union Club in this city and was a member of the Loyal Legion.

Mr. Hayden's first wife, Miss Marcia A. Winn, died in 1862. His second wife, who survives him, was Miss Ellen F. Champney. He left also two sisters, Mrs. Harriet Ripley of Jamaica Plain and Miss Louise Hayden of Bradford, and a nephew, Dr. Walter Channing of Brookline.

The funeral was of plain and simple character, conducted in an unostentatious manner. It was attended by a great many prominent people of Boston, as well as by Woburn citizens, among the former being the Directors of the Boston & Albany Railroad Company, Bankers, and business men; also, by G. A. R. Post 161 of Woburn, Trustees of the Public Library, brethren of Mt. Horeb Lodge of Free Masons, representatives of the Order of the Loyal Legion, of the Woburn Banks, and many others. The interment was at Mount Auburn.

Boston Theatres.

THE BOSTON.

For Thanksgiving week at the Boston Theatre, Mr. Keith has secured an attraction fully in keeping with the season, one that is always popular, in "Sky Farm," the rural drama by Edward Kidder, which had its first production at the Old Boston Museum. Since then it has been seen in Boston and always to crowded houses. It was one of the most popular of last season's successes as given by the stock company, and the present production will be on an even greater scale. The story of the play is of intense interest, not only is the love story that runs through the piece enough to hold the attention from start to finish, but there is a fund of comedy permeating the entire play.

KEITH'S.

A very strong programme has been arranged for Thanksgiving week at Keith's Theatre, the principal feature being Stella Mayhew in her latest songs. Miss Mayhew is now one of the most popular women entertainers in vaudeville, and is perhaps the only rival of May Irwin in her bright line of entertainment. Her last appearance at this house was one of the events of the season and her return will be welcomed not only by those who saw her, but by those who were unfortunate enough to miss her that week. A special extra performance will be given on Thansgiving morning beginning at ten o'clock and lasting until one, when all the leading features of the week will be given.

CASTLE SQUARE.

It is no exaggeration to say that "Are You A Mason?" is funnier than "The Man on the Box," and next week at the Castle Square Theatre we shall be able to test and to laugh at its scenes and characters. Its author, Leo Ditrichstein, is a born humorist and comedian, and in "Are You A Mason?" he provides three hours of fun-making of the cleanest and most uproarious sort. The action of the play takes place in New York City, and its plot tells how Amos Bloodgood, a citizen of Rockford, Ill. has a wife who demands that he become a Mason. He falls in with her wishes, for he sees that he will thereby have many an opportunity for an hilarious "night out" without his wife's knowledge. But he doesn't really become a Mason.

THE GAIETY.

The handsome new Gaiety Theatre, built on the site of the old Lyceum Theatre, on Washington street, near Boylston street, will be thrown open and dedicated by a first performance Monday afternoon, the 23rd instant. The opening attraction will be Manager Charles Waldron's Trocadero Burlesquers, an organization of high class vaudeville stars, among whom are many local favorites. Manager Waldron is also the manager of the Palace Theatre. The policy to be pursued at the new Gaiety will be two performances daily at 2 and 8 o'clock. Prices will be popular, the best orchestra seat being obtained for 75 cents while hundreds of seats can be secured for 20, 25, 35 and 50 cents. The seating capacity of the house will be nearly 2,000. There are eighteen boxes splendidly arranged so that every seat in them has a clear view of the entire stage.

This Is An Easy Test.

Sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in one shoe and not in the other, and notice the difference. Just the thing to use when rubbers or overshoes become necessary, and your shoes seem to pinch. Sold Everywhere, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.*

LOCAL
LONG
DISTANCE
TELEPHONE

Telephone Talks

A "prompt" answer turneth away wrath. You know how you feel when you are kept waiting at the telephone.
Remember: Example is better than precept.

"No One on the Line"

It has been pointed out that there are three parties to a telephone conversation, namely, the person calling, the operator, and, last but not least, the person called.

The operator has no authority to compel an answer to her summons. She simply forwards to your telephone a mechanical signal. Interpreted, this means "Some one desires to speak to you." It remains for you, the person called, to recognize this request.

There are two strong reasons why you should answer promptly, and both vitally concern you:

☞ 1. If you are slow in answering, the caller may hang up the telephone and assume that you are not accessible. Later, if you answer at your leisure, the operator can vouchsafe no information save that "there is no one on the line." Who called you? The operator probably does not know. Any operator in your exchange may have called you, rather than the operator specially assigned to answer your calls.

☞ 2. From the moment the operator calling you "plugs in" on your line until she ceases her effort to attract your attention, your line is "busy" to all other callers.

If you are dilatory, therefore, you are obstructing you own service. You are also causing disappointment to your caller and annoyance to yourself.

New England Telephone & Telegraph Co.

1908 Wall Papers 1908
Picture Framing a Specialty
Agent for the Oliver Typewriter
Repairs on Estates, and Collection of Rents. Houses For Sale and To Let.
Established in 1879.
C. E. SMITH. 439 Main St.
HOME OFFICE: 11 Bennett Street.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Alvin T. Morrill and wife, Ludovica Dimon Morrill, in her right, to Silas R. Carter, Edwin Irving Sawyer, and James D Tyler, Trustees of the First Unitarian Society in Berlin, dated March 31, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 2644, Fol. 258, and duly transferred to the undersigned; for breach of condition of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction, upon the premises first hereinafter described, on

Tuesday, December 8, 1908,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, viz:—The following tracts, or parcels, of land all situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts:

FIRST: A certain tract of land with the buildings thereon and bounded as follows, to wit:—Northerly by Lexington street, by land of Jacob M Ellis and by land of the heirs of Walter Frost; easterly by land of the heirs of Walter Frost, and by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; southerly by land of said Benjamin F. Flagg, by land of William B Doyle, and by land formerly of Joseph Gardner; westerly by land of Mary G. Pierce.

SECOND: A certain lot of woodland near Horn Pond and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; easterly by land formerly of Stephen Dow; southerly by land of Ebenezer L. Pierce; westerly by land of William B. Doyle.

THIRD: A small lot of land bounded as follows, namely:—Southeasterly by Lexington street; northeasterly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; northwesterly by Garden street.

FOURTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Locust street; easterly by land now or formerly of James B. and Horace W. Pearsons and by Garden street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by Willow street.

FIFTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Willow street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by land of the heirs of John Weston; northerly by land now or formerly of Doherty, and by John Cummings.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes, tax bills or other municipal liens.

Three hundred dollars ($300.00) will be required to be paid by purchaser at time of sale. For further particulars apply to Andreas Blume, Attorney-at-Law, 27 School street, Boston, Mass.

ANDREAS BLUME and JAMES W. SPRING, Trustees under the will of William Phipps, Mortgagees.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Sewall D. Samson of Woburn to Mabel E. Howard of Woburn, dated November 15th, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Bk. 2786, P. 571, will be sold at public auction upon the premises on

TUESDAY, the fifteenth day of December, 1908.

at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with the building thereon, situate in that part of said Woburn called Montvale, and bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the granted premises at a stone bound marking the line of Montvale Avenue, formerly Railroad street, and Central street, thence the line runs easterly on said Montvale Avenue seventy feet to other land of the grantor; thence southerly by land of the grantor fifty-five feet; thence westerly by other land of the grantor seventy feet to Central street; thence northerly by said Central street fifty-five feet to the point of beginning, containing thirty-eight hundred and fifty square feet; being a portion of lot number twelve included in the conveyance of Stephen Swan to Sewall D. Samson by his deed dated December 10, 1870, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1167, Page 172.

$200 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

MABEL E. HOWARD, Mortgagee.
Arthur E. Black, 53 State street,
Boston, Mass.

Estate of Maurice W. Carroll late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, represented insolvent.

THE Probate Court for said County will receive and examine all claims of creditors against the estate of said Maurice W. Carroll, and notice is hereby given that six months from the fourth day of November, A. D., 1908, are allowed to creditors to present and prove their claims against said estate, and that the Court will receive and examine the claims of creditors at Cambridge, on the twenty-fourth day of November, 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and at Cambridge on the third day of May 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

ELLEN J. CARROLL, Administratrix.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

When Your Ship Comes in

Ah! then you are going to indulge your taste in solid silver. Alas! winds and tides sometimes delay the good ship, and—well, why not add to your sterling silver collection a few pieces at a time, if need be?

For immediate acquisition we suggest the butter spreaders, the coffee spoons, or the oyster forks, or any of the smaller pieces which we have in such variety in the "Colonial."

The "Colonial" has weight and character. The fluting of the bowls and tines of the spoons and forks is one new and original feature in sterling silverware of the last century—a feature derived from Colonial Architecture.

If perchance the good ship is already in port, why then we suggest a complete table service in "Colonial."

Smith & Varney
A Jewelry Store since 1871

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
☞ Season opens Sept. 29.

Artistic and Scientific
MUSICAL INSTRUCTION
Mrs Annie M. S. LEWIS Pianoforte
Mr. F. Percyval LEWIS Theory, Organ
Private and Class Lessons in Woburn
Address Winchester; or consult in Woburn Unitarian Vestry, Sat. 10-12, 2-4.

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WE SELL

Shredded Wheat	10c. pkg.
Cream of Wheat	12c. "
Triscuit	10c. "
Quaker Puffed Rice	10c. "
" Wheat Berries	10c. "
" Oats	10c. "
" Corn Flakes	10c. "
Force	10c. "
Saxon Wheat Food	15c. "
Ralston Breakfast Food	14c. "
Pillsbury's Cereal	15c. "

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
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FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-1.

CRACKS
IN SKIN
CHAPS
ON HAND AND FACE.
Rose Clycerine Lotion
CURES. 25c. a Bottle
Whitcher's PILL BOX
28th year in use.
U. S. Food and Drug Act, No. 17722.

Holiday Shoppers

Are making their selections early this year. Don't fail to examine our large display of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Pocketbooks, Purses, Vanity Wallets, Card Cases and Letter and Bill Books.

The choicest line we have ever shown.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main Street,
WOBURN

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George E. Morgan and Annie E. Morgan, his wife, in her own right, both of Lexington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to James Dobbins and James Shannon both of Woburn in said county, dated July 14, 1900, and recorded in Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 2834, Page 291, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises in said Lexington on

TUESDAY, the 24th day of November, A. D., 1908,

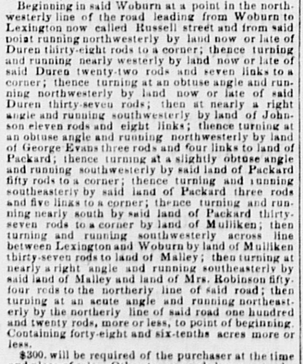
at three o'clock in the afternoon all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:—A certain parcel of land situated partly in Lexington and partly in Woburn in said County, bounded and further described as follows, viz:—

Beginning in said Woburn at a point in the northwesterly line of the road leading from Woburn to Lexington now called Russell street and from said point running northwesterly by land now or late of Duren thirty-eight rods to a corner; thence turning and running nearly westerly by said land now or late of said Duren twenty-two rods and seven links to a corner; thence turning at an obtuse angle and running northwesterly by land now or late of said Duren thirty-seven rods; then at nearly a right angle and running southwesterly by land of Johnson eleven rods and eight links; thence turning at an obtuse angle and running northwesterly by land of George Evans three rods and four links to land of Packard; thence turning at a slightly obtuse angle and running southwesterly by said land of Packard fifty rods to a corner; thence turning and running southeasterly by said land of Packard three rods and five links to a corner; thence turning and running nearly south by said land of Packard thirty-seven rods to a corner by land of Mulliken; then turning and running southwesterly across line between Lexington and Woburn by land of Mulliken thirty-seven rods to land of Malley; then turning at nearly a right angle and running southeasterly by said land of Malley and land of Mrs. Robinson fifty-four rods to the northerly line of said road; then turning at an acute angle and running northeasterly by the northerly line of said road one hundred and twenty rods, more or less, to point of beginning. Containing forty-eight and six-tenths acres more or less.

$300. will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms made known at sale.

JAMES DOBBINS.
JAMES SHANNON,
Mortgagees.

Woburn, Mass., October 30, 1908.
Edward Johnson Attorney.



For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

Crawford Cooking-Ranges

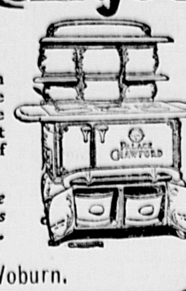
Our New Range a Winner!

The new range that we introduced last year has won all hearts. The old End Hearth is gone—there is more room on top—the ashes fall into a Hod far below the fire, making their removal easy and the grate to last longer. The Ash Hod when emptied is returned full of coal. Three sizes, "Palace," "Castle," "Fortress."

All the famous Crawford features are present: Single Damper, Patented Grate, Cup-Joint Oven Flues, Asbestos Backed Oven, Improved Oven Indicator. Booklet free.

Made by Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co., 31-35 Union St., Boston

For Sale by E. CALDWELL, Woburn.



Football Season Here

During the month of October every eye is turned toward the oval

Our purpose in advertising in this space is to turn the eyes of everybody, during the whole year, toward the "Oval". Of course we mean "Creamalt"—the oval loaf.

For beauty of shape and for deliciousness of flavor, you won't "tackle" anything in the class of Creamalt. It's the only "Oval" people never "kick" at. Game starts next time you eat.

George G. Fox Company

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

WOBURN, Nov. 6th A. D., 1908.

Taken on execution and will be sold by public auction on Saturday, the twelfth day of December, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock A. M., at my office in my dwellinghouse No. 55 Montvale Avenue in Woburn in said County of Middlesex, all the right, title and interest that Thomas J. Murray otherwise known as Thomas Murray of Woburn in said County, had (not exempt by law from attachment or levy on execution) on the sixth day of November, A. D. 1908, the time the same was taken on execution, in and to the following described real estate the record title standing in the name of Patrick Murray late of Woburn, deceased, to wit:—A certain parcel of land situated in Woburn in said County of Middlesex bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises at the junction of Plympton street with Dublin street so called formerly called Flagg Court; thence the line runs northerly by said Dublin street to land of one Reddy; thence easterly by land last named to land of the Town of Woburn; thence southerly by said land of the Town of Woburn to said Plympton street; thence westerly by said Plympton street to the point of beginning. Containing 12,000 square feet. Being the same premises conveyed to Patrick Murray by Lawrence Reade, Administrator of the estate of James Rogers by deed dated June 10, 1881, recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1570, Page 561.

JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the next of kin and all others interested in the estate of Albert G. Ames, late of Wilmington, in said County, an absentee.

WHEREAS, Henry G. Gowing, the receiver of the property of said absentee, has presented to said Court for allowance, the first, second and third accounts of his administration on said estate and application has been made for a distribution of the balance in his hands among the next of kin of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of December, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why said account should not be allowed and distribution made according to said application.

And the petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by delivering or mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Rose Frolio, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to George F. Dodge of Wilmington, in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-third day of November, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Reminiscences.

EDITOR WOBURN JOURNAL: Miss Susan Edgell was a teacher whose very personality and attainments were an inspiration. There was a sort of charm in the evidence of culture and mental training which appeared in her words, in her self-direction and in the harmonious union of sense and wit and intelligence and talent to teach. Any studious pupil could acquire in one term of her tuition quite a faculty in parsing, and in understanding the structure of language. Her method was to exact of her students a knowledge of the fundamental principles of grammar, in old Smith's grammar or any other, and after a few weeks, to take up the language, and learn the parts of speech and their relations to each other. Rev. Charles Hammond, who taught nearly all his life in Monson Academy, first, then at Groton, and then at Monson again, where he died in 1878, had three hundred English grammars. I asked him, if the principles of Grammar taught by all these authors, were essentially the same. He readily replied, that with a varied phraseology, they were the same in meaning and reach and substance. Modern educators object to "parrot" recitations of rules and principles memorized, and seem to demand a full understanding of everything considered. This is all well. But the memory must be educated and put to strongest work. It is very convenient in any walk of life, to have a sure and accurate memory. Lord Erskine in the trial of Hardy found all the evidence in at noon of a Friday. The Court ordered him to present his plea the next day at 12 o'clock, noon. He respectfully asked for two hours more, and for the hour of 2 o'clock as the time for the summing up. Lord Mansfield, imperious and stern, and no warm friend of Erskine, at first was unwilling to grant the favor. But the jury kindly suggested that they were willing to extend the time, and the Chief Justice yielded. The great Lawyer came in on Saturday, and made a speech of seven hours, the finest upon treason, perhaps, on record. He was a gentleman of fine form with command of his whole person, his very movements speaking with his words. But his voice was so taxed, that for the last ten minutes of his plea, he put both hands upon the table before him, and spoke in a hoarse whisper with impressive and eloquent, power. Now, he took a rest of three hours sleep, and then framed from profound principles of law and equity and custom his defence of Hardy. He would have no time to study up and discover the principles which would sustain his case if he had not remembered just where he was certain to find the far reaching supports of his claims for the defendant, and thus won his case, and added another triumph to his honor.—M. L. R.

(Concluded next week.)

Burlington.

When Mrs. Ellen M. Hanson, wife of Mr. Walter A. Hanson, died at her home on Winn street in this town on Thursday morning, Nov. 12, 1908, this community lost one of its best and universally respected women. She was a native of Lincoln, Mass., born in 1845 of Abel W. Harrington and Eunice, his wife. She was a sister of Charles H. Harrington of Woburn, where she enjoyed the respect of a wide circle of friends. In his sore bereavement Mr. Hanson, who is one of Burlington's best known and most popular citizens, has the heartfelt sympathy of everybody in this town.

WINCHESTER.

The Fortnightly Club are to give a dramatic entertainment on Tuesday evening, Dec. 8.

Our people are earnestly looking around for their Thanksgiving turkeys and cranberries.

The ladies of Bethany Society are to conduct a public sale on Dec. 8. They are getting everything ready for it.

A good deal is going on, and much more planned, in club life here for the coming winter months. Ours are an eminently social people.

Next Sunday, Nov. 22, is to be observed as Sunday School Visiting Day at Epiphany church. Parents and others are invited to visit the School.

Arthur E. Whitney is the most prolific newspaper correspondent we have among us. I do not know how the *Star* could get along without him. But he is an intelligent and accurate local historian, at anyrate.

Still housebuilding is going on here, notwithstanding the near approach of winter. Winchester is destined to soon become the most populous and beautiful town in the suburbs of Boston. All the new residences are costly and handsome.

A railroad train ran over and killed a wild deer near the Wedgemere station the other day. It was one, probably, that strayed away from the Fells, where there are quite a number of them. But the idea of wild deer roaming around right in the mungs of this town!

Casualties Expected.

During one of Speaker Cannon's bitter political fights in his district in Illinois the opposition resorted to desperate tactics. Among other things friends of Uncle Joe were summarily dismissed from positions they held in the public service. Some of his friends became alarmed at this, and one of them called on the speaker at his residence and said, somewhat excitedly:

"Joe, Smith and Jones have just lost their positions in the postoffice. What are we going to do about it?"

Uncle Joe took another puff at his cigar and then answered, with a benevolent smile: "Nothing. If you go into battle, you have got to expect to have some dead and wounded."

No Police In Heaven.

Small Isabel's particular friend, the policeman on the beat, contracted pneumonia and died. Isabel was greatly grieved until her mother convinced her that he had gone to heaven. Even then she was not quite reconciled. "If heaven is such a good place," remarked the little skeptic, "I don't see what God wants policemen there for."—New York Press.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street.
Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—23d Sunday after Trinity
10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., Evening Prayer.
Rev. W. H. Osmond, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Soul and Body."

Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.

The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Married.

In Wilmington, Mass., Nov. 12, by Rev. George H. Tilton, Levi W. Derby of Grafton, Vt., and Abbie Frances Bancroft of Woburn.

In North Brookfield, Mass., Nov. 15, by Rev. Samuel B. Cooper, Ferdinand Charles Robinson of Woburn and Dorothy Isabel Finch of No. Brookfield, Mass.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 13, Martha A. Vining, aged 86 years.

In this city, Nov. 15, Edward D. Hayden, aged 74 years, 10 months.

In this city, Nov. 15, Hugh F. McPartland, aged 54 years.

In this city, Nov. 18, Maria S., wife of Charles A. Thompson, aged 82 years, 9 months, 5 days.

In Billerica, Nov. 16, Mary L. Morse of Bridgewater. Interment at Woodlawn Cemetery.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Coleman Joyce, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Sarah K. Joyce, of Woburn, in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of December, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

AN INGENIOUS SWINDLER.

The Daring Scheme That Was Worked by a German Doctor.

Near a small village in one of the lake states lived a western millionaire in seclusion with his little daughter and a few servants. The child was afflicted with a rare cerebro spinal complaint, a most unpleasant manifestation of which was a frequent hiccough, and eminent physicians, both in America and Europe, had pronounced the case organic and incurable.

Later there came to live in the village a widow with a little girl affected similar to the millionaire's daughter. This child was a delicate, flower faced creature, wistful from the isolation that must have been her sad lot, and the peculiar bark-like hiccough which she made at once attracted the millionaire's attention, and, being a big hearted if rather ignorant man, he gave the mother employment about his home and showered the afflicted child with presents.

Perhaps four months after the widow's advent an eccentric German doctor settled in the village, and, his services being sought by the widow, he gave her child treatment, with the result that it was completely cured.

The millionaire immediately sought to place his own daughter under the German's care, but the latter flatly refused to take the case. He was a Socialist of a violent type and would have nothing to do with a man whose wealth exceeded the sum that he had fixed upon as the lawful limit of material possession.

Finally, however, after the father had patiently borne the grossest insults the German agreed to give the afflicted child treatment on condition that the other would first deed over a large tract of land in Texas for a Socialist colony and pay him for his fee a sum little short of $50,000. This the millionaire did, but as soon as the doctor had cashed the check he disappeared with the widow and her child, and the wealthy man realized that, blinded by paternal love, he had been made the victim of an ingenious swindle.

The flower faced girl of the widow had been taught to simulate a disease, and the German was no doubt her father. He was subsequently located in Buenos Aires, but he injured man, not wishing his daughter's affliction published broadcast, dropped the prosecution.—Don Mark Lemon in Bohemian Magazine.

EXECUTING MAZEPPA.

Peter the Great's Odd Way of Punishing a Deserter.

Peter the Great, czar of Russia, punished a traitor on a notable occasion in a way that the numerous victims of the present czar's wrath might well wish were still in vogue.

Mazeppa, chieftain of the Cossacks, had deserted to the king of Sweden, with whom Peter was at war. Mazeppa was at once tried by court martial and found guilty of high treason. Sentence of death was passed upon him.

Mazeppa, however, was safely in the camp of the Swedish king, but this fact was not permitted to stand in the way of the carrying out of every part of the sentence. A wooden effigy of Mazeppa was made, and the punishments were inflicted upon the Cossack chieftain's substitute.

The effigy was first dressed in Mazeppa's uniform, and upon its breast were pinned all of the medals, ribbons and other decorations that the real culprit had worn.

While the commanding general and a squadron of cavalry stood near an officer advanced to the wooden man and read the sentence. Then another officer wrenched off the effigy's patent of knighthood and his other decorations, tore them up and trampled upon them. This done, he struck the wooden gentleman a powerful blow in the pit of the stomach, knocking him over. Next a hangman appeared. While the soldiers shouted he threw a noose over the imitation Mazeppa's head and dragged the effigy to a nearby gallows, where it was "hanged by the neck until it was dead."—Scrap Book.

Could Handle a Shovel.

The foreman of a Chicago iron mill once employed a tramp who had been a college baseball champion. Their acquaintance began in a way that showed the tramp still to be game and cheery. It was a cold autumn dawn, and the tramp had slept in front of a furnace on a warm stone. The foreman, being short of laborers, on his morning tour of inspection spied the fellow and thought he would give him a job.

"My man," he said, "can you do anything with a shovel?"

"Well, I could fry a piece of ham on it."—Minneapolis Journal.

The Pompous Man.

I do not like the pompous man. I do not wish him for a friend. He's built on such a gorgeous plan that he can only condescend, and when he bows his neck is sprained. He walks as though he owned the earth—as though his vest and shirt contained all that there is of sterling worth. With sacred joy I see him tread upon a stray banana rind and slide a furlong on his head and leave a trail of smoke behind.—Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.

From Limb to Limb.

Housewife—Why don't you get a job and keep it? Hobo—I'm like de little bird dat keeps flyin' from limb to limb. Housewife—G'wan, you're only a bum! How could you fly from limb to limb? Hobo—I mean de limbs o' de law, mum!—Kansas City Independent.

Criticism often takes from the tree caterpillars and blossoms together.—Richter.

He Preferred Mules.

One of the pet hobbies of Senator Christopher Magee was his newspaper, the Pittsburg Times. He kept the paper well to the front, and it was a credit to modern journalism. One morning the Times had been scooped on a railway wreck.

"Senator," asked an intimate acquaintance, "how do you console yourself on the loss of that wreck story this morning?"

"By congratulating ourselves," he answered quickly, "that we are among the number who missed that ill fated train."

On another occasion as the senator was approaching the Times building on Fourth avenue he noticed a crowd gathered about a wagon which was filled with huge rolls of newspaper. A wheel was caught in a deep rut in the pavement and could not be budged.

"Senator," laughed a friend, "they managed at last to get your paper into a rut."

"Yes," answered Mr. Magee, his eyes twinkling with good humor, "and I'm not trusting to men to get it out again, but to mules."—Philadelphia Press.

The Uses of Adversity.

"Grogan," said the head of the department store, eying him sharply, "you've quit drinking, haven't you?"

"Yes, sor," answered the red headed Hibernian who worked in the packing department. "I haven't taken a dhrink av annything sthronger th'n iced tay f'r three months."

"I am glad to hear it, Grogan. I'll make it an object to you to stay quit. But how did you break yourself of the habit?"

"Be hittin' me thumb nail wid a hammer whin I was packin' a box o' goods."

"I don't see how that could cure you."

"Well, Misther Barker, it was this way. If I'd been sober, d'ye moind, I'd niver have done it, but I wasn't. Whin I whacked me thumb instead av the nail I was thryin' to dhrive it made a black spot at the root av me thumb nail. I says to meslif: 'Grogan, I'll punish ye f'r that. Ye shan't have a dhrink av ayther beer 'r whusky until that black spot has gone.'

"Well, sor, it was two months befure it had growed out to the end o' me thumb an' I cud cut it off, an' be that time I'd lost all me appetite f'r beer an' whusky.

"Thin I says to meself: 'Grogan, I'll reward ye f'r that. Ye're a sober man now, an' ye'll stay sober.' That's the whole story, sor."—Youth's Companion.

The Russian Joke Teller.

Story telling and jesting have always been counted the favorite amusements of semibarbaric people. To the first we owe the "Arabian Nights" and to the second the clowns, who were formerly the appendage of all great houses. In Russia the paid joker still flourishes, and the people pay so much an hour to listen to his jokes and witticisms. He provides himself with two or three hundred tickets, and, mounting a sort of rostrum, he announces that he is going to regale his audience with choice tidbits of mirth provoking lore. He begins selling tickets at a penny each, and when he has sold enough to warrant his beginning he turns himself loose, and the audience remains spellbound by his humorous stories for an hour or two. A recent traveler who saw a number of these jokers in St. Petersburg says, "I listened to them several times, and, although I could not understand one word the joker said, I was sure from the way the audience greeted his stories with roars of laughter that the jokes were above the average."

Adam, Eve and Some Apples.

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat?

Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2, a total of 10. Others say Eve 8 and Adam 8 also; total, 16. But if Eve 8 and Adam 82, the total will be 90. Now, if Eve 81 and Adam 812 the total would be 893. Then if Eve 81st and Adam 812 the total would be 1,623. Or, again, Eve 814 Adam, Adam 81242 oblige Eve, total 82,056. Though we admit Eve 814 Adam, Adam, if he 8181242 keep Eve company; total, 8,182,056. All wrong. Eve, when she 81812 many and probably felt sorry for it, and Adam, in order to relieve her grief, 812; therefore Adam if he 81814240-fy Eve's depressed spirit; hence both ate 81,896,864 apples.—Kansas City Independent.

Marriage Customs In Savage Africa.

The charge which is sometimes brought against white men of "marrying for money" cannot be used against their sex in Africa, for there it is the other way about, husbands having to purchase their wives. When a man has a wife bestowed upon him as an act of charity he feels that she is not properly his own, and she, if she will, can treat him with contempt. This custom of wife purchase, although it is to be decried as tending to lower marriage to the level of a commercial contract, is an incentive to young men to work. Lazy youths cannot compete with energetic ones in the matrimonial market, as they are despised by the young women and rejected by their parents as being unworthy of their daughters.—Wide World Magazine.

Sea Roses.

The sea rose is a leathery looking creature which attaches itself to a stone at the bottom of the sea in its infancy and ultimately attains a size about three inches in length and an inch and a half in breadth. When quiet and feeding under water its top opens and blossoms into the semblance of a large pink rose, with petals fully an inch long, a really handsome object. As soon as it is disturbed, however, it shuts itself resolutely into its leather pod.

Southern Spoon Corn Bread.

Pour two cupfuls boiling water over a cupful cornmeal; cook five minutes, stirring continually; add a tablespoonful butter, two eggs well beaten, a cupful milk, a teaspoonful salt; beat thoroughly, pour into a well greased baking dish and bake thirty-five minutes in hot oven. Serve from the dish in which it is baked.—What to Eat.

Overburdened With Memory.

"Your son tells me that he is going to take lessons to cultivate his memory."

"I hope not," answered Farmer Corntossel. "He can remember every fool tune that was ever whistled."—Washington Star.

Quite Light.

Marie—I think Chollie is a delightful dancer. He's so light on his feet! Lillian—When you're better acquainted with Chollie you'll discover that he's light at both ends!—Town and Country.

Wanted the Other One.

A handsome and neatly dressed young woman was walking down the street the other day, followed by her favorite dachshund pup. It was market day, and the pavement being somewhat crowded caused the dog to get some distance behind its mistress. Fearing it would lose sight of her, she called, "Come along, sir!"

A would be wit who was near stepped up to her and with great politeness said, "Certainly, miss."

"Ah," she exclaimed as her pet came running up, "you have made a mistake! This is the puppy I called."—London Tit-Bits.

Knew Them at Once.

The vicar appointed to a living in an old English village was anxious to restore his church. On either side of the porch were grotesque, not to say hideous, faces that had become almost hidden. The vicar had these ancient faces worked up until their features were made distinct. Then he took a very old lady of the parish to see them and jokingly asked if she could tell him who they were. "Why, bless my heart, sir," said she, peering at the old ornaments, "it's you and your good lady!"

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EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

Photographing Aileen.

By LITTELL M'CLUNG.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Marvin Morton, with some little experience at snapshotting as an incentive, decided to go in for amateur photography on a more extensive scale. Straightway he went to a fashionable dealer and bought an expensive camera, with plate holder attachment.

"I'll call by for it tomorrow morning," he told the clerk. "Please be sure to have a couple of plates in the holder, for I want to take some pictures if the weather is fine."

"I'll have the plates put in and everything ready for you, sir," the salesman replied.

Then Marvin began to think of what he should most like to snap with his new camera. There were the new library, the new custom house, the new art gallery. But somehow or other none of these marble structures appealed to him.

"There's nothing like a human subject when it comes to photography," he mused. The next thought followed naturally. "And the best of human subjects is a pretty girl in a pretty gown!"

A moment later he was talking over the telephone.

"Hello, Aileen! I've just bought a new camera," he announced.

"Indeed, Marvin, that's interesting," came back over the wire. "And what are you going to do with it?"

"Take some pictures of Aileen if she'll let me," he replied.

"Oh, that will be splendid!" she exclaimed. "And when are you going to take them?"

"Tomorrow morning if you say so."

"All right. I've got nothing on hand for tomorrow morning," she answered. "Where shall we go?"

"Out into the park."

"Then I'll don a frock that will be in accord with the setting," she laughed.

Aileen was as good as her word, for when Marvin stopped for her next morning, camera in hand, she wore the smartest blue suit imaginable, almost matching the clear autumn sky.

"Oh, I know we will have a nice little expedition," she ventured. "And I'm to have my picture taken for—why, let me see—for the first time since early spring. Let me get a peep at your new camera. It's a beauty, isn't it?"

"Yes," he replied. "It is supposed to do extra fine work. You see, I am somewhat of a novice, and the camera has to be a good one for me. This one has a holder for plates at the back. I've never used plates before, but the clerk filled up the holder for me, and I'm going to try them this morning."

Soon they were strolling down one of the velvety slopes of the park. The leaves were falling from the larger trees, but the occasional bushes were as green as in springtime.

They passed a lake, and presently they came into a little glen that ran right up against a hillside.

"This ought to be a fine place for the pictures," he suggested. "Suppose you strike a pose—anything you like."

"Well, how's this, Sir Photographer?" she queried, putting her closed parasol back over her shoulder and holding it at both ends—as a huntsman sometimes carries his gun—and throwing her head back in a merry laugh.

"Very fetching," he commented, "but I believe that with the parasol up and a side view would be even more so. Try it, if you don't mind."

She turned slightly, opened the parasol and held it back over her shoulder with one hand. Her dainty head was silhouetted against the turquoise sky, for she was standing on the slope several feet above him.

"This one's a stunner!" he declared, shifting his position. Then he drew out of the plate holder the thin little board protecting the first plate, and, click, it was over.

"How did I look?" she questioned, with an alluring glance.

"How did you look?" he repeated. "Why, you were—but please don't ask me such questions, for the first thing you know I'll be telling you more complimentary things than would be good for you—or me either!"

"Oh, very well," she laughed, shrugging her shoulders prettily. "Now what am I to do for picture No. 2?"

"Let's have this one sitting down," he requested.

She assented by seating herself on the slope and gazing at him seriously with her chin poised on her dainty little fist.

"Don't look so solemn," he protested. "You're not posing as a tragedy queen!"

"Well, then, how's this?" she asked, resting her chin between both hands and smiling radiantly.

He suppressed a reply and concentrated his attention on catching that bewitching, tantalizing smile.

"I've surely got it!" he thought as he withdrew the second plate protector.

"That was prettier than the other if comparisons are not distasteful," he opined. "Now if you will"—

But of a sudden something caused him to rivet his glance on the plate holder side of the kodak. Then he pulled out one of the thin protectors and peered more closely at the boxlike arrangement. With a look of disgust he shook the camera savagely.

"Well, I am a prize goose!" he muttered.

"Why, what's the trouble, Marvin?" she questioned, coming up close and looking at the camera.

"What's the trouble?" he echoed. "There's trouble a-plenty. All your posing has been for naught. There's not a single solitary plate in this blooming thing! Look at it!"

"Oh, how funny!" she gurgled. "How did it happen?"

"It happened because that forgetful clerk failed to put in the plates after solemnly assuring me that he would!" he answered. "Well, there's nothing to do but come out here again some time. Let's go over and sit down under that big tree and chat awhile and try to laugh off this fiasco."

She readily agreed, and they sat down on a rustic bench and commented on their failure.

"Just to think those poses had to be lost on an unappreciative camera!" she complained, with a little pout.

"Yes, it was a pity," he agreed. "But, after all, they weren't lost on an unappreciative photographer!"

"Really, weren't they?" And her eyes flashed pleasurable surprise.

"I should say not," he affirmed earnestly, his voice unsteady. "For a long time I shall remember them, I think."

She was silent as she looked at him questioningly.

"Aileen," he continued, his tone lower, "don't you know that somewhere in my mind there is a camera that always has plates ready for use? With it I have taken a thousand pictures of you, Aileen, in all your moods. Often, day and night, I go over this lovely picture gallery of my memory—one that all the money on earth could not buy!

"Some of the portraits are blurred a little, but the rest are as bright as when they first appeared. Somehow I think none of them will ever fade entirely. Many show you laughing and happy. Others depict you smiling and wistful. Some are vivacious, some demure, others coy and quaint, a few stormy and revengeful, but all are precious to me. One—must I tell you of that?—shows you with a young man in the moonlight. It's a beautiful gallery, my dear; the most beautiful, I am sure, in all the world!"

She was gazing at him now with a new look in her eyes—the look of tender appeal. Her hand rested gently on his arm.

"Marvin, dear boy," she whispered, "I do so hope your picture gallery will always be bright; that none of the pictures will ever fade away."

"Do you really, dear?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, very, very much," she answered.

"Then there's one sure way of having them always clear and bright," he said.

"How is that?" she asked, with an encouraging smile.

"By having the subject always present," he declared, the twinkle returning to his eyes. "Is she willing?"

"With you as photographer, Marvin? Yes. She's been willing for quite a long time!"

"After all," he commented as they walked homeward, "this picture taking expedition without plates has been the most successful of my whole life."

"Bubbles" and Science.

Until Lord Rayleigh supplied the missing explanation scientific men had never been able to explain how it is that a soap bubble can exist. It is only with a very few liquids that soap bubbles can be blown. The reason is that some cannot lather even if shaken up vigorously, while others lather with complete ease. The natural question therefore arose, "Why is it that some liquids lather and others will not, and how is it that a sphere of liquid film of almost infinitesimal thickness can exist in a still moist atmosphere for hours and even days?" This was all exhaustively explained for the first time by Lord Rayleigh.

The explanation is partly a question of physics and chemistry, and it may be succinctly described, according to Sir Oliver Lodge, as follows: "A surface which possesses the minutest trace of scum has less tension than a clear or lesser scummed surface, and such a scum, no matter how thin it may be, has the tendency to slide down if its liquid support or foundation displays any inclination to the horizon. Furthermore, a lathering liquid has a complex and resistible constitution sufficient to yield by partial dissociation, owing to the tension of the surface, a quasi solid scum, while the constant tendency of the viscous liquid to slip between two layers of scum is a very slow process."

Reportorial Persistence.

Once a reporter went to a certain residence in New York to get details about the master of the house, who had just died, in order that an obituary notice might appear in the newspaper which he represented. Such details, as a rule, are easy to get. The reporter, therefore, was intensely surprised when the widow of the deceased, with scarcely a word, slammed the door in his face.

She retired into the house. Presently the doorbell rang furiously. She refused to stir. Again the doorbell rang, more furiously than before. Still the lady of the house would not stir.

"I have told him that I don't want to say anything about my husband," she thought to herself, "and he has no right to be so persistent."

So she sat still while the doorbell rang again and again and again.

At last she could stand it no longer, so, opening a window over the front door, she poked her head out and remarked severely:

"Young man, I do not desire to say anything to you. Kindly do not disturb me any more. Go away, young man."

"I can't!" roared the reporter, beside himself with exasperation. "You have shut my coattails in the door!"

If you would have a faithful servant and one that you like, serve yourself.—Benjamin Franklin.

Mixed Metaphor.

The late Mr. Ritchie when chancellor of the exchequer once asserted that "the question of moisture in tobacco is a thorny subject and has long been a bone of contention." His immediate successor in office, Austen Chamberlain, remarked at the Liberal Union club's dinner that the harvest which the present government had sown was already coming home to roost.

Sir William Hart-Dyke has two conspicuous "howlers" to his credit—the description of James Lowther as having gone to the very top of the tree and landed a big fish and the comforting assurance that his government had got rid of the barbed wire entanglements and was now in smooth water. Among other political examples of mixed metaphor are the prediction ascribed to a labor member that if we give the house of lords rope enough they will soon fill up the cup of their iniquity and an Irish member's complaint that a certain government department is iron bound in red tape.—London Standard.

A Fable.

Once Upon a Time there was a Young Man who met Two Nice Girls, who were Constantly Together. Now, he was an Astute Young Man, and he desired to say Something Pretty and Agreeable to the Ladies, but he knew that if he paid a Compliment to One of them, No Matter which, the Other would be Hurt.

So he Thought Rapidly for a moment, and then he said:

"Ah, I know Why you Two Girls are Always Together!"

"Why?" asked the Two Girls.

"Because Everybody says that A Handsome Girl Always Chooses a Homely One as a Companion, So That Her Beauty may be Enhanced by the Contrast."

After Such a Remark, either Both Girls would be Angry with him or Delighted.

And what Do you think Happened?

The Two Girls Blushed and said he was A Flatterer and went their way Together, each Happy for Herself and Sorry for the Other.—London Answers.

A FAMOUS CEMETERY

Pere Lachaise Is One of the Landmarks of Paris.

IT HAS A STORMY HISTORY

This Picturesque Burial Place Has Served as a Battleground as well as a Graveyard—Its Monuments, Lovers and Disconsolate Widows.

Pere Lachaise is the largest and quite the most interesting of the Paris cemeteries and named after the Jesuit confessor of Louis XIV., whose country seat occupied the site of the present chapel until the ground was made a cemetery in 1804. It covers 110 acres of ground, is picturesque, but quite unlovely. Hare wrote about the tombs that "weight was their chief peculiarity and that all the monuments looked as if each family had tried to pile as much marble as possible on to their deceased relatives."

Pere Lachaise has a stormy history. In 1814 the Russians fought the French there and gave them a beating. During the commune the Versaillais and Communards fought several pitched battles among the tombstones and did considerable damage. But it is not so much with the history of the cemetery as with the people buried in it that we have to deal. A volume might be filled with the mere list of all the celebrated men and women buried in it, for, as Victor Hugo wrote, "being buried in Pere Lachaise is like having mahogany furniture—a sign of elegance."

In Pere Lachaise the monument which attracts most visitors is that of Abelard and Heloise, the two most famous lovers in the world. The monument was first erected 637 years after their death and brought to Pere Lachaise in 1817 from the museum where it had been during the revolution. Another famous lover, Alfred de Musset, lies buried not far from the two willows over the graves of Heloise and Abelard. David, the painter; Rachel, the actress; Balzac, Scribe, Michelet and many other well known folk lie near at hand. Admiral Sir Sydney Smith, Lord Seymour and other well known Englishmen are to be found in other portions of the cemetery, while literature is represented not only by great authors, but by Lesurques, the victim of Dubosc in the famous legal Lyons Mail imbroglio.

But Pere Lachaise has more romance than in its tombstones. Chatting one day with one of the old soldiers who are the keepers of this grim park, I learned some curious facts about it.

"We never have a dull moment," the man said. "You may think that our time here is monotonous, but you are quite wrong if you do so. To begin with, there are the burglars. The cemetery is overrun with them. There are three kinds of burglars. There are the connoisseurs who often get away with valuable prizes, for you will be surprised at the works of art of small size which people put in their chapels. The window is broken, a stick slipped through the hole, and all sorts of things worth having are fished out; then the bronze stealers, who take away as much as they can carry in their special pockets and make from 15 to 20 francs a day at the game until we catch them.

"A little while ago a bust weighing forty pounds was taken out of the cemetery over one of the walls. But the most curious form of robbery is, perhaps, that of the pearl wreaths. Women are the principal offenders. They select the new ones, which are not weather stained, flatten them with their backs against the tombstone, slip them under their dresses, and when they have got away with them (we have no right to search even suspicious looking customers) sell them to dealers, to whom they tell the well worn story of a poor workwoman who has need of food.

"You would hardly believe it, but Pere Lachaise," said the keeper, "is a favorite meeting place for lovers. We get lovers of all ages, and perhaps more schoolboys and schoolgirls than anything else. But the three most curious things we see here in the cemetery are the forlorn widows, the letter boxes and the cafe." "The cafe?" I asked. "Yes. There are hundreds of people in Paris who refuse to believe that their dead do not enjoy after death the good things they used to like when they were alive. Mothers bring apples and sweets and leave them on the tombstones of their children. People bring wine and glasses, and there is one old gentleman who leaves a potato salad on his son's tombstone regularly every Sunday. Of course the children soon find out these things, and we have never been able to convince the people who bring them of the absurdity of doing so. It is a very harmless superstition, after all."

"And the letter boxes?" I asked. "Lovers' letter boxes?" said the guardian. "There are dozens of them in all parts of Pere Lachaise. Sometimes they are holes in the trunks of trees; sometimes they are little hollows under stones.

"The inconsolable widow is a frequent visitor. She is a pretty woman, and black suits her. She kneels down by a tombstone, rarely the same one, and when a likely looking mourner of the other sex appears bursts into tears. He consoles her pretty soon, and the two leave the cemetery arm in arm. One of these widows invited me to her wedding six months ago, and last month I was called to give evidence about her meetings with her victim, for she had seven other husbands living."—St. James' Gazette.

Vanity of Men.

In a woman's club, over tea and cigarettes, a group of ladies cited many, many instances of the foolish vanity of males.

"Take the case of bees," one said. "Because the queen bee rules the hive, because she is the absolute mistress of millions of subjects, man up to a few hundred years ago denied her sex. He called her the king bee.

"Pliny wrote somewhere, 'The king bee is the only male, all the rest being females.' And Moses Rusden, beekeeper to Charles II., stoutly denied, in order to please his royal master, that the large bee, the ruler of the hives, belonged to the gentler sex.

"Even Shakespeare couldn't bear to think that the bee of bees, the largest and wisest and fairest, the hive's absolute lord, was a female. No, all the proofs notwithstanding, Shakespeare called her a male. Don't you remember the lines—

"Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts."

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A CYCLONE OF FLAME

Fires In Bamboo Forests Are the Fiercest Known.

SWEEP ON A MILE A MINUTE.

Like the Roar, the Roll and the Rattle of a Great Battle Is the Noise of the Exploding Stalks That Sometimes Shoot High Into the Air.

When the forests are afire, when the smoke makes dusk at noon and reddens the harvest moon a thousand miles away, there is the measure of a conflagration. When the prairies burn, as they used to before farms had crept in upon the endless miles of grass, there was a fire which ran like mad and left behind it a blackened trail of death. If one could combine the speed of the prairie fire with the tumult of the blazing forest, that would be a fire indeed.

Such a combination is effected when the bamboo groves catch fire. The bamboo is but a grass, a grass with the height of a tree, swaying stems reaching 100, even 150, feet in air.

In Cambodia, where the bamboo groves along the rivers cover the space of forests, it is no unusual thing for fires to break out and sweep all before them for many miles. If the summer has been dry the bamboo turns sear and inflammable as any grass.

All that is needed is a spark; then ruin runs red. It is not necessary to rely upon the carelessness of the woodsman to start the blaze. The bamboo can kindle itself.

Let two swaying stalks of dry bamboo be set in motion by the breeze, let one rub across the other long enough, and the friction will set the spark, and the long dry leaves will feed the flame. It is known that many fires of the bamboo forests thus originate. Perhaps it was from observing such a sight that primitive man learned the Promethean secret. That theory has been advanced.

As soon as a flame in the bamboos has crept to the level of the tossing tips it spreads like wildfire. The wind carries a sheet of flame along the grove at tremendous speed. Some observers say that such fires have been seen to move forward at the rate of more than a mile a minute. Seen from below, it looks as if she sky had burst into an instant flash of flame.

From such a burst of fire there could be no escape. Fortunately it passes high overhead at the tops of the bamboos. It serves as a warning to the traveler who may be making his way along some one of the water courses by which the forest is intersected. The bamboo itself is almost an obstacle to travel of any sort. It is well nigh impossible to force a way through it except by the slow and toilsome labor of hewing out a path.

The fire in the great trunks moves more slowly, and if warning be taken it may be possible to sink one's boat and throw up wet herbage and clay against the bank of the stream to provide shelter until the furnace blast has blown by. Such a fire in the bamboo has not only the speed of the prairie fire on its sweep overhead, but it has the same volume of fuel as is found in any forest fire. It combines the two types.

Bamboo forest fires have another quality which is all their own. They bang and rattle with thunderous crashes, as of artillery fire, without cessation.

The stalks of these tree bamboos are frequently more than a foot in diameter. Near the ground the joints are close together; in the younger growth the nodes may be several feet apart. But, long or short as they may be, each joint of the sun dried bamboo is a tightly sealed chamber filled with air. The partitions between the cavities are singularly tough; the outside rind of the stalks is almost pure flint.

When the blast of the flame sweeps onward the air in the stalks upon which it is driven is suddenly heated to a very high temperature. The residuum of moisture which may be in the stems is immediately transformed into steam and at once subjected to superheating, thus becoming a violent explosive. As the hot breath of the flame becomes hotter these joints burst with loud cannon discharges.

Sometimes the force of the explosion near the roots is so great as to shoot the stalk like a javelin high into the air, where it flashes into torchlike flame and is carried by the wind to spread wider disaster. The bursting of the smaller joints is like the roll and rattle of rifles and machine guns. The effect is that of a battle hotly contested.—Washington Post.

An Aquatic Outfielder.

One day a ship was lying at anchor at Boca Grande when the crew observed a dolphin chasing a flying fish, both coming directly toward the ship. On nearing the vessel the flier arose in the air and passed over the bow just abaft the foremast. As it did so the dolphin went under the ship and, coming up on the other side, sprang from the water and caught the flying fish on "the fly" just as it was curving gracefully down in its descent to the water.—Punta Gorda Herald.

Missing Opportunities.

"I have no patience with a man who makes the same mistake twice," said Armes, rather severely, in speaking of an unfortunate friend.

"Neither have I," agreed his wife, "when there are so many other mistakes to make."—Youth's Companion.

He that studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green.—Bacon.

Brilliant Fish Hues.

Like birds, many fishes assume their brightest hue when they wish to attract the opposite sex of their species. The colors of the male common pike become exceedingly intense, brilliant and iridescent in the breeding season. The eel also puts on an intense silvery hue at the breeding time which is very noticeable and at one time caused naturalists to distinguish it as a distinct species. The males of the tench, roach and perch also show a marked increase in brilliancy in the breeding season.

Mental Arithmetic.

"Two years ago I asked Aunt Jane to visit us for a fortnight, and she has not gone home yet."

"It's a blessing."

"What's a blessing?"

"That you didn't invite her for a month."—Harper's Weekly.

Uncovered.

Horace—I can't understand you girls. Now, you hate Mabel, and yet you just kissed her. Hetty—I know, but just see how the freckles show where I kissed the powder off.—London Tatler.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VIII.—Fourth Quarter, For Nov. 22, 1908.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, I Kings i, 32-40, 50-53—Memory Verses, 39, 40—Golden Text, I Chron. xxviii, 9—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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"Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that did He in heaven and in earth, in the seas and all deep places" (Ps. cxxxv, 6). "The Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men and giveth it to whomsoever He will. He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth" (Dan. iv, 32, 35). Even when our Lord was crucified Herod and Pilate and the people of Israel did what the hand and counsel of the Lord determined before to be done (Acts iv, 27, 28). So it is always, through good men and bad men, and even the devil, and through good men who often act unwisely, God is ever working out His eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord (Eph. iii, 11). He who sees and declares the end from the beginning says, "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all My pleasure" (Isa. xlvi, 10; Ps. xxxiii, 10, 11). Men are left free to do as they choose and are guilty if they do wrong, but God is ever working out His purpose in spite of everything and every one who may be set against Him.

Thus we see it in our lesson today. David being old, one of his sons, Adonijah, whom he had never displeased by even asking him why he did anything, exalted himself to be the king, though he knew that the Lord had given the throne to his brother Solomon, and Joab, who was David's chief, and Abiathar, the priest, whom David had so protected and made one with him, followed Adonijah (I Kings i, 5-7; ii, 15). It does not seem so strange that spoiled boys, like Absalom and Adonijah, should be so desperately wicked, but to see a priest like Abiathar joining him is perplexing. It seems so easy to turn from what is right and do the wrong thing.

There were some who remained faithful to David, such as Nathan, the prophet; Zadok, the priest; Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, one of David's mighty men who slew a lion in a pit in snow time, and also an Egyptian with the man's own spear, and did many mighty acts (II Sam. xxiii, 20-23; I Kings i, 8). Nathan told Bathsheba, the mother of Solomon, how things were going, and she and Nathan brought word to David, whereupon David called these three faithful men and bade them cause Solomon to ride upon his own mule and have him anointed king over Israel and Judah, that he might sit upon his throne and be king in his stead (verses 32-35). This was as the Lord had purposed, for He had said to David, "Behold, a son shall be born to thee, who shall be a man of rest, * * * and I will give peace and quietness unto Israel in his days, * * * and I will establish the throne of his kingdom over Israel forever" (I Chron. xxii, 9, 10), a promise primarily, but only partly true of Solomon, but yet to be fully and completely seen in Jesus as the Son of David (Isa. ix, 6, 7; Jer. xxiii, 5, 6; Luke i, 31-33). Then sat Solomon upon the throne of David, his father, and his kingdom was established greatly (I Kings ii, 12), or as it is written in I Chron. xxix, 23, "Then Solomon sat on the throne of the Lord as king instead of David, his father, and prospered, and all Israel obeyed him." No throne but this was ever called the throne of the Lord. The days come when the same city, Jerusalem, shall be called the throne of the Lord and all the nations shall be gathered unto it, to the name of the Lord to Jerusalem (Jer. iii, 17). David's charge to Solomon in chapter ii and in I Chron. xxviii is worthy of being laid up in the heart. Note specially these words: "Know thou the God of thy father and serve Him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind, for the Lord searcheth all hearts and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts" (I Chron. xxviii, 9).

For over twenty years I have found special blessing in these. That expression, "the imagination of the thoughts," is found again in chapter xxix, 18, and again sad contrast in Gen. vi, 5. How deeply God searches not only the heart, but the thoughts of the heart, and somehow, back of that, the imagination of the thoughts! How much and how continually we need the precious blood which cleanseth from all sin! In the last chapter of II Sam. we find a word from David in verse 24 which is worthy of application to all believers, "Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing." And this was in connection with the purchase of the place where the temple was afterward builded (II Chron, iii, 1). It was also the place where Abraham had offered up his son Isaac, and the great thought is redemption by a costly sacrifice. In David's abundant preparation for the temple which he was not allowed to build we see a manifestation of that zeal which he prayed that Solomon might have. He said, "I have prepared with all my might for the house of my God, * * * because I have set my affection to the house of my God." Yet with all the millions which he gave he said, "All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee" (I Chron. xxix, 2, 3, 14).

Heart Disease and Sudden Death.

A man rushing to catch a train the other day fell dead. In this instance it is fair to assume that the strain on a weak heart might fairly be held responsible. In view of the fierce competition in life and the undue strain to which the masses of men are subjected it is of the highest importance that people known to be affected with heart disease should exercise the greatest care as to overtaxing their physical strength in view of the danger of sudden death, instances of which are so common today. Inasmuch as few people are aware of having weak hearts, a safe rule for all men over forty is to avoid the perils of haste and undue strain, as in lifting, rushing, etc. Another important factor, many people over forty indulging in excessive eating are in danger of arterio-sclerosis, or hardening of the arteries, which results in sudden death from apoplexy, kidney or heart disease. To sum the matter up, people over forty must limit their table indulgence and avoid sudden and undue haste or strain if desirous of attaining a ripe old age.—New York Herald.

Absurd Stage Business.

Theatrical production is full of absurdities in business. A situation is required, a situation is thrown in. It makes not the slightest difference if it be a trolley car crew of song and dance brothers manning a yacht in the desert of Sahara. You have the trolley crew and the yacht, and if the scene happens to be a section of the arid west where typhoons take the place of waterspouts—well, so much the worse for the scene. And if the conductors collect fares from the sailors to carry out the business of the song, "We Are Jolly, Jolly Street Car Men," the audience must be prepared to submit calmly to a sandstorm immediately following, which is necessary to bring on the wind machine and stereopticon. When a comic opera (heaven save the mark!) opened at Madison Square roof with Japanese costumes, Broadway dialogue, a Martian setting and Irish comedy there were absurdities enough to delight a dozen stage directors.—Henry E. Warner in Bohemian Magazine.

He Couldn't See the Joke.

"The mother-in-law joke isn't half as funny to me as it was when I was a bachelor," said a young New Yorker to his old chum. "I've got a pretty good mother-in-law myself, and she's visiting us now. That's all right too But here's my grouch:

"Whenever we go out in a bunch, as we generally do, ma grabs the baby every time we sit down—subway, elevated, bridge, surface or ferryboat. Just grabs the kid, you know, as if it was her private property; exhibits it in a way to everybody near by, tells the woman next to her all about how to raise children and what she's doing for this particular one; attracts general attention, you see, with my baby as a star performer and my wife and I sitting there without a chance to say a word and looking as if we wanted to apologize for being on earth."

"Don't think that's funny, eh?" said his friend. "How your sense of humor has shrunk!"—New York Globe.

Running For the Car.

If you feel like emulating Sherlock Holmes try your luck occasionally when you see some one run for a street car. It's a good, easy way to determine the previous training and the present occupation of the subject.

You will see one fellow dash easily toward the car with a long, swinging stride that usually means athletics, but no special training in the sprint. The old time college runner can be picked out by the way he throws his knees in front, like a high bred trotter.

Some waddle, and you must relegate them to the general category of "busy business men" whose duty to the desk has robbed them of wind and waist. Others are getting more than their share of avoirdupois, but in spite of that manage to show you that they are not out of it by any means. To that type it is a veritable triumph to overhaul a moving car and to swing on without the assistance of the conductor.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Joys of Life In Africa.

You must never walk barefoot on the floor, no matter how clean it is, or an odious worm called a jigger will enter your foot to raise a numerous family and a painful swelling. On the other hand, be sure when you put on boots or shoes that, however hurried, you turn them upside down and look inside lest a scorpion, a small snake or a perfectly frightful kind of centiped may be lying in ambush. Never throw your clothes carelessly upon the ground, but put them away at once in a tin box and shut it tight or a perfect colony of fierce biting creatures will beset them. And, above all, quinine!—Winston Churchill, M. P., in London Strand.

Self Disgraced.

In Boston, as every one knows, the symphony concerts are viewed in the light of sacred ceremonials. In this connection the story is told of two little girls of a certain family who returned from the music hall "in a state of mind." One of them carried an expression of deep scorn, the other an air of great dejection.

"What is the matter, girls?" asked some member of the household. "Was the concert fine?"

"The concert was all right," responded Eleanor. "The trouble was with Mary. She disgraced herself."

"Disgraced herself?"

"Yes; she sneezed in the middle of the symphony."—Philadelphia Ledger.

How Needles Are Made.

Needles are all made by machinery. The piece of mechanism by which the needle is manufactured takes the rough steel wire, cuts it into proper lengths, files the point, flattens the head, pierces the eye, then sharpens the tiny instrument and gives it that polish familiar to the purchaser. There is also a machine by which needles are counted and placed in the papers in which they are sold, these being afterward folded by the same contrivance.

It Was All Within.

A practical joker carried an onion in his pocket to the depot when bidding farewell to a young lady and took a bite now and then to induce tears. Before the train departed he had eaten the entire onion. The young lady, perceiving the situation, remarked, "Ah, you have swallowed your grief!"—Harper's Weekly.

Men of Yesterday and Today.

In our great-grandfather's young days a man was usually not only considered, but really was, elderly at forty, old at fifty and a gouty, flannel swathed wreck at sixty. — London Throne and Country.

Avarice is the vice of declining years —Bancroft.

Fife Wheat.

Years ago, about a century, David Fife., a Scotchman of Otonabee, Ont., sent to a friend in Glasgow for a small bag of seed wheat to try in a cleared patch of the backwoods. The friend obtained some seed from a vessel just in from Danzig. Unfortunately it was a fall wheat and reached David Fife in the spring. Nevertheless David Fife sowed it in spring. One can guess how feverishly the backwoods farmer watched for the growth of his experiment. Only three wheat heads survived till the fall, but those three wheat heads were entirely free of the rust that had ruined his neighbor's crops, and those three heads really represented a new variety of wheat, a fall wheat turned into a spring wheat. David Fife treasured the three heads and planted them in spring. Such was the beginning of Fife wheat in America.—Agnes C. Laut in Outing Magazine.

The intellect of the wise is like glass; it admits the light of heaven and reflects it.—Hare.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 55 p m, 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

William E. Maloney, Div. Supt.
Albert E. Myer, Div. Supt.
Thomas Lees, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7 07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

Albert E. Myers, Div. Supt.
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Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

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Leave Woburn for Melrose Highlands at 5 45 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 8 15 A. M., then every hour until 2 15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.15, P. M.

Leave Melrose Highland for Stoneham and Woburn at 5 00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 7.30 A. M., then every hour until 1.30 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.30, P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A M., and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn for Melrose Highlands at 8.45 A. M and every 30 minutes until 11.15 P. M.

Leave Melrose Highlands for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10 00 P M

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Sept. 14, 1908.

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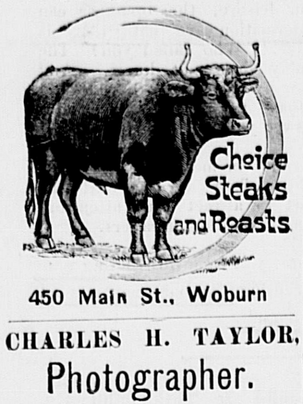

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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect October 5, 1908

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55, †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8.21, †8.55, §9.23, †10.21, §11.01, †11.17 a. m., §12.05, †12.59, §2.00, †2.04, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.22, †5.02, †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.

LOWELL — †8.20, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, †4.42, §5.28, †6.42, §9.27, †10.59, §11.02, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H. — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.28, † D42 p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell. H Saturdays only.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, *Pas. Traf. Mgr.* C. M. BURT, *Gen. Pass. Agt.*

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
321	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
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Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
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Their Prettiest Girl.

By HENRY BERLINGHOFF.

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It was Ned Bellingham who discovered the girl across the way. Crosby Maurer hooted at the suggestion that she was the daintiest and most wholly lovable young woman on the globe.

Ned retorted with some heat, and the result was that then and there the domestic partnership was threatened with dissolution.

It was the first time since they had set up housekeeping in a bachelor apartment three years before that they had had a disagreement.

Maurer had flung himself out of the room with never a goodby, and Ned had sat himself down at his drawing board to make the girl across the way the central figure in a set of illustrations he was doing for a story, blissfully ignoring the fact that the author's heroine was tall, above the ordinary, a fair haired goddess of the Norseland, while the girl across the way was petite and decidedly dark.

Maurer did not return to dress for dinner, and Ned was fast asleep by the time he did come in. There was no reopening of the discussion, and in the morning the clash of the day before was tacitly ignored.

More than a week passed and the cloud had blown away when Maurer, waiting for his breakfast to be sent up from the restaurant in the building, approached the window and gave a low whistle of surprise.

"You're right, old man," he cried, "and I'll eat all the humble pie you care to feed me. That girl is a goddess in miniature."

Ned sprang to the window, a pleased smile of triumph on his face. But the smile faded when he looked closely.

"It's awfully good of you to say so, old chap," he said gratefully, "but I'll eat that pie myself. Funny I should have thought her such a stunner. She's a good looker, but nothing like the goddess I've been raving about."

"Don't be a beastly fool," urged Maurer politely. "You're an artist. You must know that she's one woman in a thousand."

"Do you mean it?" demanded Ned wonderingly. "I thought you were saying it to please me. Funny that you should like her. Usually your taste is very good."

"Good!" echoed Maurer. "Of course it's good, and it tells me that that girl is a remarkable beauty."

"Nonsense!" scoffed Ned. "She's good looking, but commonplace. There are hundreds like her."

Maurer turned a look of ineffable scorn upon his friend and silently made his way to the table, where the breakfast now was spread.

The meal was eaten in silence, and for a second time within ten days Maurer departed for his office without the "good luck in your work, old man," which started Ned on his drawings in proper humor with himself.

Instead of going to his drawing board Ned went to the window, and for a long half hour he studied the dainty figure sewing by the window across the street.

He turned away with a sigh, then regarded the half completed sketch tacked to his drawing board. It was a remarkably good likeness of the girl opposite; but, kneading his rubber afresh, Ned started to efface the figure with another sigh for his lost ideal.

He took a melancholy pleasure in drawing in a girl who was tall and plump and whose hair glinted yellowy against a crimson curtain. This was to be the frontispiece of a magazine, and he had wondered the afternoon before if the girl would see it and recognize her likeness. He had drawn nothing else but pictures of her since that first morning, and now he wondered how he had ever been such a fool.

That evening Maurer smoked his pipe in front of the window where he could watch his new divinity, and Ned, to avoid further rupture, clapped on his hat and went out for a street car ride, a form of amusement he detested, but which was better than watching Maurer make a fool of himself.

Ever since he had come to the city he and Crosby Maurer had been the firmest of friends. For three years they had lived together in the little four room apartment that had become a real home to them, and so closely had they studied each other's peculiarities there were none of the outbreaks of ill humor that had spoiled many such arrangements. This was the first time that there had come a real clash, and Bellingham felt it keenly.

In time the edge of the trouble wore away, but there was no real resumption of the old friendship. Maurer was still too hurt to forget all that had been said in the heat of passion, though he had forgotten the things he had said to Ned at the first disagreement.

While there was a careful observance of the old forms, back of them was lacking the real regard that had made them something more than forms.

Vainly Ned sought to overcome his reversal of opinion, but it was nearly two weeks before he could change. Then as he was dressing one morning he chanced to glance through the half opened shutters, and a moment later he was in his friend's room.

"You win!" he cried with such abruptness that Maurer cut himself with the razor he was wielding. "That girl is a raving beauty, Maurie. Funny that I should have taken that dislike to her, but it's gone now. She's all that you say she is."

"And that isn't much," was the reply in cold contempt. "Funny I should have raved about her. She looks like a chorus girl. It was a shock when I saw her this morning."

"Are you crazy?" stormed Ned. "Why, she's the daintiest little woman the world can show. She's better looking and sweeter than I thought she was at first."

"She's a tricky sort of young person," observed Maurer calmly. "One day she looks like the real thing, and then again she looks utterly commonplace. Funny you can only rave about her on one of her uninteresting days. I suppose that from now on you'll be drawing brunette dwarfs, no matter what sort of heroines the author likes. You'll lose your pull with the publishers if you keep that sort of thing up. Better see a doctor about it."

"You'd better see an oculist yourself if your eyes are so dull to real loveliness," retorted Ned. "When you have finished your breakfast let me know, and I'll come and get mine. The lease here runs out at the end of this month. I guess I won't renew my share, Maurer. Better get some one else."

"Think I'll move, too," assented Maurer. "I don't want to stay here with a female freak like that living across the way. I'll stop at the office on the way out and tell them to look for another tenant."

He went out to a lonely breakfast, and when he had gone Bellington came out to play with the cold chops and the lukewarm coffee. He did not go to the drawing board in spite of the splendid inspiration of the girl across the way.

He was tremendously fond of Maurer, and this abrupt termination of their friendship, coming as it had, unsettled him for work. He could only puff at his pipe and wonder what it would be like to set up housekeeping alone in a smaller apartment. He would take an apartment in the same house to be near the girl, but he would need only one room.

Maurer paid the larger share of the joint rental. He was making more money and insisted that he would pay as much were he alone. Ned had appreciated his kindness, and when he did not look at the girl he reproached himself for his new ingratitude.

But when he saw the little brown head and the delicate profile through the window opposite he told himself that an unseeing brute like Maurer did not deserve sympathy.

The luncheon came up and was sent back untasted, and the afternoon shadows grew into dusk, and still Ned sat and smoked and thought.

The girl was gone now, but he could still fancy that she was there, and he was so absorbed with his thoughts that he did not hear the key turn in the lock, and not until Maurer burst in with a whoop that rattled the shades on the electric globes did he rouse himself.

"We're both right, old man!" shouted Maurer as he dragged Ned from his chair and forced him to participate in an impromptu war dance about the tiny parlor. "The prettiest girl in the world lives across the way, but your prettiest girl is not my prettiest girl, thank heaven! There are two of 'em, old man, yours and mine—at least they're going to be yours and mine, I hope."

He sank into a chair.

"I'm taking care of Gordon's clients while he's in Europe, and a Mrs. Foster sent for me today to consult about some real estate deal. That's where my prettiest girl went! They're twins, Alice and Phoebe Bayard, and they're Mrs. Foster's nieces. She's an invalid, and they take turns living with her. She says it's too much of a strain to have them both there at once and to try to tell which is which. That's why sometimes it was my prettiest girl and sometimes it was the one you liked. We made the mistake of thinking that there was only one. The old lady's going to Europe with a trained nurse for keeps. It's a good thing that we gave up this apartment. We'll need two, and they won't be in bachelor halls either."

Ned grasped his friend's hand in his own. "There's only one prettiest girl," he declared, "but yours isn't commonplace." And with that concession Maurer was content.

Slang That Isn't Slang.

"We are so used to slang," said the woman who reads, "that we have fallen into the habit of including in that category almost every unusual word or phrase—for example, the verb 'to faze,' which means to baffle, to confuse, to perplex. That word is misspelled variously phase, phaze, pheaze and feaze. It is not slang, and any woman may use it without fear, for it is as good English as any other in the language. Shakespeare employs it, spelling it 'faze,' as it should be spelled. Then there is the phrase 'lie down,' which almost everybody regards as slangy when used in the sense of surrender to obstacles or fatigue. It, too, is not slang.

"We have for it no less an authority than Thomas a Kempis, who certainly cannot be considered an imitator of George Ade. That eminent writer says: 'Love feels no burden, thinks nothing of trouble, attempts what is above its strength, pleads no excuse of impossibility, for it thinks all things lawful for itself and all things possible. It is therefore able to undertake all things, and it completes many things and warrants them to take effect where he who does not love would lie down.' He undoubtedly uses the expression as meaning to give up in the face of difficulties. It's better not to class a word or phrase as slang unless one is sure."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Reproved.

"I suppose," said the sad eyed youth at the musical, "you know the difference between bel canto and coloratura?"

"Young man," answered Mr. Cumrox severely, "I never bet on race horses."—Washington Star.

Practical.

"Darling, I mean to prove my love for you not by words, but by deeds."

"Oh, George, did you bring the deeds with you?"—Baltimore American.

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now and all they expect to have.

Couldn't Scream.

"I was afraid you'd scream when I kissed you."

"I didn't dare. Mamma was in the next room and would have heard me."—Houston Post.

BOUNDING THE INFINITE.

Are the Number of Stars In Space Without Limit?

How many stars are there? It is not known, but most astronomers believe the number is not unlimited. The argument is that with an infinite universe of stars the heavens would be one uniform blaze of light. The more distant stars are, of course, dimmer; some are too far away to affect the naked eye at all, but no matter how slight the units an infinite number of them would produce the effect described.

As there is no uniformly blazing sky, the number of stars, though possibly immensely great, must be limited. This argument is supplemented in a recent astronomical paper by a similar one drawn from gravitation. Every star, no matter how distant, exercises its own power of attraction on every other heavenly body, including our earth.

However, as the earth's center is farther away from the attracting body than its surface is, particles on the earth's surface are attracted with greater force than those at the center, and the practical result is to lessen the force with which the earth's mass is held together.

Now, if the number of stars is infinite, this decrease would be so great that weight on the earth would practically cease to exist. Moreover, the same conditions would prevail everywhere throughout a boundless universe and probably all masses would be disrupted. That this result does not occur is a proof, we are told, that the number of heavenly bodies in existence is not infinite.

These arguments make certain assumptions that may or may not be granted; they can neither be proved nor disproved. The argument from light assumes that light waves are transmitted through space without loss; that from gravitation assumes that the same thing is true for gravitational attraction.

If light or gravitation is absorbed or lost in some way when passing from star to star, the number of stars may be infinite after all. At its best the speculation is more curious than conclusive.—Chicago Record-Herald.

STRENGTH OF AN EAGLE.

Wonderful Power In the Bird's Claws and Legs.

While I cannot give any positive proof of how much a bald eagle can carry, I should suppose, declares a writer in Forest and Stream, that he could carry at least as much in proportion to his weight as a hawk or a horned owl. I have the recorded weight of a male bald eagle weighing nine and a quarter pounds and a female weighing twelve pounds.

A horned owl will weigh from four to five pounds, and I have several times known one to carry off a large house cat. One cat was very large, and the owner told me he could hear the cat cry as he was being carried off. Now, any one who will weigh a large house cat will find it to weigh at least ten pounds.

I have seen a goshawk carry off a hen fully twice its own weight, and I have taken from a marsh hawk a very large chicken which would weigh more than twice what the hawk would. The marsh hawk is one of our weakest hawks, but he had carried this chicken over a quarter of a mile. My belief is that if a hawk or horned owl can carry more than twice its weight (and I know positively that they can) then an eagle could, if occasion required, do as much in proportion to his weight, which would be to carry eighteen or twenty pounds.

Once when an eagle, shot through the body with a rifle ball, lay on his back I up ended a long road skid and dropped it on him. Before it reached him he stretched up and caught it in his claws and held it the length of his legs above him. I walked up on the skid and stood above him, and he easily held me and the skid, which I should judge would weigh more than twenty pounds. I took pains to be weighed the same day and weighed 119 pounds. Put a stick in the claw of a wounded eagle and let him grasp a small tree with the other, and a man must be stronger than I ever was to take the stick from him.

The Call of Egypt.

Egypt calls even across the space of the world, and across the space of the world he who knows it is ready to come, obedient to its summons, because in thrall to the eternal fascination of the "land of sand and ruins and gold," the land of the charmed serpent, the land of the afterglow that may fade away from the sky above the mountain of Libya, but that fades never from the memory of one who has seen it from the base of some great column or the top of some mighty pylon; the land that has a spell—wonderful, beautiful Egypt.—Robert Hichens in Century.

Some Satisfaction In That.

Mrs. Hewligus—You say that if a burglar wants to get into the house he'll get in in spite of everything you can do to keep him out. Then what is the use of your taking so much pains to fasten all the doors and windows?

Mr. Hewligus—I want to give him all the trouble I possibly can, blame him! —Chicago Tribune.

Those Dear Girls.

Maud—You say Jack once proposed to you. I don't believe it. He said I was the only woman he ever loved.

Ethel—Yes, dear, but he didn't class me among women. He used to call me his angel.—Boston Transcript.

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself.—Greville.

Poor Angel.

"I wonder," said the sweet young thing, "why a man is always so frightened when he proposes?"

"That," said the chronic bachelor, "is his guardian angel trying to hold him back."

Marked Him.

"Are you aware who I am?"

"Sure! Didn't I just call you an old idiot?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Poor Air and Poor Living.

When Jim Bridger, the one time famous scout of the plains, grew old he thought he would like to retire from the somewhat arduous life of a plainsman and settle down to the ease of "the east," which to him meant Missouri. So he used his best endeavor to find a competent man to fill his place and went back to Missouri.

A year or two passed, and one day Captain Russell, the commandant of the post which Bridger had left, was surprised to see the old scout heave in sight. When he came in the captain asked:

"Well, Bridger, what brings you back here?"

"Captain," said Bridger, "I want to go back to scouting again."

"Indeed? Why, I thought you had settled down in the east for the rest of your life?"

"Well, cap'n, I'll tell you how it is. I went back to old Missouri, and if you'll believe it they've got a railroad station within ten mile o' the old place—yes, sir, a railroad station! And, what's more, they've got a ranch now in every four mile. I tell you what, cap'n, the air ain't pure down there no more!"

"Is that possible? But I thought you'd like the good things to eat they have down there. You like good things to eat, I remember."

"Good things to eat! Why, cap'n, I didn't have a br'iled beaver tail the whole time I was there!"

The First Cookbook.

To the Romans belong the honor of having produced the first European cookery book, and, though the authorship is uncertain, it is generally attributed to Caelius Apicus, who lived under Trajan, 114 A. D. Here are two recipes from this ancient collection:

"First, for a sauce to be eaten with boiled fowl, put the following ingredients into a mortar: Aniseed, dried mint and lazer root. Cover them with vinegar, add dates and pour in liquamen (a distilled liquor made from large fish which were salted and allowed to turn putrid in the sun), oil and a small quantity of mustard seeds. Reduce all to a proper thickness with sweet wine warmed, and then pour this same over your chicken, which should previously be boiled in aniseed water."

The second recipe shows the same queer mixture of ingredients: "Take a wheelbarrow of rose leaves and pound in a mortar; add to it brains of two pigs and two thrushes boiled and mixed with the chopped up yoke of egg, oil, vinegar, pepper and wine. Mix and pour these together and stew them steadily and slowly till the perfume is developed."—Chambers' Journal.

Which Foot Walks Faster?

You may think this a very silly question to ask, but it isn't. It is a simple, demonstrable fact, which you can prove to your own satisfaction in a very few minutes. If you will take a pavement that is clear, so that there will be no interference, and walk briskly in the center, you will find that before you have gone fifty yards you have veered very much to one side. You must not make any effort, of course, to keep in the center, but if you will think of something and endeavor to walk naturally you cannot keep a direct line. The explanation of this lies in the propensity of one foot to walk faster than the other, or one leg takes a longer stride than the other, causing one to walk to one side. You can try an experiment in this way by placing two sticks about eight feet apart, then stand off about sixty feet, blindfold yourself and endeavor to walk between them. You will find it almost impossible.

Why Not Be an Egotist?

There is much mistaken sentiment as to the sin of egotism. The fact is egotism is not a sin. On the other hand, it is somewhat of a virtue and an indispensable element in all real progress. Some phases of egotism are unpleasant to the beholder and unfortunate for the possessor, but if all of self love, or, rather, the love of other people's admiration and good will, were to be extinguished there would be little to hold society together and less to give impetus to the great enterprises which spring from individual thought and culminate in personal profit.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Retort Courteous.

A lady passing through the negro quarter in Mobile, Ala., heard an old woman chanting a dirgelike tune.

"Auntie," she observed, "that is a mournful song you are singing."

"Yassum," was the response. "I knows it's mo'nful, but by singin' dat song an' 'tendin' to my own business I spects to git to heaben."

His Luck.

"I have been engaged to at least a dozen girls," said a young man.

"And always been unlucky in love, eh?" inquired a lady.

"Oh, no—rather lucky!" was the answer. "I've never married any of them!"

Have One Doctor

No sense in running from one doctor to another. Select the best one, then stand by him. Do not delay, but consult him in time when you are sick. Ask his opinion of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds. Then use it or not, just as he says.

We publish our formulas
We banish alcohol from our medicines
We urge you to consult your doctor
Ayer's

Always keep a box of Ayer's Pills in the house. Just one pill at bedtime, now and then, will ward off many an attack of biliousness, indigestion, sick headache. How many years has your doctor known these pills? Ask him all about them.
—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

The Road to Arcady.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"How very extraordinary!" said Christopher Kent. He sat up and surveyed the red covered cart drawn by a very plump pony that had stopped by the side of the road.

A girl in a smart costume of tan covert climbed down from the front seat and led the pony out of the shafts, tied him with a long tether so that he might crop the juicy sod and then, returning once more to the cart, helped a somewhat fragile but smiling lady to descend.

"Well, of all things!" said Christopher helplessly.

But words failed him as he watched the further proceedings of the girl in tan.

From the depths of the cart she brought forth a little folding table, which she proceeded to set up in a place screened from the gaze of passing folk by a hedge of wild honeysuckle.

On the table the girl set a shining copper kettle, two cups, two plates, a small teapot and various tin boxes and little glass jars, whose gay labels proclaimed the deliciousness within.

"It's a picnic," the young man decided, and as the older lady lighted the alcohol flame and it burned beneath the copper kettle Christopher sighed.

In ten minutes he was due at the Sunset Inn for his supper. He would eat it with the rest of the surveying party of which he was the head. They would have fried ham and boiled potatoes and pie, and the only woman would be the girl who waited on the table and who was big and frouzy and stupid.

And here within a stone's throw of where he lay under the great oak were two ladies making tea as daintily as if they were in their drawing room.

He laid down his book. "It's a romantic situation," he reflected, "and far be it from me to evade it." With that he stepped jauntily into the open.

He saw the girl lift her head and look at him, and as he went toward her she rose and came forward.

"I am so glad," she said, "to see some one who will tell me if there is a place near here where I can get oats for my pony. I gave him the last this morning."

"I was just coming," Christopher replied gravely, "to find if there was anything I could do for you. It is an unusual circumstance, I might say a great treat, to see ladies up here. I felt that I must offer you the hospitality of the mountain road—the keys of our city, as it were."

The girl gave him a quick glance, noting the strength of the tall figure and his air of good breeding. "I am sure," she said, "that you are very kind, and now if you will tell me your name I will present you to my mother, Mrs. Ames."

The older lady acknowledged the introduction gently.

"You must stay and have tea with us," she said. "I am afraid we can't offer you much but tinned things. But they are really good, and Eleanor was able to get some eggs and some lettuce this morning, so she is going to have a salad and make an omelet in the chafing dish."

"Then your picnic has been an all day affair?" was Christopher's question.

"It has been an affair of two months," Mrs. Ames said, with a smile. "We live in the cart."

"You live"— Words failed the young man as he looked at the two graceful women, each with the indefinable something that proclaims the sheltered woman.

It seemed incredible that they should trust themselves alone in the mountain wilds with their pony and their frail little cart.

But the daughter was explaining smilingly. "We lost everything," she said, "in the panic last fall. And mother's health failed at the same time. The doctor said that she must have the mountain air, and we had the pony—he was a pet from my little girl days—so we bought the cart and started on a trip of adventure.

"We have been on the road two months and haven't had a single uncomfortable experience. Mother has gained ten pounds, and we have had a lovely time."

"But isn't it a bit dangerous?" Kent asked.

"We were a little scared at first," Eleanor admitted, "especially at night. There was always an owl to hoot or a dog to howl or a frog to croak, but after we got used to it we slept like babies."

Kent shook his head. "There's a pretty tough class among the miners up here. It's different lower down, where you come in touch only with agricultural communities. But some of these men are very ignorant and very rough."

"Please," the girl cautioned, "please don't tell us about them. We want to reach the top of the mountain, and I am not a bit afraid."

She was making the omelet as she talked, turning it expertly with a thin knife and taking it up when it was puffy and brown.

"It is a food fit for the gods," Kent commented when she had served it with the salad and cream cheese and crackers.

"If you only knew," he continued, "how good it seems to eat once more the food of civilization. You should see the cooking we have at the Sunset Inn."

"This is the food of Arcady," Eleanor told him. "Mother and I call this the perfect land. And tomorrow we shall reach the heights!"

The way she said it thrilled Kent with a new emotion. How beautiful she was with the dreams in her eyes!

"You must let me watch over you while you are here," he said after a silence. "I am afraid some of these half savage foreigners may make it unpleasant when they know you are unprotected."

But Eleanor would not hear of it.

"Indeed we are safe," she protested. "Every one we meet has treated us with fine courtesy."

But he was not convinced, and all that night he slept on the ground within calling distance of the red cart.

The next day the pony drew the red cart to the top of the mountain, and there the ladies set up a permanent camp, facing the sunset, with the valleys stretching far below them.

Every day Christopher Kent climbed the forest road, taking with him sometimes a fish that he had caught in the stream or a brace of birds to be broiled over the fire.

And always the two lonely women welcomed him, Mrs. Ames frankly and Eleanor with a dawning shyness that gave him hope.

"I have had a bit of good fortune," he told the girl one morning eagerly. "My uncle has written that when I go back in December I am to have a part interest in his business. It means a big income and a settled place for life."

"And you won't come again to the mountain?" she asked.

"No, my work will be done in town."

She sat very still, looking off over the valley. "Poor mountain!" she said. "How lonely it will be when we are gone and the winter comes!"

She shivered a little. "It's such a gray October day," she added.

"What are your plans?" he questioned.

"Mine? Oh, I don't know!" a little drearily. "When I can leave mother I will go to work. In the meantime we will live with a distant cousin."

It was on his tongue to tell her how he loved her, but he felt that this was not the time or the place. Here he must be her protector, not her lover.

That night he could not sleep, and at last he rose and looked out of the window. The wind moaned and sighed in the trees; the moon was overcast by clouds. Somewhere in the distance he heard a drunken song. As he listened the song grew fainter. Some of the miners were going up the mountain.

He dressed hurriedly and followed. As he came near the little camp he heard the snarl of angry voices mingled with Eleanor's clear tones.

"You must let the pony alone," she said, "at once."

Then, as the whistle of a lash cut the air, she spoke again. "If you touch him," she said, "I'll shoot."

Christopher came into the circle of the firelight on a run. A half dozen swarthy men were grouped about the pony. Within the cart cowered Mrs. Ames. Eleanor stood on the back step and pointed her pistol straight at the snarling crowd.

She was enveloped in a long raincoat, and her hair was braided into two long golden ropes. She looked like a child, with her white face and slight figure, and when she saw Christopher she swayed toward him.

"Oh, make them go away!" she cried helplessly, and the pistol dropped from her nerveless hand.

The men turned and saw him, and at the sight of his set face they at once began apologies. "We just wanted to have some fun with the pony," they said. But he waved them away. "I'll deal with you later," he said, and they slunk away in the shadows.

Then Christopher went to the girl who was bending over her mother. The older woman revived immediately in the comfort of a strong man's presence. "I was very silly," she said, "but they looked such brutes."

Eleanor made some coffee under the trees, and when Kent had carried a cup to Mrs. Ames, who was still in the cart, he came back and issued orders.

"I am going to drive you down into the valley," he said. "You and your mother must spend the night at one of the farmhouses."

"But"— Eleanor protested.

"There are no 'buts,'" he told her. "You are to obey," and he smiled down at her.

The light from the dying fire showed the tenderness in his strong face, and seeing it, she said "Oh!" with quick drawn breath.

"Dear heart," he murmured, "just once you must obey. But if you could promise to love and honor always we might make a marriage service of it tomorrow. There's a little church in the valley, and I know the minister."

"You are doing it just to take care of me," she said, flushing.

He took her hand in his. "I am doing it because I love you," he said. "Shall we find the little church, Eleanor?"

"Oh, who would have believed that the road to Arcady led there?" she whispered, with a wonderful light in her eyes.

Fatal Abstraction.

History tells how Archimedes the Great, while busily engaged in tracing geometric figures in the sand in his home city, Syracuse, forgetful of the fact that the city was besieged and all the inhabitants in danger of being slaughtered by the Romans, was speared by the victorious foemen, who had forced their entrance. Archimedes perished. And Plato was near to death on account of his abstraction. While walking forth one evening, his eyes fixed on the stars, his mind busy at solving some celestial problem that occupied it, he fell into a well, from which he was extricated with difficulty.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Ungrateful Cuckoo.

To hear the cuckoo's cheery note you might think he had the clearest conscience in the world. He can have neither memory nor moral sense or he would not carry it off so gayly. We say nothing of the "raptores," who are a race apart, but the most disreputable of birds, as a rule, are guilty of nothing worse than peccadillos. The jackdaw will steal for the mere fun of the thing, for he can make no possible use of plate or jewelry, and sometimes under temptation may make a snatch at a pleasant chick. Sparrows are, of course, notorious thieves, but they rank no higher in crime than the sneaking pickpockets. But the cuckoo, so to speak, is a murderer from his cradle. He violates the sanctity of a hospitable hearth. His first victims are his own foster brothers, and before he tries his wings on the first flight he is imbrued in fraternal blood, like any Amurath or Bazajet.—London Saturday Review.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, NOV. 27, 1908.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR MAYOR

Daniel W. Bond

BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS

John M. Wallace

ALDERMEN-AT-LARGE.

Henry L. Andrews
Fred J. Brown
George F. Eaton
John W. Fox
Edward D. Hart
Harold P. Johnson
Benjamin H. Nichols
Parker T. Poole

WARD ALDERMEN

Ward 1 Harry A. Fellows
Ward 2 John S. Jaquith
Ward 3 William J. Sullivan
Ward 4 John M. Portal
Ward 5 Fred W. Shattuck
Ward 6 Samuel W. Highley
Ward 7 John W. Cummings

SCHOOL COMMITTEE

Herbert B. Dow
Clara N. Kelley
Frank B. Richardson

THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

A list of the Republican nominees for Mayor, Aldermen, School Committee, and Board of Public Works is printed in this issue of the JOURNAL. We ask the voters to examine it thoroughly, compare it with the Democratic ticket, and determine which is the better of the two, and which they will vote for.

The choice of candidate for Mayor could not have fallen on a better citizen, or more popular individual, than Alderman Daniel W. Bond. He has prime business abilities, is thoroughly honest, and enjoys the confidence and esteem of everybody acquainted with him. Not a word of fault can be found with him as a candidate for Mayor on any score. Nobody ever heard any ill of Daniel W. Bond, either in private or public life. He is just the man the city needs for its Chief Executive officer, and he, of course, will be elected.

The Aldermanic candidates are chiefly those now serving the city in that capacity, and are worthy of hearty support at the polls. The JOURNAL has more than once during the present year taken occasion to commend the City Council on their good work.

Mr. John M. Wallace should, and no doubt, will be elected a member of the Board of Public Works. He is well fitted for the proper discharge of the duties of the office.

Concerning the Republican candidates for the School Board thoughts are submitted in another place in this paper.

A little judicious trimming in spots might not prove detrimental to the Republican ticket; but, as it stands, it is from top to bottom, above the average in ability and integrity, and away above the Democratic nominees in essential qualifications.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

The Republicans made an excellent choice of candidates for members of the School Board, and it is hardly to be expected that anyone believes they can be defeated at the polls. Messrs. Herbert B. Dow and Frank B. Richardson are present members, the former being Chairman, and the only new nominee is Mrs. Dr. Kelley, whose qualifications for the office nobody would undertake to dispute. All three of them are collegebred, are interested in the prosperity of our public schools, and as capable of advancing it as any three persons in this city.

The importance of employing the best educational talent, as well as business ability, in conducting our schools, needs not to be discussed here—it is a subject of which no intelligent citizen can plead ignorance, and everybody admits to be true. The Republican candidates fill the bill to perfection—they have the educational and business requirements in full measure, and, by good rights, should have a unanimous vote at the election. With such a ticket as the Republicans present it is not expected the Democrats will make a very strenuous effort to elect their own.

"VOTE RIGHT."

Rev. James J. Keegan, Pastor of St. Charles church in this city, earnestly advised the men of his congregation and all others, last Sunday, to "vote right" at the city election. He did not name the "right" side because it is not the custom of the Catholic clergy to actively engage in political contests, but his advice was given in such language, and the remarks accompanying it bearing on the duty of the voters in this case, left no doubt on the minds of his hearers that he meant by "vote right" to vote in favor of Nolicense and temperance. And a good many of his hearers will, no doubt, accept their Minister's excellent counsel and vote the antilicense ticket on election day.

☞ The Democratic Bosses, meaning the liquor dealers, and their following, succeeded in slaughtering ex-Mayor Lawrence Reade at the Democratic caucuses last week to the tune of Hugh D. Murray, 624; Lawrence Reade, 326. If Mr. Reade has the spunk with which he is credited, he will be more than likely to make things redhot for the Democratic Bosses, commonly known as the Big Four, on election day. They dealt with him in a mean and dishonest manner last year, professing to be heartily supporting him while working for his defeat; but he and his friends discovered their duplicity in season to turn the scale on the license question and give the Nolicense Party the victory. Will Reade swallow the dose of bitter medicine administered by the caucus without objection? or will he fight?

☞ Despairing of an election, several of the Democratic caucus nominees filed their papers of declination and withdrew from the race. It is not certain whether the vacancies will be filled, or not. The Democrats, outside of the candidates, seem to take but little interest in the coming election.

☞ The returns from the Republican caucuses held last Friday evening seemed to prove that those Republicans of Ward 6 who were conscientiously opposed to the nomination of Alderman Samuel Highley for a second term in the City Council from that Ward, and who believed they could defeat him in the caucus, reckoned without their host, for, although badly handicapped by a Democratic nomination the night before, he beat his opponent, Mr. Whithed, by a majority of which he had a right to feel proud. His victory was a surprise, in this, that Ward 6 has always been a stronghold of the Nolicense Party, while, if common report is to be depended on, Ald. Highley is an advocate and supporter of License and the liquor interests, in this city. Evidently he is still politically popular and strong in North Woburn.

☞ The Republican candidates for city offices assembled at Republican Headquarters last Tuesday evening to congratulate the city on having secured such a fine ticket to be voted for, and, no doubt, elected on Dec. 8. They made speeches varying in length, but all of them good and to the point. Likewise, they were happy, for not a doubt of the success of the ticket and Nolicense found lodgement in the brain of a single nominee among them.

☞ The Democrats had a lively time over the nomination of a candidate for the Board of Public Works. There were four aspirants for it, and the winner pulled through by a very narrow margin. There is a good deal of dissatisfaction over the caucus action, and the probabilities are that the Republican candidate will be elected high and dry.

☞ Politics, as well as some other things, often make strange bedfellows. Take the case of Ald. Sam Highley—he was nominated at Ward 6 Democratic caucus on Thursday evening week ago for reelection by that Ward. He was supposed to be a Republican, and his nomination by the Democrats is something, as Dundreary said, that no fellow can find out.

☞ It was reported early this week that Reade and his friends offered to vote for Murray if he would come out squaretoed for Anti-license. This Murray refused to do, of course, and Reade and his friends were thus given another chance to beat the Big Four. It was a shrewd move on the part of Reade, but rough on Murray.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Frank B. Carter—Wanted.
City of Woburn—Election.
Winchester Electrical Co.—Constrction.

— Be sure and see the Merry Widow at the Unitarian Parish Fair, Dec. 3-4

— Christmas comes 5 weeks from today. Can you realize that it is so near at hand?

— A meeting of the Mothers Society is to be held this afternoon in the parlor of the First Congregational church.

— The Woburn City election is to be held on Dec. 8, the second Tuesday of said month, according to law. Less than two weeks to work in.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— The chime of 8 bells on Christ church, Salem street, Boston, is the oldest in America, having been brought from London, England, in 1744. They will be heard on Christmas.

— This evening Mr. Ahlstrom, a Swedish missionary in China, is to deliver an address in the Swedish Evangelical Free church, to which a general invitation is extended.

— Purchasers of Christmas presents should go early to the store of Copeland & Bowser, and thus get their pick of the goods, and, likewise, avoid the rush. Take Old Father Time by the forelock.

— "H. C. Huntress to Manage Goddard Agency," which appears in this issue of the JOURNAL, is of local interest, and a readable article. It is taken by us from *The Standard*, a leading Insurance publication of Boston.

— The football season of 1908 closes tomorrow. The Harvard-Yale game last Saturday, in which the former won a brilliant victory, virtually ended the season, it being the last of the College contests on the gridiron for the present year.

— The JOURNAL was the only newspaper in this city that advocated the nomination of John M. Wallace for the Board of Public Works, and he won at the caucuses easily last Friday night. Somehow the JOURNAL's candidates most commonly win.

— Representing the Laymen's Missionary Movement, a National convention of which closed in Boston last Saturday, Rev. S. O. Benton, D. D., of New York City preached an able sermon in the pulpit of the First Congregational church, this city, last Sunday.

— No matter what the almanacs may say to the contrary, winter's reign will begin on next Tuesday, Dec. 1, to continue, Providence permitting, to March 1. December and January are the hardest months of the year, the only redeeming feature of them being a lengthening out of the days.

— Mr. Fred P. Brooks is the proprietor and general manager of one of the best and most popular drugstores in this city. He is absolutely reliable, a safe prescriptionist, and his goods are just what they purport to be. The confidence of the public is a grand good thing to possess in any business.

— The Board of Directors of Tufts College Athletic Association have awarded the football Letter "T" to 16 Varsity men, among whom is Carl P. Hubbard of this city, member of College Class '09. The Board, also, gave the right to wear "T 2d" to 18 men, of which Gardner M. Pierce of Woburn, Class '09, is one. Thus Woburn is honored in Tufts College athletics.

— Be sure and see the parlor entertainment Thursday evening, Dec. 3, at the Unitarian Parish Fair, it will be both attractive and amusing.

FACTORY LOCATION WANTED

WITH RAILROAD SIDING.

A large manufacturing concern wishes to buy or lease Twenty Acres of Land within forty (40) miles of Boston where a Railroad Siding is available, and where the Electric Light and Power service of the Edison Electric Illuminating Co. can be used.

The factory will start with at least six hundred (600) horse power.

Send particulars and terms to

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Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,
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NEW FALL STYLES

— AT —

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Fine Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Wobur

Annual Unitarian Parish Fair

IN THE CHURCH VESTRY

Thursday and Friday, Dec. 3 and 4, 1908

Fair opens Thursday at 4 P. M. Supper at 6 30. Parlor entertainment in the evening. Friday Fair opens at 4 P. M. Dramatic in the evening. Admission 25 cents.

Admission Free Supper 35c.

— Don't fail to patronize the Merry Widow at the Unitarian Parish Fair, Dec. 3-4.

— Mt. Horeb Lodge of Masons was officially visited by Grand Master John A. Blake last Monday evening.

— The Woburn Basketball team vanqished the Maplewood Institute team at Malden in fine style last Saturday.

— The Celtic Association gave their annual concert and ball in Lyceum Hall last Wednesday night. It was a fine entertainment, and very successful financially.

— Withdrawals of caucus candidates may be filed up to 5 o'clock this afternoon, Nov. 27, and not after. Vacancies may be filled up to 5 o'clock Monday afternoon, Nov. 30.

— His Excellency, Curtis Guild Jr., Governor of the Commonwealth will visit the Woburn High School on Tuesday Dec. 1, 1908, on the occasion of the presentation of the Massachusetts State Flag to the School. The exercises will take place in the High School hall at 11 a. m. The public will be accommodated to the capacity of the hall.

— Flush times, the effect of Taft's election, are felt in full force at Smith & Varney's jewelry store. The proprietors say they are going to have the largest and finest stock of gold and silver Christmas goods; diamonds, pearls, and other precious stones; clocks, watches, chains, charms; and jewelry of new and elegant pattern; and that there will be no need of people going to Boston for their Christmas presents.

— Mr. Arthur Whitcher keeps an eye on the Woburn Federal Building movement at Washington, and may have an interesting story to tell about it before a great while. It is not likely that the structure will be commenced in the dead of winter, but the completion of a fine one may be looked for some time next season. Credit is due Mr. Whitcher for his successful activity in behalf of a Government building in this city.

— The ball given by the High School Senior Class a week ago tonight was a fashionable society event. It was attended by about 150 couples, who danced until midnight to the inspiring music of Hern's popular Orchestra. The Floor Director was Frank E. Hickey; Charles E. Trull, Assistant; and John H. Finn, Chester D. Caldwell, James M. Maguire, and Byron W. Grimes, Aids. Misses Beatrice A. Grant, Nellie Hammond, and Margaret M. Burnap, teachers in the High school, were the patronesses.

— Last Sunday was an uncommonly warm day for the season of the year. It gave our marketmen some uneasiness as to the fate of their Thanksgiving turkeys; but good luck favored them, and saved the turkeys for the dinners for which they lost their lives. Some people sat at open windows and tried to woo cool breezes at times during the day and evening, which indicated remarkable weather even for Thanksgiving time, when a soft spell is almost always sure to turn up and cheapen the price of turkeys. It has been pretty fair Indian Summer weather ever since Oct. 25, when that charming autumn season is supposed to begin.

— We are of the opinion that the vote for Nolicense in this city next month will demonstrate beyond a peradventure that the Sunday evening Nolicense union meetings now being held at four houses of worship, conducted by local clergymen, are exerting a great power for civic righteousness and the public weal. That their influence will increase the "No" vote is the belief of those who are watching the progress of them intelligently and carefully. The meetings are well attended, and the interest in them and the cause in which they are engaged warrants the opinion that they will prove one of the strongest of the agencies that are sure to carry the city against license at the coming election.

— The weather yesterday was about the usual Thanksgiving article—mixed.

— Don't miss the fine supper at the Unitarian Parish Fair, Thursday, Dec. 3.

— Candidate Bond's acceptance speech had the true ring. Read it in this issue of the JOURNAL.

— Rev. Dr. Norton of First church preached a strong sermon at the Thanksgiving union meeting in the Unitarian church.

— A postcard from H. C. Hartwell, D. DS., of Greenville, N. H., says his Turk was 5 1-2 months old, and weighed 18 pounds.

— The alarm from box 35 at 11.20 last evening, was for a fire in the blacksmith shop of James Given on Bedford street, Cummingsville.

— The Winchester Electrical Co., whose card appears in the JOURNAL this week, is a perfectly reliable concern, and our people who are about to install electric lights, bells, etc. or need supplies, or repairing, will do well to employ them.

— Thanksgiving Day was observed here much after the usual fashion. It was devoted chiefly to the consumption of roast turkey, with trimmings, meaning cranberry sauce; and punkin pie; the two standard articles of diet for the grand annual New England Festival, the first one of which was held on Cape Cod about 287 years ago, although as to the exact date historians differ. Nothing worthy of special newspaper mention occurred here; everything was quiet and nice; and, so far as heard from, the dinners were satisfactory in quantity and quality and well relished.

Ratification of Republican Nominations.

One of the best meetings ever held in Republican Headquarters was that of last Tuesday night, when the hall was packed to endorse the nominations of Bond for Mayor, Wallace for the Board of Public Works, and the Aldermanic and School Committee ticket. Strong speeches were made by Aldermen Johnson and Highley, Rev. Wm. H. Scott, Capt. E. F. Wyer, Wilford D. Gray, Jonathan C. Ela, candidate John M. Wallace, George F. Bean, Frank E. Wetherell and others. Chairman Riley presided.

The feature of the evening however was the speech of Alderman Daniel W. Bond. He said:

"In accepting the nomination for Mayor I am not unmindful of the honor conferred upon me nor am I unmindful of the responsibilities attached to the office of Mayor of the City of Woburn. As you well know, the administration of the present Mayor has had my hearty support and approval and it certainly is an inspiration to me and to all of us who have the best interests of the city at heart.

It is not in me you are so much interested or in any particular party or faction, but it is for the best interests of this old town of Woburn which we all love so well. It is my native city; I have lived here all my life and I hope to die here. The citizens have honored me so many times in previous elections that I would indeed be unmindful of my duty as a citizen if I did not understand the responsibilities that go with this high office and make an earnest endeavor to serve the city to the best of my ability and that I shall do, if elected.

The allimportant question before us in the coming election is the license issue; license or nolicense; and in order that I may be clearly understood on the question I will say that I AM IN FAVOR OF NOLICENSE IN THIS CITY NOW AND ALWAYS; and I sincerely hope and believe that we shall carry the city for nolicense by a decisive vote; and, if we do, and I am elected I shall do all in my power to enforce the law.

My experience as a business man in Woburn for 30 years has convinced me that, with such enforcement as we have had the past year, a continuation of the nolicense policy is for the best interests of the city."

The candidates speech was received with great applause and approval.

A Finance Committee was appointed and plans for a systematic and effective campaign were perfected.

Victory for the ticket and nolicense is predicted, but there will be no letup in the work from now to election day.

This Is An Easy Test.

Sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in one shoe and not in the other, and notice the difference. Just the thing to use when rubbers or overshoes become necessary, and your shoes seem to pinch. Sold Everywhere, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.*

BOSTON THEATRES.

CASTLE SQUARE

"The House of a Thousand Candles" will have its first performances in the Castle Square Theatre next week. This famous novel by Meredith Nicholson has been made into an intensely interesting mystery-play by George Middleson, and it comes to Boston only a few months after its original production in New York, where E. M. Holland and other well-known actors aroused no little sensation through their interpretation of its exciting scenes and their realization of its life-like characters. In fact "The House of a Thousand Candles" may be called a detective story on the stage.

THE GAIETY.

Melody, mirth, comedy and beauty are the chief ingredients of the gala offering of "The Hastings Show" registered to make its headquarters at the new Gaiety Theatre for its second attraction beginning the 30th instant. This is a strong musical show, particularly in its vocal numbers. Not only is the entire offering built on a foundation of a two-dollar production, but in many ways it even surpasses in magnificence of the spectacular attractions whose only fame rests in the brilliancy of equipment. The various electrical effects are absolutely original; the costumes are dazzling splendor, while the scenic display is superb and elaborate.

THE BOSTON.

One of the most remarkable successes will be presented at the Boston Theatre the week of November 30th, in "A Message from Mars." This play, although written by an American, Richard Ganthany, had its first production in England, where it ran for over five hundred nights, with Charles Hawtrey in the leading part. Mr. Hawtrey came to this country and repeated this tremendous success, playing in Boston at the Old Boston Museum. Since the play whenever put on has attracted widespread attention. It is even better now than it was then, principally for the story it tells and the remarkable stage effects produced when messenger from Mars appears.

KEITH'S.

For an all round bill with every act a feature, it would be difficult to surpass that announced for Keith's Theatre, the week of November 30th, and there are other acts yet to be announced. One of the principals will be Rock and Fulton, those recent acquisitions from the legitimate stage, who came into vaudeville with an elaborate dancing act, in which Mr. Rock introduced the hypnotic dance which has become one of the biggest novelties in recent years. Mr. Rock and Miss Fulton have just returned from Europe where they repeated their American success. Also on this bill are Marcel's Living Art Studies, the most remarkable series of tableaus that has ever been given to the public.

THE PARK.

When I went into the Park Theatre last night, a correspondent writes, it did not take me long to recognize that that playhouse has come into its own again, and musical comedy of the clean, fragrant and satisfactory kind will hold sway there for many weaks. At this house last night Charles Frohman's musical play, "Miss Hook of Holland," which ran nearly all last season in New York City, was the medium for introducing Frank Daniels, the funniest and most widely known of all American laugh provokers, as a star under Charles Frohman's direction. The tittle of the play has been changed by dropping the "Miss" and it is now called "Hook of Holland," but the quaint and pleasing book and the delightful songs remain unchanged. Of all the charming and dainty musical shows which Charles Frohman has given the public since he entered the field of theatrical management none has made a stronger bid for popularity along these same lines than "Miss Hook of Holland."

THE HOLLIS STREET.

On Monday, November 30, Henry B Harris will bring to the Hollis Street Theatre, Charles Klein's latest play, "The Third Degree." Any announcement of a new play by the author of "The Lion and the Mouse," should attract more than ordinary attention of the theatre-goers, who are acquainted with the situations which composed this dramatic sensation. From the very first line the interest in "The Third Degree" is aroused and never permitted to sag until after the final curtain. Seldom has a play been written which embodies so many desirable features as is the case in this, Mr. Klein's newest creation. The tensity of the situations begins with the discovery by the police of the body of Robert Underwood in his art store and the arrest of Howard Jeffries, Jr, who is found on the premises sleeping off a drunken stupor. Until the final scene in the play in a powerful dramatic climax where evidence is adduced which clearly proves the boy innocent of the crime, is there a let-up in the rapid action of the drama.

Reminiscences.

It was the same with Mr. Webster in his annihilating reply to Col. Hayne in 1830. He had studied the contents of the Constitution and the history of parties and politics in our nation. So that when Everett anxiously prodded Mr. Webster to answer the effusive and eloquent Southerner, the latter took from his vest pocket a bit of paper and said, "this is the sum of what Col. Hayne said, and I will reply to-morrow." He stood before the Senate and the world, the next day, and delivered a speech, the framework of which was in his memory from previous study of the points involved, of surpassing strength and eloquence. Robert C. Winthrop, long in Congress from Boston, pronounced the speech the greatest of all speeches that had been made since that distant year. Talent and power the great Statesman had: but he held the great facts and principles firm in a memory which made every one fresh and real. The great historian Gibbon declares that every child ought to fill his mind with knowledge, and the materials of intelligence, till he is fifteen years old, then reason and argue and frame the whole into practical power. Miss Edgell made her pupils see and understand great and fundamental things, through rules and exceptions and facts stored in the memory. How thrilling and stimulating it is to a boy or girl to see the symmetrical and consistent truth shining through the rudiments and the rules upon which every fact and relation rests. Miss Edgell was familiar with much ancient and interesting story which she would relate two or three times a week. Some of it was mythology, told with clearness and in a natural and pleasant tone. There was a sweet modesty in all her affluent and ready intelligence. Garfield averred that a seat upon a log, upon the other end of which sat President Mark Hopkins, was an education. Every day of school with Miss Edgell as teacher was a suggestive lesson about, and in, an education. One day she kindly said to the writer, "Sullivan's Political Class Book," is a work you ought to study, and I am going to Boston soon and will secure a second hand book for you. She bought the book, and charged me but 25 cents for it, and it was one of the happiest and raciest works upon Courts and governments, upon some salient events in the history of Europe, which were interesting, useful and good, that was ever put into my hands. The whole method and influence of Miss Edgell's school was wholesome, wise and inspiring. At a distance of sixty-five years her spirit, her beautiful tone and sense of things, are fresh in my thoughts and feeling. She was an honor to her town, her name, her sex, and her influence and efforts still live to help and bless the world.—M. L. R. (*Concluded.*)

Miss Martha M. Cook,

Daughter of Dea. Samuel and the late Lydia A. Persons Cook, died at her home, 11 Bow street, last Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, aged 46 years. Miss Cook had been a consistent member of the First Baptist church for many years, and during her long and tedious illness exhibited marked Christian fortitude. She always had a cheerful word and smile for every caller, no matter how much she suffered. A father and twin sister, Miss Anna, are left to mourn her loss.

The funeral took place from her late home Tuesday at 2.30 p. m. Rev. H. B Williams officiating. Mrs. H. B Williams sang feelingly "Speak to me now, dear Jesus," and "Shall we meet beyond the river." The floral tributes were many and beautiful, attesting to the love and esteem of a large circle of friends.

Around the World.

Don't you want to go around the world with Albert Bushnell Hart, Prof. of History at Harvard University? He will begin a series of thirty or more letters next Saturday, Nov. 28, in the *Transcript* for "Tarry at Home" travelers. By means of these letters Prof. Hart will take every reader of the *Transcript* to those regions and countries whose present day activities and struggles are the focus of the world's attention. It will be an education as well as vitally interesting to read these letters. The first will describe the wonderful development by Americans and others of the great Canadian Northwest and will tell why our citizens are deserting their own country to build homes there. Subsequent articles will describe those new conditions and striking movements in the States of Washington and Oregon and in Alaska territory, regarding which well posted Americans should be informed. Crossing the Pacific he will visit Japan, China and the Philippine Islands, and will return home by way of Egypt, the Balkan States and other interesting parts of Europe. Do not miss these letters, but order your *Transcript* today.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE,
November 16, 1908.

In accordance with the provisions of Section 246, Chapter 560, Acts of 1907, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote for City Officers, will be held on

TUESDAY, THE EIGHTH DAY OF DECEMBER, A. D., 1908

in the following places, namely:

Ward 1 Music Hall, Dow's Block, Main St.
Ward 2. Highland Hose House, Prospect St.
Ward 3. Lyceum Hall, Main St., left entrance.
Ward 4. Lyceum Hall, Main St., right entrance.
Ward 5. Porter Hose House, Thorn St.
Ward 6. Vidette Hose House, Main St.
Ward 7. Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The Polls will be open at 6 o'clock in the morning and closed at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and all such citizens will, in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes for Mayor, eight Aldermen-at-large, and one Alderman for each of the several Wards; also, for one member of the Board of Public Works for the term of four years; also, for three members of the School Committee for a term of three years.

All such male citizens will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes "Yes or No" in answer to the questions: "Shall Chapter 513 of the acts of the year nineteen hundred and eight, requiring certain cities and towns to provide public playgrounds, be accepted by this City?" and "Shall Licenses be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this city?"

All female citizens, qualified to vote as the law directs, will in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote on a separate ballot for three members of the School Committee for a term of three years.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers, and in answer to the aforesaid questions must be upon one ballot.

[CHAP. 513.]

AN ACT TO PROVIDE FOR PUBLIC PLAYGROUNDS IN CERTAIN CITIES AND TOWNS

Be it enacted, etc., as follows:

SECTION 1. Every city and town in the commonwealth having a population of more than ten thousand, accepting the provisions of this act shall, after the first day of July in the year nineteen hundred and ten, provide and maintain at least one public playground conveniently located and of suitable size and equipment, for the recreation and physical education of the minors of such city or town, and at least one other playground for every additional twenty thousand of its population.

SECTION 2. Cities and towns may appoint, and determine the compensation of, a qualified supervisor of each playground, who shall direct the sports and exercises thereon.

SECTION 3. In cities and towns where the provisions of this act are not already satisfied, land for the purpose aforesaid may be taken, and the money necessary to pay for such land may be raised in accordance with sections nineteen, twenty and twenty-one of Chapter twenty-eight of the Revised Laws; and any land owned by the city or town may be set aside by vote of the city council, or of the board of selectmen, for the purposes of this act.

SECTION 4. In cities and towns which have a population of more than ten thousand, and which have not already satisfied the provisions of this act, the following question shall be placed on the official ballot at the next city or town election:—Shall chapter of the acts of the year nineteen hundred and eight, requiring certain cities and towns to provide public playgrounds, be accepted by this (city or town)?

SECTION 5. This act shall take effect in any city or town to which it applies upon its acceptance by a majority of the voters voting as aforesaid. [*Approved May 12, 1908.*

By order of the
MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL.

Attest: JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Telephone Talks

A "prompt" answer turneth away wrath. You know how you feel when you are kept waiting at the telephone. Remember: Example is better than precept.

"No One on the Line"

It has been pointed out that there are three parties to a telephone conversation, namely, the person calling, the operator, and, last but not least, the person called.

The operator has no authority to compel an answer to her summons. She simply forwards to your telephone a mechanical signal. Interpreted, this means "Some one desires to speak to you." It remains fer you, the person called, to recognize this request.

There are two strong reasons why you should answer promptly, and both vitally concern you:

☞ 1. If you are slow in answering, the caller may hang up the telephone and assume that you are not accessible. Later, if you answer at your leisure, the operator can vouchsafe no information save that "there is no one on the line." Who called you? The operator probably does not know. Any operator in your exchange may have called you, rather than the operator specially assigned to answer your calls.

☞ 2. From the moment the operator calling you "plugs in" on your line until she ceases her effort to attract your attention, your line is "busy" to all other callers.

If you are dilatory, therefore, you are obstructing you own service. You are also causing disappointment to your caller and annoyance to yourself.

New England T lephone & Telegraph Co.

1908 **Wall Papers** 1908

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C. E. SMITH. 439 Main St.
HOME OFFICE: 11 Bennett Street.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Alvin T. Morrill and wife, Ludovica Dimon Morrill, in her right, to Silas R. Carter, Edwin Irving Sawyer, and James D Tyler, Trustees of the First Unitarian Society in Berlin, dated March 31, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 2644, Fol. 258, and duly transferred to the undersigned; for breach of condition of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction, upon the premises first hereinafter described, on

Tuesday, December 8, 1908,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, viz:—The following tracts, or parcels, of land all situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts:

FIRST: A certain tract of land with the buildings thereon and bounded as follows, to wit:—Northerly by Lexington street, by land of Jacob M. Ellis and by land of the heirs of Walter Frost; easterly by land of the heirs of Walter Frost, and by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; southerly by land of said Benjamin F. Flagg, by land of William B. Doyle, and by land formerly of Joseph Gardner; westerly by land of Mary G. Pierce.

SECOND: A certain lot of woodland near Horn Pond and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; easterly by land formerly of Stephen Dow; southerly by land of Ebenezer L. Pierce; westerly by land of William B. Doyle.

THIRD: A small lot of land bounded as follows, namely:—Southeasterly by Lexington street; northeasterly by land of Benjamin F. Flagg; northwesterly by Garden street.

FOURTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Locust street; easterly by land now or formerly of James B. and Horace W. Pearsons and by Garden street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by Willow street.

FIFTH: A certain tract of land bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Willow street; southerly by Lexington street; westerly by land of the heirs of John Weston; northerly by land now or formerly of Doherty, and by John Cummings.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes, tax bills or other municipal liens.

Three hundred dollars ($300.00) will be required to be paid by purchaser at time of sale. For further particulars apply to Andreas Blume, Attorney-at-Law, 27 School street, Boston, Mass.

ANDREAS BLUME and JAMES W. SPRING, Trustees under the will of William Phipps, Mortgagees.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Sewall D. Samson of Woburn to Mabel E. Howard of Woburn, dated November 15th, 1899, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Bk. 2786, P. 571, will be sold at public auction upon the premises on

TUESDAY, the fifteenth day of December, 1908,

at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with the building thereon, situate in that part of said Woburn called Montvale, and bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the granted premises at a stone bound marking the line of Montvale Avenue, formerly Railroad street, and Central street, thence the line runs easterly on said Montvale Avenue seventy feet to other land of the grantor; thence southerly by land of the grantor fifty-five feet; thence westerly by other land of the grantor seventy feet to Central street; thence northerly by said Central street fifty-five feet to the point of beginning, containing thirty-eight hundred and fifty square feet; being a portion of lot number twelve included in the conveyance of Stephen Swan to Sewall D. Samson by his deed dated December 10, 1870, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1167, Page 172.

$200 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

MABEL E. HOWARD, Mortgagee.

Arthur Black, 53 State street,
Boston, Mass.

Estate of Maurice W. Carroll late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, represented insolvent.

THE Probate Court for said County will receive and examine all claims of creditors against the estate of said Maurice W. Carroll, and notice is hereby given that six months from the fourth day of November, A. D., 1908, are allowed to creditors to present and prove their claims against said estate, and that the Court will receive and examine the claims of creditors at Cambridge, on the twenty-fourth day of November, 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and at Cambridge on the third day of May 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

ELLEN J. CARROLL, Administratrix.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

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Ah! then you are going to indulge your taste in solid silver. Alas! winds and tides sometimes delay the good ship, and—well, why not add to your sterling silver collection a few pieces at a time, if need be?

For immediate acquisition we suggest the butter spreaders, or the coffee spoons, or the oyster forks, or any of the smaller pieces which we show in such variety in the "Colonial."

The "Colonial" has weight and character. The fluting of the bowls and tines of spoons and forks, is the one really new and original feature in sterling silverware of the last century—a feature derived from Colonial Architecture.

If perchance the good ship is already in port, why then we suggest a complete table service in "Colonial."

Smith & Varney

A Jewelry Store since 1871

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
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79 Prospect St., Woburn.
☞ Season opens Sept. 29.

Artistic and Scientific
MUSICAL INSTRUCTION
Mrs Annie M. S. Mr. F. Percyval **LEWIS** Pianoforte Theory, Organ
Private and Class Lessons in Woburn
Address Winchester; or consult in Woburn Unitarian Vestry, Sat. 10-12, 2-4.

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" Oats	10c. "
" Corn Flakes	10c. "
Force	10c. "
Saxon Wheat Food	15c. "
Ralston Breakfast Food	14c. "
Pillsbury's Cereal	15c. "

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Tea and Grocery House,
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IN SKIN
CHAPS
ON HAND AND FACE.

Rose Clycerine Lotion

CURES. 25c. a Bottle

Whitcher's PILL BOX

28th year in use.
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Holiday Shoppers

Are making their selections early this year. Don't fail to examine our large display of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Pocketbooks, Purses, Vanity Wallets, Card Cases and Letter and Bill Books.

The choicest line we have ever shown.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main Street,
WOBURN

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

WOBURN, Nov. 6th A. D., 1908.

Taken on execution and will be sold by public auction on Saturday, the twelfth day of December, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock A. M., at my office in my dwellinghouse No. 55 Montvale Avenue in Woburn in said County of Middlesex, all the right, title and interest that Thomas J. Murray otherwise known as Thomas Murray of Woburn in said County, had (not exempt by law from attachment or levy on execution) on the sixth day of November, A. D. 1908, the time the same was taken on execution, in and to the following described real estate the record title standing in the name of Patrick Murray late of Woburn, deceased, to wit:—A certain parcel of land situated in Woburn in said County of Middlesex bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises at the junction of Plympton street with Dublin street so called formerly called Flagg Court; thence the line runs northerly by said Dublin street to land of one Reddy; thence easterly by land last named to land of the Town of Woburn; thence southerly by said land of the Town of Woburn to said Plympton street; thence westerly by said Plympton street to the point of beginning. Containing 12,000 square feet. Being the same premises conveyed to Patrick Murray by Lawrence Reade, Administrator of the estate of James Rogers by deed dated June 10, 1881, recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1570, Page 561.

JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the next of kin and all others interested in the estate of Albert G. Ames, late of Wilmington, in said County, an absentee.

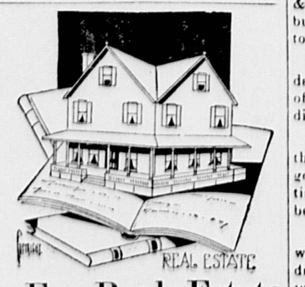
WHEREAS, Henry G. Gowing, the receiver of the property of said absentee, has presented to said Court for allowance, the first, second and third accounts of his administration on said estate and application has been made for a distribution of the balance in his hands among the next of kin of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of December, A. D. 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why said account should not be allowed and distribution made according to said application.

And the petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by delivering or mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.



For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

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The new range that we introduced last year has won all hearts. The old End Hearth is gone—there is more room on top—the ashes fall into a Hod far below the fire, making their removal easy and the grate to last longer. The Ash Hod when emptied is returned full of coal. Three sizes, "Palace," "Castle," "Fortress."

All the famous Crawford features are present: Single Damper, Patented Grate, Cup-Joint Oven Flues, Asbestos Backed Oven, Improved Oven Indicator. Booklet free.

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For Sale by E. CALDWELL, Woburn.

Football Season Here

During the month of October every eye is turned toward the oval

Our purpose in advertising in this space is to turn the eyes of everybody, during the whole year, toward the "Oval". Of course we mean "Creamalt"—the oval loaf.

For beauty of shape and for deliciousness of flavor, you won't "tackle" anything in the class of Creamalt. It's the only "Oval" people never "kick" at. Game starts next time you eat.

George G. Fox Company

(From The Standard, Boston.)

H. C. Huntress to Manage Goddard Agency.

The fraternity of Eastern Massachusetts will be glad to learn that, following the regrettable death of R. F. Goddard, the management of the old and successful Woburn agency of S. B. Goddard & Son has been placed in the competent hands of Herbert C. Huntress, at present and for many years special agent of the Niagara, and a close personal friend of the late Mr. Goddard. Arrangements were completed Thursday by which the business is to be continued under the old firm name with Mr. Huntress as manager, he having tendered his resignation to the Niagara to take effect December 1.

Mr. Huntress was born and educated in Boston and received his first insurance training as a clerk in the office of the old Washington F. & M. Later he spent some time as policy and counter clerk in the local office of Guild & Eastman, Boston managers of the Liverpool & London & Globe, following which he took up the brokerage end of the business and built up a most satisfactory clientele.

In 1896 he became special agent of the Niagara in which capacity he has given a good account of himself, being recognized as one of the most capable and hardest working members of the New England Insurance Exchange.

Mr. Huntress was in close sympathy with the business methods of the late Mr. Goddard, and is by ability, experience and temperament admirably well qualified to, at least, maintain and perpetuate the prestige of the S. B. Goddard & Son office, representing, as it does, a large number of leading companies and being one of the most prominent in the New England field.

The announcement elsewhere in this issue of the association of Herbert Huntress as manager of the old Goddard agency will be most pleasing to the many friends of the gentleman in question. He is a clean and capable man and in his hands the interests of all concerned are in safe keeping. It is an occasion for sincere congratulations all round, and they are herewith tendered. A strictly A1 combination.

INNITT.

Stevenson and the Beggar.

While walking in London one afternoon Robert Louis Stevenson and Edmund Gosse met a stalwart beggar whom Gosse refused to aid. Stevenson, however, wavered and finally handed him a sixpence. The man pocketed the coin, forbore to thank his benefactor, but, fixing his eyes on Gosse, said in a loud voice, "And what is the other little gentleman going to give me?" "In future," said Stevenson as they strode coldly on, "I shall be 'the other little gentleman.'"

The Wrong Place.

A shade bustled up to St. Peter.

"My good man," he said, "will you tell me where I must go to procure souvenir post cards?"

And St. Peter, eying him sourly, told him where he could go to.—Puck.

Losing Hair.

"A man loses his hair only once," remarked the observer of events and things, "but some women mislay theirs several times a week."—Yonkers Statesman.

Winchester Electrical Co.
ELECTRICAL CONSTRUCTION
Pepairiug and Supplies
ROOMS 8 and 9 WATERFIELD BUILDING
WINCHESTER
TELEHHONE 298-1 RESIDENCE 'PHONE—READING

WINCHESTER.

Calumet Club gave a Ladies Night on Dec. 1.

Judge Littlefield is the Boss Bowler in this neck of timber.

The next meeting of the Fortnightly Club is to be held on Dec. 14. Stick a pin there.

Thanksgiving Day passed off in the usual manner here—plenty of turkey, cranberry sauce, and good cheer.

Our schools closed on last Wednesday for Thanksgiving, and are to resume operations on next Monday, Nov. 30.

Union Thanksgiving services were held in the Methodist meetinghouse, and Rev. W. I. Lawrence preached the sermon.

The Board of Health beat Laraway & Co., plumbers, in their suit at law, but it is said the Co. will carry the case to a higher Court.

A Fair called "The Festival of Holidays," representing the chief holidays of the year, is to be held in the Methodist church vestry on Dec. 10, 11.

The long drawnout consideration of the gradecrossing question will be a good thing in the end. It will give time and result in the adoption of the best plan.

Mr. James Mulligan, 72 years old, whose home was 735 Main street, dropped dead last Saturday morning just as he was entering his house from down town.

The suspicion that John Rooney, a B. & M. employe, who was found drowned in the millpond here one morning last week, had no foundation. His death was doubtless the result of accident.

It is high time to begin to buy Christmas presents for the little ones. Some of our folks have taken time by the forelock, bought the things, and avoided the rush. Don't wait until the last minute and then get left.

Did you ever hear of anybody being as mum, and sort of downhearted as Brother Tuck has been since election? Bryan's defeat was an awful blow to Tuck, for, no doubt, it cost him a good fat office—Minister, or Ambassador, to the Tongo, or Canibal, Islands, mebby. Yes, it was tough on friend Tuck, but his shoulders are broad, and he can stand it.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor.
Sunday School at 12 M.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street. Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—24th Sunday after Trinity
10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., Evening Prayer.
Rev. W. H. Osmond, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13,
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.
every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Ancient and Modern Necromancy; or, Mesmerism and Hypnotism."
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 21, Jesse Lee Saunders, aged 12 years, 1 month, 14 days.

In this city, Nov. 19, William Graney, aged 78 years.

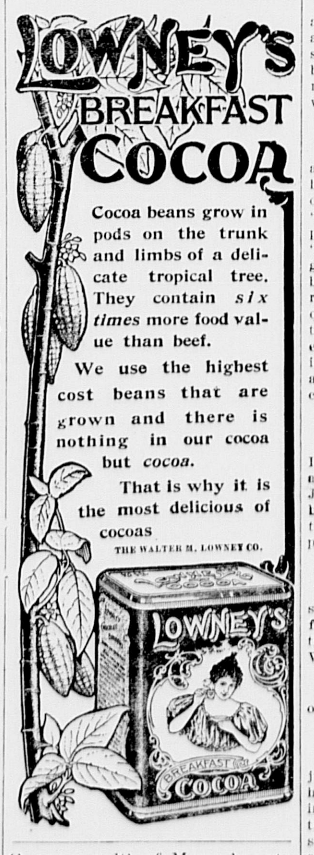
In this city, Nov. 22, Martha Maria Cook, aged 46 years, 7 months, 2 days.

The Resemblance.

"I was always interested in airships and flying machines, so I bought a theater."

"Why did you do that?"

"A theater has wings and flies."



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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Coleman Joyce, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Sarah K. Joyce, of Woburn, in said County, or to some other suitable person.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of December, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

A TRIPLE SURPRISE.

It Came With a Pleasant Outing In a New Auto Car.

A well known author, who for some years has been an enthusiastic admirer of the automobile, had an amusing experience, which she describes in the Bohemian. A new model always attracted her attention, she declares, and when she came out of the New York hotel where she was staying and saw a fine new car standing unoccupied by the curb she stopped to admire it:

While I examined it and gazed with envy a friend, also interested in autos, came down the steps and approached the machine.

"Isn't it stunning!" he said.

I agreed enthusiastically and added that the machine was tantalizing me, as I did so long to take a spin, that my chauffeur was ill and that I was afraid to run my car through the city.

"Why, I will take you," he said. "I haven't anything to do this afternoon. Where shall we go?"

We got in, and I suggested Coney. To make a long story short, the delightful ride gave us an appetite. We stopped for dinner and then went out to Sea Gate to call upon friends. As we were crossing the bridge on our way home at about 11 o'clock my friend inquired, "At what garage do you keep your machine?"

At the question a terrible possibility dawned upon me, and with the remembrance of a certain unfamiliarity that he had displayed at the first in regard to the running of the car the situation became instantly clear. He had thought that the machine was mine, and I had been equally secure in the belief that it was his. In other words, we had calmly gone off with some one else's property.

You may imagine our feelings. We felt confident that we would be arrested on our way uptown. We rolled up to the hotel inwardly quaking. After much inquiry and explaining we found the indignant owner. Fortunately he knew me slightly and had a well developed sense of humor, in spite of a rather forbidding expression as we first faced him with our unfortunate story. I think he believed us.

His parting remark, however, was rather puzzling, although he said it with evident cordiality:

"Whenever you'd like to use the machine again just let me know."

A SURPRISED CAT.

Gautier's Pet and Its Experience With a Parrot.

Of all cat stories the best is one told by Theophile Gautier, the French novelist. He kept many cats, the favorite being "Madame Theophile," and she was his constant companion by day and night. One day a friend, who was going away a short time, brought Gautier a parrot, to be taken care of during his absence. The bird, finding itself in a strange place, climbed up to the top of its perch in a rather frightened manner. Madame Theophile had never seen a parrot before and regarded the creature with manifest surprise.

After a period spent in profound meditation, summoning up all the notions of natural history she had picked up in the yard, the garden and on the roof, she plainly came to the conclusion that the newcomer was a green chicken. This result attained, the next proceeding of Madame Theophile was to lay herself flat on the floor, like a panther, watching her prey. The parrot did not like this at all; it ruffled its feathers and rattled its chain uneasily. Then Madame Theophile came creeping nearer, her nose quivering, her eyes half closed, while slight thrills of pleasure ran along her backbone at the idea of the meal she was about to make. Another moment and she sprang upon the perch.

The parrot instantly straightened up and said in a deep bass voice, "Have you breakfasted, Jacko?"

This utterance so terrified the cat that she sprang backward. All her ornithological ideas were overthrown.

"And on what?" continued the parrot gravely. "On sirloin?"

The cat cast a glance at her master as if to say: "This is not a bird. It is a gentleman. It talks!" And then she promptly hid herself under the bed, and from that refuge she could not be induced to stir during the whole day.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Adages of Morocco.

In an article on the people of Morocco a writer in Paris Figaro says: "They have some queer adages and some that closely resemble ours. Thus they say, 'The camel cannot see its hump, but plainly sees the one of its neighbor;' 'He who depends on his neighbor will go to bed hungry;' 'A wise enemy is better than a stupid friend!' 'Cross the rushing stream, but beware of the quiet, noiseless one;' 'In this world there are three things not to be trusted—luck, women and horses;' 'Mounting a horse, loosing the hunting dogs and hearing earrings rattle drive dull care away.'"

A Heavy Load.

Pop (looking up from the paper)—I see there's a new baby hippopotamus at the zoo. What are you laughing at, Johnnie? Johnnie (who is almost as bright as he looks)—I was jus' laughin' to think of the stork carryin' a hippeerpotamus!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Compensation.

"Speakin' of de law of compensation," said Uncle Eben, "an automobile goes faster dan a mule, but at de same time it hits harder an' balks longer."—Washington Star.

Every one knows best where his own shoe pinches.—German Proverb.

Expected Some Cussing.

A West Philadelphia husband had just comfortably seated himself for his after dinner cigar the other evening when his good wife arose and took the parrot from the room. This done, she picked up a couple of envelopes and approached the old man, all of which occasioned that gent considerable surprise.

"Mary," said he, "what in the world did you take that parrot out of the room for?"

"I was afraid that you might set him a bad example," answered wifey.

"What do you mean?" demanded the wondering husband.

"I mean," answered wifey, handing father the envelope, "that I have just received my dressmaking and millinery bills."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

His Preference.

"You say this man stole your coat?" said the magistrate. "Do I understand that you prefer charges against him?"

"Well, no, your honor," replied the plaintiff. "I prefer the coat, if it's all the same to you, sir."—Philadelphia Press.

Nominating a President.

Until the constitutional amendment of 1804 the president and the vice president were voted for on the same ballot, the man with the second highest number of votes becoming vice president. The presidential electors have not always been chosen by popular vote.

Before 1800 it was the general custom for the state legislatures to choose the electors, and it was not until 1828 that presidential electors were chosen in nearly all the states by popular vote. As late as 1876 the Colorado legislature chose the three presidential electors to represent that state. There is nothing in the constitution to prevent any state legislature naming its own electors without appeal to the people provided such a method of election is prescribed by the state laws.

From 1800 to 1824 presidential candidates were chosen by the members of congress in caucus. In 1824 the electoral college failed to make a choice from the candidates so submitted, and the matter went to the house of representatives. Four years later Tennessee's legislature nominated Andrew Jackson without any reference to the congressional caucus. His opponent, John Quincy Adams, was nominated in the old way, but that was the end of presidential nominations by congressional caucus.

Gathered Him In.

"You look very much excited, dear," he said when she entered the parlor where he was waiting for her.

"Well, I should think I ought to look excited," she answered. "I've just had the most awful argument with ma." And she began to weep hysterically.

"Why, what is the matter, my darling?" he inquired as he slid an arm around her waist and endeavored to soothe her. "What was the argument?"

"Oh, how can I tell you? She said you were only trifling with me and that you would never propose, and I told her she did you a great injustice, for I believed that you would propose tonight. She said you wouldn't, and I said you would, and we had it hot and heavy. Dear George, you will not let ma triumph over me, will you?"

"W-why, certainly not," answered George.

"I knew it, my darling," the dear girl exclaimed; "come, let us go to ma and tell her how much mistaken she was."

And they did, and ma didn't seem to be very much broken down over the affair, after all.

A Little Paint Badly Applied.

The Journal des Debats in an article on "Napoleon on the Stage" tells why the play "L'Homme de Destin" was taken from the stage when its triumph was at the zenith. One evening, according to the story, the emperor, accompanied by his friend Duroc, went in disguise to the Porte St. Martin theater, where the piece was being performed, Eugene Chevalier appearing as the man of destiny. They bought a box, but had hardly entered it when the emperor broke forth in violent execrations against the "fool managers." It seemed that the decorators had left in the box pots of oil and paint, and into these the emperor had stepped. "Wild with rage," says the writer, "he rushed from the house and, to make matters worse, was recognized in the lobby. No paper mentioned the incident, but by order of the emperor the play was never produced again, and Chevalier never appeared again as the man of destiny—and all on account of a little paint badly applied."

Passengers as Bouncers.

A passenger in a full railway carriage in England has a perfect legal right to push away any one else who tries to get into it. This decision was given at Marylebone police court when a man complained that he was pushed out of a carriage at Bishop's road station by another passenger, who said the car was full. "It is the duty of conductors," said the court, "to see that the trains are not overcrowded. They are perfectly entitled to use reasonable force to prevent any one from boarding cars when they are full. If they fail to avail themselves of this right the passengers are entitled to act for themselves."

The Secret of Success.

The motto of success was given in this tale, told at a banquet:

A Swede among the miners in the west was noted for always striking pay dirt. His fellows thought that there must be some secret to the unusual success of the Swede and questioned him as to how he always succeeded in finding the spot where the gold cropped out.

"Vell, Ay don't know ef Ay can tell anytang 'bout dat," answered Ole. "Ay only know dat Ay yust keep on diggin'."—Milwaukee Free Press.

Wrong.

A man recently entered a restaurant and ordered a steak. When the waiter served him with it the customer said, "I'm afraid you'll have to take it back, for I find I've come out without my"—

"Purse," of course interrupted the waiter.

"No," replied the man, "my false teeth!"

More Trouble.

"What's the trouble now?" demanded the janitor. "More heat?"

"No," said the tenant of the latest skyscraper, "but I want these clouds pushed away from my windows."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not Like the Play.

"Life ain't like the plays."

"How now?"

"When I go calling no housemaid ever tells me the family history while making passes at the furniture with a feather duster."—St. Louis Republic.

Asked Too Much.

In R. F. Johnson's book, "From Pekin to Mandalay," the author tells the story of a poor Chinese scholar noted for his piety, who heard the voice of an invisible being who spoke to him thus: "Your piety has found favor in the sight of heaven. Ask now for what you most long to possess, for I am the messenger of the gods, and they have sworn to grant your heart's desire." "I ask," said the poor scholar, "for the coarsest clothes and food, just enough for my daily wants, and I beg that I may have freedom to wander at my will over mountain and fell and woodland stream, free from all worldly cares, till my life's end. That is all I ask." Hardly had he spoken than the sky seemed to be filled with the laughter of myriads of unearthly voices. "All you ask," cried the messenger of the gods. "Know you not that what you demanded is the highest happiness of the beings that dwell in heaven? Ask for wealth or rank or what earthly happiness you will, but not for you are the holiest joys of the gods."

To Drive Away The Blues

Blues on baking day stop baking bread and try Hathaway's. Then you can go out calling if you want to. Thirty years the favorite. What do you think of it?

C. F. Hathaway & Son,
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COPELAND & BOWSER,
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Harmless as Sweet Cream.

Its whitening, purifying properties are derived from Peroxide Hydrogen which is Nature's Bleaching agent.

Peroxide Cream

after three days use will have so cleansed, softened and beautified your skin that your friends will notice it.

The Ideal Skin Food, keeps the skin white and fair. It will not grow hair nor black hair. Absolutely harmless and is a daytime cream. Particularly good for chapped hands or rough skin.

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SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

Finding Is Keeping.

By MARTHA M'CULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Lisabeth climbed into the runabout and sent Meg down the road at a clipping pace. There was a certain likeness betwixt the girl and the mare. Both showed blood; both were handsome in unusual fashion. Lisabeth was a Spanish blond, and her face was vivid as an autumn flower. Thus Meg's copper red coat and flaxen mane and tail brought her beautifully into the picture.

"I don't see why mammy and the colonel never will pull together," Lisabeth complained to Meg when they were safe in the big road. Meg was her only confidant, her nearest comrade.

"If only they ever did agree I might give up to them," Lisabeth went on plaintively. "Since they won't I have to stand up for my own way. They'd hate each other forever if they thought I was partial."

The big road swept in a long curve halfway round the plantation. Lisabeth caught glimpses of the white house, with tall red chimneys, nestling among the trees, all along throughout the first mile.

Several times she smiled at the house; once she shook her fist, saying, with a frown: "Oh, you look good, but but you're just the same as a prison! I can't do anything I want to do, because I'm going some day to be mistress of Willow Wand. But that isn't the very worst—I must marry somebody fit to be master there—if ever they find such a paragon. I won't do it! I won't! I won't! I'll run away with a drummer man or even a gypsy—if I like him."

Lisabeth was nineteen, vital to her finger tips, an only child and, truth to say, rather badly spoiled.

"They fight so, Meg," Lisabeth ran on, more than ever plaintive—"my mammy and the colonel. He gets up first. By breakfast time he has thought of a brand new reason why I ought to marry that Kinross thing." (Type can never express the curl here of Lisabeth's lips.) "And he fires it at mammy as she gives him his coffee—and spoils her appetite always—and makes her cry sometimes. But she gets even. Long before dinner's ready she's ready with something good and better in Hump Dillard. Oh, Lord! Fancy living with a body named Hump! I hear myself saying, 'Humpy, dear,' or 'My Humpy sugar lump!' I have my opinion of folks who would go and name a boy child Humphreys—don't care if the name has been in the family forty thousand years."

She fell silent a little while. The road ran on down Leet's hill, which was more than half a mass of clay bedded round bowlders. One could drive over it safe enough if only one knew how; also if one's horse were clear footed and true pulling.

Evidently a passenger had essayed coming up it who lacked all those things. Halfway down the hill upon a small gravelly bench there was an overturned buggy with a man half sitting, half lying beside it, casting rueful glances alternately at the vehicle and the horse, whose head barely showed above the depths of a roadside gully.

The horse whickered appealingly to Meg, who answered with the least faint whinny. Lisabeth stopped opposite the stranger, leaned a little toward him, saying in her father's most judicial tone: "Um! Can't you pick yourself up after your spill?"

"Certainly I can. I'm doing this all for a lark, of course!" the stranger retorted, pointing to his forehead, bleeding from a long gash, then on to a foot lying helpless in front of him. A smallish brass bound trunk a little beyond explained his plight. In the spill it had somehow fallen upon his ankle, breaking a bone. It was a sample trunk, Lisabeth decided instantly. Therefore the stranger was a drummer.

It served him right for trying to go cross country without a driver and with only a single horse, but that was no more than a fleeting thought. She was giggling so inside as she thought what the colonel would say to him.

The colonel hated the whole race of drummers, albeit he admitted they had their uses. Notwithstanding he would not refuse succor to this special drummer. Lisabeth chuckled inly as she got out and approached him, saying: "I'm real sorry you're hurt. At first I thought you were only"—

"Drunk," the stranger supplemented as she passed, coloring deeply. She nodded. "But I'll spare you apologies. Instead I'm going to take you home with me," she said.

"Sure I'll go?" the stranger asked. Lisabeth gave him a severe glance as she answered: "You needn't unless you want to. Just tell me who you are, who you travel for and where you're going, and I can send word to them right away. The Higleys down yonder," pointing down the hill, "have two telephones."

"Thank you, but I'd rather go with you. My name is Maclise. As for the rest, it doesn't matter," the stranger said, trying to rise and falling back, white to the lips. Lisabeth caught his arm, saying severely:

"Be still, you, while I halloo up Babe and Billy—the Higley boys, you know—to make a bee saddle and tote you to my runabout and take care of your plunder."

"I see," Maclise said, his eyes dancing in spite of his pain. "Don't you think you'd better let me go home with them? I always did like to ride on a bee saddle."

"But you never tried it with a game leg—at least I reckon not," Lisabeth retorted. "Anyway, you can't go to Ma Higley's. I found you in the road, and finding is keeping."

"Clearly there's no more to be said," Maclise answered, shutting his teeth on a groan.

He had only a simple fracture, the doctor said, but somehow he made a very slow recovery. The colonel had sworn over him for exactly half an hour—silently, of course. Humanity and hospitality both forbade anything else. Then he had fallen victim to the charm of a personality singularly frank and winning. As for mammy, she had succumbed instantly.

Lisabeth was not permitted to do more than say "Good morning" through the door so long as Maclise kept his room, but when he came down to sit on the piazza or hobble up and down the garden she followed him like a fascinated child.

He had such tales to tell her. Evidently he had been all over the world. He was thirty, not handsome, but well made and supremely well bred in spite of his vocation. The Mertons each and several deplored the vocation tacitly.

He had not fretted in the least over his accident. Instead, after sending off a couple of brief letters, he had said: "Now everything is fixed. I have only to enjoy myself getting well." All his solicitude had been for the brass bound trunk. He had beside it a suit case cramful of proper clothes. Moreover, his wallet was so fat, his fees and tips so generous, it was clear he had no anxiety about money.

In his first fortnight at Willow Wand all the family had confided to him their plans and grievances. Set speech was hardly necessary. He had sensed so much before it came. After seeing the Kinross thing and the long descended Hump Dillard his judgment veered shamelessly to Lisabeth's side.

"But you need a man of your own to fight for," he explained to her judicially, "somebody—anybody almost—to oppose to these two. You insist that you can do better than take either. You've got to show mammy and the colonel, even if they don't come from Missouri. Don't you know anybody you could idealize into a hero?"

Lisabeth shook her head, murmuring: "I don't know him, but I know of him. It's so aggravating he won't come home. I wonder if you ever met him—M-M-Murray. He's been globe trotting ever since he left college. I made up my mind to marry him—nobody else—two years ago, when I went all over his house, not because it's so fine, but for the name—Goodheart. I love that. And I'm sure I'd love him too. But how can I when he keeps away all the time?"

"It might be harder still if you saw him. No, I've never met him, but I've heard a lot about him—not much to his good," Maclise said, scowling oddly. "If he's the only rival you can scare up I see nothing for it but to propose myself. You found me, you know, and said finding was keeping."

"And I meant it—right then," Lisabeth said joyously. "Even if you are a drummer I believe it will be great fun to go along with you. I might even drum for things myself."

"That's a bargain," Maclise said, holding her tight, but not kissing her. "I'm afraid, though, you won't stick to it when you know I'm a rank, rank impostor—not a bit of a drummer. You don't even know my right name."

"I don't care—I know you," Lisabeth cried, clinging closer. Then he kissed her twice, saying, with the least shake in his voice: "Thank God! Sweetheart, I never before was so proud of myself. But the name is a pretty decent one. I'm asking you formally to be Mrs. Marmaduke Maclise Murray. I was going home with my family papers in that trunk when it lamed me and gave me something very much more precious. Now, what do you think mammy and the colonel will say?"

"It doesn't matter. I say 'Yes,'" Lisabeth whispered. "Still, I believe they won't make much fuss about it."

Vocation and Avocation.

The word "vocation" is derived from the Latin voco, I call; vocatus, calling. "Avocation" is derived from avoco, I call away or divert; avocatus, calling away or diverting. A man's calling or vocation is that for which he has prepared himself, for which he is fitted or for which he has received a call, as we say especially in regard to a religious vocation. But when a man is called away—avocatus—from his regular employment and engages in a diversion or recreation of any kind the word avocation applies to such diversion or calling away. The recreation may be of a very serious nature, as some profound study or arduous work, but it is not his vocation. The schoolboy has no vocation. He is fitting himself for one. But he may have many avocations. Gladstone's vocation was statesmanship; among his avocations were the study of the classics, making translations and sometimes chopping down trees.—London M. A. P.

A Small Girl's Philosophy.

The small daughter of the house was sent to bed early the other evening as punishment for some act contrary to rules and regulations. After she had been tucked in bed for some time and was supposedly asleep the youngster called her father and told him she wished he would go ahead and spank her and have it over with instead of sending her off in that way.

"This lying in bed never's going to make me any better," she said, "and a good spanking would. Besides, it makes me so mad I can't sleep, and so what's the use of it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Only a Misunderstanding.

Several years ago in a well known wholesale house in a big manufacturing town an old bachelor bookkeeper, who had been many years with the firm, suddenly announced that he was to be married.

The partners gave him a week's holiday, and his fellow clerks raised a little purse and presented it to pay the expenses of his wedding trip.

A couple of days after the wedding one of the members of the firm went down to a seaside resort, and there, lounging about the parade and apparently enjoying himself immensely, he saw his recently married old bookkeeper, but alone.

"Where's your wife?" asked the principal.

"She's at home," was the reply.

"But I thought you had money given you for a wedding trip?"

"So I had," was the reply, "but I didn't understand that it was intended to include her."—Pearson's Weekly.

A Valuable Milestone.

A well known novelist was touring through Lancashire in order to learn something of the lives of the inhabitants when he came upon an old man breaking stones on the roadside and, thinking he might gain some knowledge from him, addressed him thus:

"How far is it to Fleetwood, my man?"

"You'll see a milestone a bit farther on," was the gruff reply.

"What's the use, if I can't read?" said the novelist, eager to draw the old man into a conversation.

"Then it'll just suit you, for there's nowt on it," said the old fellow.—London Graphic.

Specific Directions.

The message was transmitted to the "cub" telegrapher. As written it read: "Foundation under freight house needs attention at once."

As delivered to the general foreman the dispatch contained a rather startling bit of information. It read:

"Found a lion under freight house. Needs attention at once." To which he replied briefly:

"Feed the lion and notify the live stock agent."

A BASEBALL WONDER.

"Old Hoss" Radbourne, Greatest of All Pitchers.

THE HERCULES OF THE GAME

His Marvelous Feat of Pluck, Strength and Endurance That Won the Pennant For Providence In 1884—A Record In Games Won.

Pitchers may come and pitchers may go, but the name of "Old Hoss" Radbourne goes on forever. I have talked to many great ball players who have lamented to me the fact that baseball fame is so ephemeral that it was not worth the gaining, and, while no doubt this is in a great measure true, there is one pitcher who has left a name that promises to roll on for many, many years.

Each year hundreds of pitchers claim attention of the world, and each year they are promptly forgotten. But Illinois produced a man who, although now years deceased, has a brighter name than any of the great multitude.

In the great campaign of 1884, when the Providence club, then a member of the National league, was fighting a bitter game with Philadelphia, a catastrophe occurred that seemingly would disrupt its chances of winning the pennant. A player named Sweeney, who was pitching, was ordered to go into right field to change places with "Cyclone" Miller. At that time it was not permissible to take a pitcher out of the game. Whereupon Sweeney promptly walked out of the game, leaving the team with only eight men and with one pitcher, Charles Radbourne.

Two men tried to cover the field, with the result that Providence was completely snowed under. A meeting of the directors was held to decide whether or not the club should be disbanded. Certainly a professional team was never in a sorrier plight.

Radbourne was approached and the proposition put to him. "I can win it all right," said he quietly and in a matter of fact tone.

And then followed the most remarkable battle for a pennant that the world has ever seen. Radbourne established a record that has never been equaled, one that will live when more expensive contests will have been blissfully forgotten. Of twenty-seven consecutive games Radbourne won twenty-six. In four games with Boston he had three shutouts, only one run was scored and only seventeen hits were made. This defeat was suffered at the hands of Buffalo by a score of 2 to 0, and even then only five hits were made off him, showing that the defeat was not due to poor pitching. Needless to say, Providence won the pennant, or, rather, Radbourne won the pennant.

But the great player had to pay the price. No arm could stand the awful strain without great agony. Morning after morning when Radbourne arose he could not lift his arm as high as his waist. He had to brush his hair with his left hand. But he did not give up the game. He would slip out to the park about two hours before the rest of the team put in an appearance and would begin the excruciating process of limbering up. He would pitch the ball only a few feet when he would first go out, but he would keep on trying time after time, rubbing his arm with his left hand. Sometimes his face would be drawn up into contortions, but never a word of complaint left his lips.

Half an hour before the game was to begin the players would slip out to see how "Old Hoss" was getting along. They would sit silently on the bench, waiting for his arm to get into condition. When he was able to throw from second to home base a rousing cheer would go up, for they knew that meant the winning of the game for them.

Radbourne claimed for his home Bloomington, Ill. After his great season with Providence managers all over the country were upon his heels. Flattering offers poured in, and he was not under contract with Providence for the next season either. When the contest was over the late Ned Allen, president of the team that season, sent for Radbourne. He laid the release before him and close beside it a blank contract. Radbourne looked at them both for several minutes and then slowly took up a pen and filled the blank out for a sum only $2,000 higher than he had been getting and tore up the release. Allen almost fell on his neck and wept for joy.

Radbourne's last year in baseball was with Cincinnati in 1891, but it was a sad year. It seems a pity that the career of so great a ball player should end so sadly. That year his work showed great deterioration, for the awful strain made in 1884 was beginning to tell on his arm. At the end of the season he was too proud to go into minor league baseball and so entirely withdrew from the game. He returned to Bloomington, where he opened a billiard hall. He had little to say and in unwinking silence would sit in a corner and watch the young men laugh as they played. He would talk about himself only when cornered, and then but for a few short words. He had always been an ardent fisherman, hunter and sportsman, but he gave up the open life. Each year his taciturnity increased until he became almost sullen.

After a time he gave up his billiard hall and retired into the obscurity of his home, seldom letting people see him. At last, in 1897, he fell ill and soon passed away.—Portland Oregonian.

They Sat Down.

One night at a theater some scenery took fire, and a very perceptible odor of burning alarmed the spectators. A panic seemed to be imminent when an actor appeared on the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "compose yourselves. There is no danger."

The audience did not seem reassured.

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued the comedian, rising to the necessity of the occasion—"confound it all—do you think if there was any danger I'd be here?"

The panic collapsed.

Restless.

Caller—So your cook has passed away to a better place? Hostess—Yes, but I don't know if she'll stay. Poor Bridget was very hard to suit.—Boston Traveler.

"The poet is born, not made," sayeth the proverb. In other words, it isn't his own fault.

SAVED FROM THE GRAVE.

How a Dream Rescued Woman From a Terrible Death.

Mr. Jones was a popular young business man in the city of B. His wife was a woman of strong emotion and most delicate perceptions. Between them there existed a rare sympathy which extended to all the faculties.

Mrs. Jones fell ill, and after a few weeks' agony, during which her husband waited on her with a constancy not often seen, she died—that is, she appeared to be dead. There was no question about it in the doctors' mind. A certificate was issued and an undertaker called in. But for the fortunate circumstance that Mr. Jones was opposed to embalming there would be no story to tell unless it were of another person apparently dead who was revived for a moment under the lunge of the embalmer's knife.

Saved from that fate, Mrs. Jones was laid out in her burial robe, placed in a coffin and on the third day was buried in a cemetery some distance away.

Her husband was greatly affected, so much that his relatives feared an attack of melancholia. His uncle, wishing to arouse his spirits and divert his attention, remained in the house the night after the funeral and was a valuable witness, as it proved, of an event so astounding as to be almost beyond belief.

For an hour or two that evening they talked chiefly about the dead and then went to bed. Mr. Jones, after tossing upon his pillow for a long time, fell into a troubled sleep. In the middle of the night he heard a voice calling his name, "George, George!" The tones were not familiar to him; they did not recall the voice of his wife.

Still conceiving himself the victim of a dream, he again went to sleep. It was daybreak before the voice was heard again, and this time it could not be ignored. He recognized it at last as the voice of his wife in sore distress calling upon him. She cried:

"George! Save me! Save me, George!"

He sprang out of bed, trembling all over. That despairing cry still rang in his ears. So real was it that, although he was awake and remembered perfectly the death, the funeral and all that happened in the preceding four days, he searched the room for her who had thrice called him by name.

Finding that he was alone, he rushed into his uncle's room crying: "Get up! Get up! We must go to the cemetery! She is alive! She is calling me!"

The uncle, skeptical as he was by nature, was carried away by Jones' impetuosity. Both men threw on some clothing, and, while one harnessed a horse to a light buggy, the other procured spades. Thus equipped, they drove to the cemetery at a gallop. The sun rose as they leaped out at the grave and began to dig.

Mrs. Jones had been buried the previous afternoon. Her husband shoveled away the earth in a frenzy of energy. It was firmly fixed in his mind that she had been buried alive and that he might yet be in time to save her. Inspired by his nephew's excitement, the uncle dug with a vigor almost as great as Jones'.

Begrimed and disheveled, they at last reached the coffin and wrenched off the lid. Jones shrieked. His wife was moving. She was trying feebly to turn over in her narrow bed. She gazed at him with eyes that saw not. She was unconscious of her situation.

He passed his arms about her and lifted her out. The two men removed her from the grave, placed her in the buggy and drove home. Physicians were called in. Under close medical care she slowly recovered. Every precaution was taken to guard her from the knowledge of what had happened, and all who were in the secret pledged themselves to silence lest the shock of that revelation of her burial and resurrection might prove fatal to her, but the story leaked out later, when Mrs. Jones got about again.—Baltimore Sun.

She Got a New Pair.

Sarcasticus and his wife were going to the theater.

"Will you please go in and get my goats off the dressing table?" said Mrs. S.

"Your goats?" queried the puzzled Sarcasticus. "What fangle have you women got now?"

"I'll show you!" snapped the wife, and she sailed away and soon returned, putting on her gloves.

"Are those what you mean? Why, I call those kids."

"I used to," replied Mrs. Sarcasticus, "but they are getting so old I am ashamed to any longer."

He took the hint.—Pearson's Weekly.

When a President Resigns.

The method by which a president may resign is provided for in section 151 of the revised statutes, reading as follows: "The only evidence of a refusal to accept or of a resignation of the office of president or vice president shall be an instrument in writing declaring the same and subscribed by the person refusing to accept or resigning, as the case may be, and delivered into the office of the secretary of state."—Washington Post.

Coming Events Cast Shadows Before.

Barber (looking for business)—Excuse me, sir, but your hair is going to come out soon by the handful. Jaggs (who was out all night and is just going home to face his wife)—You (hic) shpose I don' know (hic) that?—Bohemian Magazine.

Becoming.

Mrs. Grumpus (suggestively)—Don't you think, dear, that his season's hats are becoming? Mr. Grumpus—Yes; they're becoming so expensive that I'm afraid we'll have to get along without one for you this time.—Pathfinder.

Why He Did the Washing.

A man came up out of one of the little roof houses across from the woman's window with a big basket of clothes. He was followed by two small boys, carrying more clothes and clothespins. The man put the basket of clothes down and began to sort them out preparatory to hanging them on the line. The boys helped, handing him the clothespins and some small pieces, one at a time. They were a long while hanging out the clothes because of their awkwardness. It was evidently work they were unaccustomed to, but at last it was finished, and the boys went down into the little roof house, leaving the man on the roof. He stood for a moment looking at the clothes, then, going over to a parapet, sat down between two tall chimneys. The woman could see him from her window lean against one of the chimneys and by and by throw his arm across his eyes.

She found out afterward that his wife had died the week before.—New York Press.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IX.—Fourth Quarter, For Nov. 29, 1908.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Isa. xxviii, 1-13. Memory Verse, 11—Golden Text, I Cor. ix, 27—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Any one who writes notes on these lessons can scarcely fail to be impressed with this strange fact—that we never have a lesson from the prophets unless it is the quarterly temperance lesson, and in looking over the synopsis of lessons I notice that no lessons from prophecy appear in the course of study till 1911 and then only in connection with studies in the lives of the kings. It would seem as if prophecy was not considered a profitable study, as if it was considered a dark subject in the midst of much light instead of a light shining in a dark place whereunto we do well that we take heed (II Pet. i, 19). Might not the Saviour have good reasons to say to the professing Christians of our time, "O fools and slow of heart, to believe all that the prophets have spoken?" (Luke xxiv, 25.) Preachers and people seem to have closed eyes and to be in a deep sleep concerning the wonderful purpose of God concerning the ages and are therefore said to be drunken, but not with wine; to stagger, but not with strong drink (xxix, 9). Which is worse—that phase of drunkenness or the beastly drunkenness which is the result of literal strong drink? If we judge from the fact that the awful words which fell from the Saviour's lips, and only from His, concerning weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth were spoken not concerning the openly ungodly, but concerning professing believers who did not believe, it should not be difficult to decide as to what He thinks of it.

It may not be amiss to call attention to the section of Isaiah which this chapter begins, the woe section, but in another aspect it might be called the section of the cornerstone, the tried stone, the sure foundation, laid by God Himself (verse 16), and other foundation there is none, for all else is a refuge of lies, a bed too short to stretch oneself on, covering too narrow to wrap oneself in, and when the Lord comes in judgment and righteousness to sweep away all false refuges and to cause Israel to blossom and bud and fill the face of the earth with fruit then it shall be seen (verses 17-20; chapter xxvii, 6). Drunkenness is the outward manifestation of a phase of proud sinful self which, not knowing what ails it, seeks satisfaction in this form and calls it a glorious good time, not considering that there is a judgment to come, a time when the sowing shall bring a fearful harvest of everlasting woe and all the glory and beauty (in their eyes) of the present rioting shall forever fade away. The disgusting filthiness of their feasts, even though accompanied by music and much that is attractive to the natural man (chapter v, 12), is set forth in verses 8, 9. Not only the ordinary people, but priests and prophets, those who should be the Lord's messengers to the people and stand for the people before God, were guilty of this sin, which may perhaps have been the sin of Nadab and Abihu when they died before the Lord while officiating as His priests (Lev. x, 1-9).

Not the energy nor the excitement of the flesh can serve the Lord, but only the zeal which comes by the Spirit of the Lord; hence the admonition, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit," and that other word, "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts" (Eph. v, 18; Zech iv, 6). "Out of the way" is the expression used twice in verse 7 of our lesson concerning these erring ones. It is found also in Rom. iii, 12, "They are all gone out of the way." In Isa. liii, 6, it reads, "We have turned every one to his own way." There is only one way that is right, and that is "the way," even Himself (John xiv, 6). Those who followed Him are in Acts ix, 2, margin, and elsewhere called people of "the way." "Blessed are the undefiled in the way who walk in the law of the Lord" (Ps. cxix, 1).

We cannot lead others into this good and true way unless we are walking in it ourselves—walking with Him in peace and equity. Then only shall we turn others from iniquity (Mal. ii, 6). How beautiful is verse 12 of our lesson, but how sad its ending, "This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest, and this is the refreshing, yet they would not hear." See the same sad refrain in xxx, 5; Matt. xxiii, 37, "Ye would not." Hear Him also in John v, 40, "Ye will not come to Me." In Matt. xv, 8, He had to use the words of Isa. xxix, 13, "This people draweth nigh unto Me with their mouth and honoreth Me with their lips, but their heart is far from Me." There is no hope for any sinner but in the word of the Lord, therefore verse 14, "Hear the word of the Lord, ye scornful men." But they made light of Him and of it, asking if He thought they were babes just weaned. They did not know, and many today do not seem to know, that "these things are hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes" (Matt. xi).

The day is coming when all the glory and pride and unbelief of man shall be laid low and the Lord alone shall be exalted. Then shall the Lord of hosts be for a crown of glory and for a diadem of beauty unto all who are truly His (verse 5).

Bad Luck.

"Mother," said five-year-old Jack, "how much older than you is father."

"Just thirteen years," replied the unsuspecting parent.

"Well, mother," seriously continued the child, "the next time you marry, don't marry a man thirteen years older than you. Don't you know it is bad luck?"—Delineator.

A Strong Pull.

Two men were having an argument as to their respective strengths.

"Why," said the first, "every morning before breakfast I get a bucket and pull up ninety gallons from the well."

"That's nothing," retorted the other. "I get a boat every morning and pull up the river."

A Doubtful Bag.

Salesman—Sorry we're quite out of game, but I can recommend the sausages.

Mr. Von Sharpeshooter—H'm, yes! But the wife would not believe I shot 'em.—London Half Holiday.

A PUZZLING CLIMATE.

The Curious Way Rain Falls In Balmy Honolulu.

A PERPLEXING SPECTACLE.

Downpours Half a Mile Away That Threaten to Drench You Every Moment, but Never Arrive—A Riot of Broken Up Rainbows In the Valleys.

The most perplexing thing about Hawaii's climate to the new arrival is the matter of rainfall. You begin to experience this perplexity before you have set foot on the dock at Honolulu, when you consult anxiously with your fellow travelers as to the advisability of digging out an umbrella or rainproof before you go ashore. The chances are that you are all convinced that the heavy veil of black clouds which shuts out portions of the mountain scenery from view and the few drops of rain which the fresh shore breeze dashes in your face like flashing jewels torn from that bit of rainbow are warnings too plain to be ignored, and you prepare accordingly for the downpour which seems imminent.

You observe with some surprise that none of the wearers of the dainty costumes you pass on the street appear to be in the least perturbed by the possibility of getting caught in the impending shower until after awhile it dawns on you that the storm keeps right on impending—and nothing more. As you ride in a street car along the flashing seabeach, vivid with color of breaking surf and of flowers in trees and hedges along the way, the sunshine never appeared so brilliant. But off to the left in a beautiful little valley tucked like a deep pocket in the mountains and seemingly scarcely half a mile away there can be no doubt of the fact that a good, heavy rain is falling. The sunlight striking through the falling drops fills the valley with a glory of broken up rainbows—a riot of color that causes one to gasp and exclaim in admiration. There can be no doubt that the rain we have seen falling is real and that it is as near as it seems, for the wind now and then carries refreshing dashes of it into the open car, causing a few of the passengers to change their seats to the opposite side. But still the street is perfectly dry and the sunshine as bright as ever.

Five minutes later we leave the car at the foot of a great jagged pile of volcanic rock that marks the vent of a prehistoric volcano, and the red base and sides which support a stunted, mesquite-like growth and a few cacti look as though they hadn't had a good shower for six months. And they probably haven't.

In time one learns that Hawaii's climate is purely a matter of locality; that the report of the rainfall for any given time, published by the United States weather bureau, does not mean for every place in the territory nor for the island of Oahu nor even for the city of Honolulu, but only for the place where the rain gauge stands. It would not be true for a place half or three-quarters of a mile away. One learns that he may live in Honolulu under very different conditions as to precipitation, according to location. In some of the valleys rain falls practically every day of the year and varies in amount in different parts of the same valley, which may be only a mile or two long. There are other sections in which the splendid lawns and bowers of green foliage which surround beautiful homes are only possible through constant irrigation. And there are to be found almost every degree of moisture between these extremes.

Like everywhere else, one finds people of every turn of mind in Honolulu as to the most desirable places in which to live. In sections where the rainfall may amount to two or three hundred inches per year vegetation flourishes most luxuriantly and with a minimum of attention. There is also an absence of humid feeling in the atmosphere or disagreeable dampness which one usually associates with much rainfall. This is accounted for by the fact that the rain comes in showers, of which a dozen or more may come in a day and may occur while the sun is shining brightly, while the never failing trade winds and a porous soil dry up the surface moisture within a few minutes after a shower has passed. The heaviest precipitation also usually occurs at night.

In the dry sections, if one has plenty of water with which to irrigate (and Honolulu has a splendid system of waterworks with ample supply), one may more easily control what he would grow and at the same time escape the inconvenience of oft occurring showers. Some of Honolulu's most beautiful residence districts as well as the beautiful Kapiolani park, one of the most beautiful tropical gardens in the world, was originally barren sand plains, practically devoid of vegetation and once thought to be worthless. The newcomer is often puzzled to hear an old resident refer to "the plains" when speaking of a section of the city in which are located some of the most magnificent homes and beautiful grounds in the whole territory.

The variation of rainfall, together with the difference in temperature due to elevation, give to Hawaii a diversity of climate that can scarcely be equaled in the world, lacking only in extremes of either heat or cold.—Will J. Cooper.

The man who uses a falsehood for policy, like the woman who powders, soon gets into the habit of putting on too much.—Pathfinder.

The Diving Bell.

The celebrated philosopher Aristotle speaks of a diving bell which was put over the head of the diver, but there is no proof of the use of the bell in ancient times. John Jaesuler, who lived in the early part of the sixteenth century, makes the earliest mention of the practical use of the diving bell in Europe. In all probability the first real practical use of the diving bell was in the attempt at rescuing the treasures of the Spanish armada off the English coast, 1590 and on.

A Change.

"It used to be the height of my ambition to own a motor car," said the worried looking man.

"And what is the height of your ambition now?" asked his friend.

"To sell it."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Ample Cause.

"What on earth possessed you to become engaged to Herbert?" a young lady asked her friend. "You don't love him an atom!"

"I know," was the candid reply, "but that horrid Jones girl does!"

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m, 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7 07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

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The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn for Melrese Highlands at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11 15 P. M.

Leave Melrose Highlands for Stoneham and Woburn at 8 00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Sept. 14, 1908

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Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect October 5, 1908

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55, †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8.21, †8.55, §9.23, †10.21, §11.01, †11.17 a. m., §12.05, †12.59, §2.00, †2.04, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.22, †5.02, †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.

LOWELL — †8.20, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, †4.42, §5.28, †6.42, §9.27, †10.59, §11.02, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H. — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D42 p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell. H Saturdays only.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, Pas. Traf. Mgr. C. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Agt.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
312	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. F. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

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A Matter of Conventions

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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The train screamed its way through the valley, grunted up the steep incline and came to a standstill before the ramshackle little station. It paused while two passengers alighted, and then it hurried off, as if it was glad to get away from such an insignificant stopping place.

Elsie Lansing accepted her leather bag from the taciturn station agent, who at the same time pushed a suit case toward the other traveler, a tall young man buttoned up in a gray ulster.

"Stage here for Greentop?" queried the latter, picking up his grip.

"Not this day!" returned the agent grimly. "Jim Laidlaw, he seems to think Saturday's made special so's he can git a little drunker'n usual! If you ain't expected, you'll have to walk!" With which remark he slammed the station door and turned the key.

"Let me see—it's twelve miles to Greentop, isn't it?" asked the stranger thoughtfully.

"Twelve and a half. Straight road ahead." The agent tramped away across the platform and disappeared inside a small cottage perched on the high bank above the tracks.

Elsie Lansing looked dubiously at the frozen road stretching away between pine clad heights, faintly touched with the early morning sun. She had traveled all night and had telegraphed for her newly acquired brother-in-law to meet her.

There was no sign of the white motor car which had been a part of the bridal equipment and which was to speed her to the Eyrie, in the Green mountains, away from civilization and its attendant comforts.

"If you are going to Greentop, permit me to carry your bag," said the young man, lifting his hat. "It is a stiff walk, but perhaps it will stimulate an appetite for dinner."

"You are very good," replied Elsie pleasantly, "but my bag is not heavy, and I can easily carry it myself."

Without further conversation they left the station and made their way along the road in the shadow of the pines.

It was a crisp day, with a tang of early winter in the breath of the north wind. It was an invigorating day, with its strong scent of pine and balsom, the rattle of crisp, dry cones and the sweet purity of mountain air.

The stranger walked on ahead with long, swinging strides. His head was bent thoughtfully, and it was quite evident that he had forgotten the girl, who was struggling to keep pace with him. Suddenly he turned and perceived her.

"I must ask your pardon!" he cried commiseratively. "I forgot—that is, I did not realize how fast I was walking. Let me take your bag. You are very tired."

He took it from her unresisting hand and looked down at the delicate cheek, paler by contrast of the fringing dark lashes.

"I hope it isn't much farther," she admitted ruefully. "I have been ill, and my strength is fickle."

He stopped and looked about him. They had come to a slight opening in the forest, where the sun streamed over fallen tree trunks and glinted on the surface of a tiny brook that wound its way across the road.

"We will rest here," he said, with a note of authority in his voice. "It is a good deal farther. We have come perhaps three miles. If you will let me take you back to the station I will return to Greentop and procure a conveyance of some sort"—

"No," she objected, sinking wearily on to a fallen log. "I will be rested presently. You see, I didn't eat any breakfast, and"—

"No breakfast!" he echoed blankly. "I don't wonder you are tired. Wait a minute, please!" He knelt down before his suit case and unlocked it. From its depths of masculine apparel he brought forth a small alcohol stove, a bottle of the necessary liquid and a small tin of beef extract.

Elsie watched him with amused interest. With deft fingers he filled and lighted the lamp and opened the tin of extract. "I wonder if he is a drummer and is demonstrating some of his wares!"

But there was something in the man's thin, intellectual face, with its nearsighted blue eyes behind thick glasses, that belied her estimate. There was a vague familiarity about his movements that puzzled her.

"Here," he said, approaching her with a small silver drinking cup, "drink this, please."

"You are very kind indeed," she said gratefully, sipping the hot liquid. "I am afraid I am depriving you of your luncheon."

He threw back his head and laughed heartily. Elsie liked the laugh and decided that she liked the man.

"Excuse me, but you must think I'm an old maid—to be traveling about with that equipment," he said. "You see, I have an invalid aunt in Greentop. These are to rejoice her heart!"

"I have bonbons in my bag," confessed Elsie. "Shall we eat them?"

"Let's," he assented gayly.

When the empty box had been thrown away and the spirit lamp and its appurtenances had been returned to the suit case Elsie arose and drew her furs about her white throat.

"I feel like a new woman," she said gratefully.

"The Lord forbid!" he cried, with fervency.

They laughed in unison as they resumed their journey. The way seemed shorter now as they chatted of impersonal matters. Once the man referred to a certain scientific work.

"I haven't read that; I did read Professor Ray's book on the same subject."

"Ah! You have read Ray's book?" he questioned.

She nodded. "I had to!"

"Why under compulsion?" There was deep interest in his tone.

"You see, Peter Ray is my brother-in-law's elder brother."

"You know him?" he asked.

"Not at all. I have never seen him, but Bob says he is a jolly grind, and my sister says he is charming."

"See that squirrel," said the man, suddenly changing the subject. "It is a flying squirrel, and his antics are worth watching. Squirrels are perfect acrobats."

* * * * * * *

A long, white motor car crawled down the road to the railroad station. A man struggled ineffectually with the speed levers.

"Four hours from the Eyrie, darling," murmured a white veiled vision from the tonneau.

"I can't help it, Lettie! I don't know what's got into the machine! Elsie will be starved to death after this long wait. If Laidlaw isn't there she may try to walk," groaned Bob Ray dismally.

"If Peter was only here!" said Lettie gently.

"Aye, Peter could make the blamed thing go! By Jove, Lettie, look there!" He pointed ahead, where a huge log was rolled beside the path.

On it sat a man and a girl deeply interested in watching the antics of a squirrel in the pine tree overhead.

"Elsie!" cried Mrs. Ray breathlessly.

"And Peter, as I'm a sinner!" added her husband, tooting his horn gayly.

The pair on the log turned around and then arose.

For the first time that day Elsie felt embarrassed at the situation. She could explain the fact that a stranger had accompanied her on the long walk, but now to make it clear to conventional Lettie that sitting upon the log was a natural outcome of their friendly companionship?

Bob Ray saved her from Lettie's displeasure.

"Peter, old, man," he shouted gleefully, "forget all your old 'isms' and 'ologies' and get down and tinker this thing into shape! How is Elsie—tired, eh?"

Elsie flushed and hesitated. Professor Ray came nobly to her aid. "I met Miss Lansing at the station. We came up on the train together, you know. There was no conveyance, so we walked. Glad you met us, though," he added mendaciously.

When the automobile had been inwardly soothed by the skillful hands of the professor they whizzed smoothly toward the Eyrie.

"I thought you and Peter had never met, Elsie?" said her sister, with an interrogative glance.

"Why—yes—we—er—met"— faltered Elsie, with a pleading glance at the nearsighted blue eyes that peered at her from the front seat.

"We me"— said the professor, whose mental insight was without flaw, "we—er—met. Is not that sufficient?"

Lettie looked at her sister's conscious face and at Peter's betraying eyes.

"I think that is sufficient," she said, with a sage nod of her pretty head.

Bread and Microbes.

From experiments made by M. Roussel in Paris it appears that only the crust of bread is submitted to a sufficiently high temperature to kill all the bacteria which the loaf may contain. The inside of the loaf may therefore be contaminated by the microbes from a consumptive baker or conveyed in the water, as is the case with typhoid fever and cholera. Professor Metchnikoff was asked his opinion whether bread could not be a source of danger, and his answer was as follows: "I don't think so. The temperature to which the inside of a loaf is submitted generally exceeds 140 degrees F. At this temperature many microbes are killed—those of tuberculosis, for instance—but there are much hardier germs, such as those of anthrax, the germs of which are only killed at over 224 degrees F. But anthrax is rare, and it is hardly likely that a baker attacked by this terrible malady would continue to work once the disease had declared itself." Professor Metchnikoff advises, however, that only bread which is well baked, and therefore not crumbly, should be eaten.

What She Was Thinking Of.

The young poet had just finished what he considered to be a work of real inspiration, and, rising from his table, he hastened upstairs to where his little wife, a bride of six weeks, was sitting darning his socks.

"Listen, sweetheart," he whispered tenderly. "I have just written this."

And he began to read. He put his whole soul into the reading. His gestures were graceful; his intonation perfect. The whole spirit of his beautiful poem breathed forth as he threaded his way form the beginning to the end of his theme, and when he had finished he looked at her, awaiting her verdict.

For a time she was silent.

"Well, dear heart," he said, "tell me what you are thinking."

"I was wondering, dearest"—

"What?"

"Whether the butcher was not awfully late with that liver," she replied.—Judge.

Proof That Dreams Come True.

"Yes'm, I'm goin' to move tomorrow," said Bertha, the colored washerwoman. "Yes'm, I knowed it last week. I dreamt it. Whenevah I begins to dream of packin' my trunk and gettin' ready to go somewheah the lanlawd he comes the ve'y nex' week fo' the rent. Yes'm, I'm goin' to move tomorrow."—New York Press.

His Logic.

The Angry Mother—You've got an awful nerve to ask me to give you back your ball when you nearly killed one of my children with it. The Boy—Well, ma'am, you've got ten children, and we've got only one ball.—Chicago Tribune.

Manufacturing Chords.

"How is your daughter getting on?"

"Splendidly. She's busy just now at Beethoven's works."

"What is it—one of those pottery places?"—Boston Transcript.

FIRES AND INSURANCE

What Being Burned Out May Mean to a Business.

DAMAGE ONE CANNOT COVER.

Enormous Losses Caused by the Suspension of Operations and the Drifting Away of Trade That Are Not Appreciated by the General Public.

"I suppose you heard that Blank & Co. were burned out from the roof to the basement last night?" remarks the man in the car.

"No!" exclaims the friend who hasn't seen the morning paper. "I suppose they carried insurance?"

"Oh, yes—a hundred thousand of it!" returns the first speaker, at which his friend settles back with the comment that everything is all right then.

This is the layman's conclusion almost invariably. Some big concern burns out, but with insurance to an amount seeming to cover the loss the average man is disposed to feel that it is all right. He doesn't stop to think of the enormous risks of a business which cannot be covered by insurance and which for weeks, months or years after a fire are crippling and perhaps ruinous to the fire victim.

Take, for example, a highly organized factory plant in prosperous times which has been turning out a vast specialized product from the hands of thousands of expert workmen. This plant, fitted with costly machinery, is covered by insurance upon its visible, material assets. Fire sweeps it and lays everything in hopeless ruin. If every piece of machinery, every building and all material adjuncts of the plant have been covered to full value in such a plant, will the reader dare make a rough guess as to what the limitations of loss may be?

Only the other day I stepped into a bookbindery, unostentatious in its street signs and occupying a fifth floor in an obscure street. In the elevator shaft was that peculiar odor which marks the track of fire and firemen days and weeks after such an accident.

"Most of the fire was next door," explained the proprietor, "but I guess the smoke and the water were about as bad for us. Sometimes it is almost better to have the fire yourself than be next door to it."

Which seemed to be especially true of book material. Where smoke and soot had failed to blot and ruin the stock, water from the engines in the street had flooded it until ruin alone was descriptive. Everything had been closed down, workers in the plant were idle, and the proprietor was awaiting the adjustment of the insurance which he had been carrying. But in the extent of this insurance itself was a knotty situation.

Ordinarily the house had carried policies which would have left it the minimum of risk on its machinery, stock and materials. Ordinarily a still further blanket policy was carried for the purpose of covering the normal amount of book material on hand owned by others and contracted for rebinding. But only a few days before the fire the house had received a consignment of $5,000 worth of lawbooks to be bound. These volumes, aside from intrinsic value, represented so much of other value as to make the risk abnormal for almost any season. And these books were ruined.

Before receiving them the binder had asked the owners to take out a policy for themselves protecting them against such fire loss. The firm had not done so, and when the fire damage came the disposition of the owners was to hold the binder for them under one of the binder's blanket policies.

On this one disputed point, taking it into court, will some one make a guess as to what this one feature of the fire may cost the binder, who to all purposes was "insured," if it should be settled in the supreme court after five or seven years, for example?

But in the case of the big manufactory, with its imported special machinery, its season of rush work and its enormous and fluctuating stock of material—if on the morning after the fire the assuring companies settle in full for the visible losses, how much has the company been damaged?

Of first consideration, perhaps, is the enormous payroll of the concern. If most of the mechanical work of the plant has been done by pieceworkers, still the necessary force of directing employees on salary is a problem. The determination of the owners is to start up anew. Tried and proved employees must be retained while the work of rehabilitation goes on. They must be paid even if they are to do no more than wait. Settlement of some kind must be made with contractors who have been supplying raw materials from the hands of other thousands of workers. No matter what the clauses in contracts providing immunity in case of fires, strikes and acts of Providence, every line of business affecting the welfare of the manufactory has been affected.

The plant is a total loss. Before it can be rebuilt the ruins of the old factory must be cleared away.

In the meantime all those customers of the manufactory who have been pressing for the filling of contract orders find themselves shut out of any chance for receiving them. They turn at once to other competing establishments for the work. Not only does the burned out firm lose all chance of profits from this work, but it is running a long chance of losing some of its oldest and best customers of years' standing.—Chicago Tribune.

Not a Free Agent.

Asked when he was married, the colored citizen replied, "All I know, suh, is dat it wuz des w'en she 'lowed she'd git me—ter de minute."—Atlanta Constitution.

Upholstered.

Knicker—The fashionable woman's figure is like a slat.

Boecker—While the mattress, bolster and pillows are worn on the head.—New York Sun.

OLDEN DAY SURGEONS

They Were Exempt From Jury Duty In Capital Cases.

IN A CLASS WITH BUTCHERS

Thought to Be Too Bloodthirsty to Calmly Pass on the Taking of Human Life—Executioners Performed Operations and Acted as Doctors.

When Great Britain's statute book was still in the Draconian state from which it was redeemed by Sir Samuel Romilly and the penalty of death was inflicted for the most trivial offenses, surgeons were exempted from serving on juries in capital cases.

It must not be supposed, however, that this was because their profession was believed to make them too humane for such work as was then imposed on jurymen. We are sorry to say it was for the opposite reason. They were exempted on the same ground as butchers, whose occupation, it was thought, tended to make them too bloodthirsty.

This ought not perhaps surprise us, since two or three centuries ago executioners not infrequently performed surgical operations. This seems to have been particularly the case in Denmark. At any rate, we have more knowledge on this point in regard to that country than any other.

In Janus some time ago Dr. K. Caroe of Copenhagen published a number of documents bearing on the subject. The most ancient of these bears date July 24, 1579, and is a license issued by Frederick II. to Anders Freimut, executioner of Copenhagen, granting him the right to set bones and treat old wounds. He was expressly forbidden to meddle with recent wounds. In 1609 it is recorded in the municipal archives of Copenhagen that Gaspar, the hangman, had received four rigsdalers for the cure of two sick children in the infirmary.

In 1638 Christian IV. summoned the executioner of Gluckstadt, in Holstein, to examine the diseased foot of the crown prince. In a letter addressed to Ole Worm, a leading Danish physician of the day, Henry Koster, physician in ordinary to the king, complains bitterly of the slight thus put upon him. He says that for two whole months the hangman, "who is as fit to treat the case as an ass is to play the lyre," had the case in hand, and the doctor was not asked for advice, and, although the case went steadily from bad to worse, the executioner received a fee of 200 rigsdalers and a large silver goblet—"rewards," says the doctor plaintively, "which the greatest among us would not have received had he succeeded in curing the prince according to the rules of art."

Again, in 1681, Christian V. gave a fee of 200 rigsdalers to the Copenhagen hangman for curing the leg of a page. In 1695 Andreas Liebknecht, the Copenhagen executioner, was in such repute or his treatment of disease that he wrote a book on the subject "in the name of the holy and ever blessed Trinity." In 1732 Bergen, an executioner in Norway, was authorized by royal decree to practice surgery.

Even up to the early years of the nineteenth century this extraordinary association of surgery with the last penalty of the law continued. Erik Peterson, who was appointed public executioner at Trondhjem in 1796, served as surgeon to an infantry regiment in the war with Sweden and retired in 1814 with the rank of surgeon major. Frederick I. of Prussia chose his favorite hangman, Coblenz, to be his physician in ordinary.

It might be suspected that this peculiar combination of functions had its origin in a satirical view of the art of healing, but in the records we have quoted we can trace nothing of the kind. Perhaps the executioner drove a trade in human fat and other things supposed to possess marvelous healing properties. He may thus have come to be credited with skill in healing, though the association surely represents the lowest degree to which the surgeon has ever fallen in public esteem and social position. Compared with the hangman, a gladiator and even an undertaker may be considered respectable.—British Medical Journal.

"Painting the Town Red."

"That expression, 'painting the town red,' is not," writes a correspondent, "the creation of some unknown cockney genius, as some would seem to infer. Its birth has been traced to 'The Divine Comedy.' Dante, led by Virgil, comes to the cavernous depths of the place swept by a mighty wind where those are confined who have been the prey of their passions. Two faces arise from the mist—the faces of Francesca and Paolo. 'Who are ye?' cries Dante in alarm, and Francesca replies sadly, 'We are those who have painted the world red with our sins.'"—London News.

The Family Physician

The best medicines in the world cannot take the place of the family physician. Consult him early when taken ill. If the trouble is with your throat, bronchial tubes, or lungs, ask him about taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Then take it or not, as he says.

Ayer's We publish our formulas We banish alcohol from our medicines We urge you to consult your doctor

Bilious attacks, sick-headaches, indigestion, constipation, dizzy spells—these are some of the results of an inactive liver. Ask your doctor if he endorses Ayer's Pills in these cases. The dose is small, one pill at bedtime.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

LISTLESS READING.

The Way to Correct This Fault and Get Beneficial Results.

"Reading can be made a much greater source of pleasure to those who now only read when they can find no other pleasures," said a Columbia university lecturer on English literature.

"You have perhaps noticed with what keen sense of satisfaction some people read the newspapers. Do you went to know the secret of their ability to extract enjoyment in this way? Well, you have probably noticed that those who can so rivet their attention to the printed page are the ones who make it a point to talk about what they have read.

"That is the secret. Try it. Read something, then tell some one about it. Do this with books as well as with papers. Soon you will notice that in reading a story you fix in your mind the things you want to relate. You get the writer's point of view, then you fix upon the points he has presented.

"At the beginning your story telling will lack the completeness of the story as written, and you will notice that your shortcomings in this direction are due to listless reading. This will correct itself just to the extent of your ambition to become a reader for all there is in reading. I have given this bit of advice before and have been thanked many times by those who followed my directions. Try it and mark the results."—Exchange.

DEEP SEA DIVING.

A Descent of Thirty Fathoms Marks the Limit of Safety.

The depth to which a diver can descend is limited by his power for withstanding the pressure of the water. Apparently a descent of thirty fathoms (180 feet) of water marks the limit of safety for even a few divers who possess the necessary physical fitness in combination with a disregard for danger beyond the average.

Records in deep sea diving have to be accepted with the proverbial grain of salt. It has been claimed that a diver reached thirty-three fathoms and a half while engaged in salvage operations recently on the west coast of South America, and yet again another diver working on the same wreck is reported to have brought up three bars of copper from a depth of forty fathoms at the expense of his life.

An expert who has superintended a large number of diving operations has found that very few men, whatever their build, are capable of combating the severe strain which is brought to bear upon their physical energies for a few minutes at a depth of twenty or thirty fathoms. Many of his divers dared not venture below ten fathoms. Of 352 divers employed at greater depths thirty were seriously injured, and the result was fatal in ten instances.—Harper's.

Papering Damp Walls.

An excellent and comparatively inexpensive way to paper damp walls is the following: Paint corrugated cardboard, such as is sold for packing bottles, etc., on both sides with asphalt varnish and fix it when dried with five-eighths inch tin tacks to the damp wall so that the smooth surface is directed toward the room and the corrugations run from ceiling to floor against the wall. At the floor level one-half inch should be left uncovered. The cardboard should then be covered with coarse hessians or other packing material, on which a plain covering paper and lastly the wall hangings may be pasted. The skirting board should be removed while tacking on the cardboard, which should have small holes of an inch in length made in the raised corrugations at intervals of ten to twelve inches before it is attached to the wall.—Architects and Builders' Journal.

Embarrassing.

A rather pompous looking deacon in a certain city church was asked to take charge of a class of boys during the absence of the regular teacher. While endeavoring to impress upon their young minds the importance of living a Christian life the following question was propounded:

"Why do people call me a Christian, children?" the worthy dignitary asked, standing very erect and smiling down upon them.

"Because they don't know you," was the ready answer of a bright eyed little boy, responding to the ingratiating smile with one equally guileless and winning.—Lippincott's.

Only a Lack of Facilities.

Clara's aunty took her for a visit to Niagara falls. After viewing the great waterfall for some time and the little girl failing to make any remarks aunty tried to draw some expression from her as to what she thought of the spectacle. Finally she said

"Clara, don't you think the falls are beautiful, wonderful?" and was amazed at the child's nonchalant reply:

"Oh, yes, I s'pose so, but I fink our creek at home could do it if it had a place."—Woman's Home Companion.

Knew It All.

One Sunday morning little Bobby showed signs of having something on his mind. Finally he mustered up courage and addressed his father thus: "Say, papa, don't you think it is time for me to graduate from Sunday school?"—Chicago News.

Uneasy Lies the Head.

Snicker—I dreamed last night that I was a millionaire. Kicker—Well, I might as well have been one for all the sleep I got last night.—Bohemian Magazine.

Riches serve a wise man, but command a fool.—German Proverb.

The Man In the Moon.

The dark markings so conspicuous on the moon and known as the "man in the moon" are great plains, lying at a much lower level than the brighter parts. In all probability they are old sea bottoms, some of them having undergone upheavals and other changes since the water retreated from them, others presenting the appearance of being unchanged since the time when the waters dried up or were in some other way removed from them.

A HONGKONG TYPHOON.

Doors and Windows Smashed In by the Fury of the Gale.

Boom! Boom! Boom! The signal had changed to the ominous red-green-red, and the three dynamite bombs were the warning that the typhoon was upon us. No need to hurry the servants now—every one was only too anxious to assist. The wind was tearing round the house, seemingly in all directions, but strongest from the north, and the noise of it was louder than thunder. One outside room, more exposed than the rest, seemed to be its especial butt. We stayed there for a moment to listen to the raging of the storm, but even the stoutest heart could not sleep in that pandemonium of sound. It was well shuttered and barred, but it was incredible that it stood in that tornado of wind. The doors creaked and groaned with the strain, and the windows clattered with a shriller note, while outside it seemed as though all the winds of all the ages were let loose for destruction. In the center of the house, though the noise was less, one could feel the building rocking on its foundations and hardly dared speculate how much the late heavy rains had weakened them. Every moment we expected the roof would go.

Crash! The upper part of an inner glass door had blown in. There was a stampede for that part of the house, for the wind must be kept out at all costs. Sofa cushions, sheets, blankets from the beds, all were requisitioned to stuff the broken panes. We had hardly finished before there was a terrific noise in the basement and such a shouting in Chinese that one could hear the boys above the din of the storm. It was the door of the cook's room which had burst its hinges and bolts, and once the wind had found an entry it made the most of its opportunity. Twenty-seven panes of glass clattered to the ground in the basement before they could get the door wedged back into place with great difficulty. But there was little time to think of the servants, for we had our own troubles upstairs.

The wind suddenly veered round until the full force seemed to be coming from the southwest, and the front of the house began to feel it. The hall door was straining on its hinges, and we had to improvise struts and pile heavy furniture behind it to help its resistance to the wind. Then a rush upstairs, for a bathroom window had crushed in and the door was straining. Every moment the wind was increasing in fury, but the roof held. Between 3 and 4 the typhoon was at its height, and it is impossible to describe the sense of helplessness one feels in such a wild raging of the elements. Sleep was out of the question until the wind abated toward morning, and we rested a little, a tired, sorry looking household, encamped in the safest part of the house.—Nan Peacock in Leslie's Weekly.

GAMBLING SYSTEMS.

The Chances Are Always Vastly Against the Player.

Just a word about systems of gambling followed by various players. Their name is legion—some plausible, some ridiculous, some based on elaborate calculations, some giving wonderful results on paper, and all failing woefully at the tables.

"After fifteen years of experience at Monte Carlo," writes a newspaper correspondent, "costing a sum I should be ashamed to name, after a thorough investigation of more than 400 different systems and progressions, after having employed a mathematician, I can say with certainty that it is absolutely impossible for any system to win at Monte Carlo. Sir Hiram Maxim is wrong when he says the chances are ten to one against the player. I say they are a hundred to one against the player."

This is rather an overstatement, for a few players do win, by luck, not by system, or by a system based on luck, as when a man backs the number of his hotel room or a woman backs her age. Perhaps 2 or 3 per cent of the players win occasionally, and the rest lose, not only because of the bank's percentage and the restraining maximum, but because this is a struggle between a man and a machine—a man with nerves and emotions, a machine with no nerves and no emotions. Let the system be ever so perfect, the gambler with strength of will to follow it has not yet been born. If he had such strength of will, he would not be a gambler.—Cleveland Moffett in Success Magazine.

Rather Ambiguous.

When Weber and Fields were playing together a couple of husky western visitors, seeing New York for the first time, dropped into the Weberfield Museum of Drama to see the show.

"Which is Weber and which is Fields?" asked one, who forgot what a programme was for.

"Derned if I know," replied the other. "But whichever is which, I'd rather be the other one."—Bohemian Magazine.

Missed the Accessories.

"I hear you are receiving attentions from an actor."

"Yes, and I think he would propose if I could rig up a spot light in the parlor and sort of arrange the pianola for a little slow music."—Kansas City Journal.

Wonderful Effect.

Mr. Howard—Isn't it wonderful what force Niagara has? Mrs. Talkmuch—Marvelous! Do you know, when I first saw it for a full moment I couldn't speak.—Brooklyn Life.

Off His Mind.

"Have you forgotten that X that you borrowed of me some time ago?"

"Oh, no. I still have it in my mind."

"Well, don't you think this would be a good time to relieve your mind of it?"

The sorrow of yesterday is as nothing, that of today is bearable, but that of tomorrow is gigantic because indistinct.—Euripides.

The Woburn Journal
Telephone 55.
FRIDAY, DEC. 4, 1908.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR MAYOR
Daniel W. Bond

BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS
John M. Wallace

ALDERMEN AT-LARGE.
Henry L. Andrews
Fred J. Brown
George F. Eaton
John W. Fox
Edward D. Hart
Harold P. Johnson
Benjamin H. Nichols
Parker T. Poole

WARD ALDERMEN
Ward 1 Harry A. Fellows
Ward 2 John S. Jaquith
Ward 3 William J. Sullivan
Ward 4 John M. Portal
Ward 5 Fred W. Shattuck
Ward 6 Samuel W. Highley
Ward 7 John W. Cummings

SCHOOL COMMITTEE
Herbert B. Dow
Clara N. Kelley
Frank B. Richardson

CITY ELECTION.

With three candidates for Mayor in the field the election next Tuesday bids fair to be a lively one, and the vote will, doubtless, be large. For the other posts of honor and profit it does not now look as though there are to be any very sharp contests—neither the Alderman-at-Large, nor School Board, will furnish materials for much of a fight.

It looks as though the Democracy would be defeated at the polls on Dec. 8. That is the opinion of men of observation and judgment. A feeling prevails all along the line that the combined elements opposed to legal liquor selling in this city are morally certain to beat the prolicense party next week. The tide seems to be setting strong in that direction, and the friends of sobriety and good order feel confident of carrying the day. It certainly looks dubious for Mr. Hugh Murray and his supporters.

Only two more days remain for campaigning—Saturday and Monday—the last of the three working days to be devoted, of course, to casting of the ballots. It is to be hoped that there will be no electioneering by either party on Sunday.

Reade and Murray, candidates for Mayor, will split the Democracy into two opposing wings, but how near the center of the party the dividing line will fall cannot now be foretold with the least degree of certainty. Reade deserves the largest part of the Democratic vote, and he is personally more popular than Murray; Murray, however, has the advantage of a regular caucus nomination.

But Bond, no doubt, will whip both of them.

FOR LICENSE.

Late last week one of the two newspaper organs of the Democratic party in this city announced that a vigorous campaign for license was to be carried on from that date to the closing of the polls next Tuesday evening. Mr. Hugh D. Murray, the Democratic candidate for Mayor, in his speech of acceptance of the nomination, declared strongly in favor of license, and urged his party to vote for it; and his position on that question was unanimously endorsed by his supporters. There can be no mistake as to where Mr. Murray and his following stand on the license question and those who vote for him will do so with their eyes wide open as to the effect of their action on it.

Candidate Murray and his Democratic supporters are determined to pull Woburn back into the license column if possible; but can they do it? Not if the voters on the other side of the question do their whole duty at the polls next Tuesday. They are in the majority and can win the fight, if so minded; then why not win it? All that is needed to succeed is earnest work and a full vote; and that, in our opinion, is what the Antilicense party are going to show next Tuesday.

DON'T FAIL TO VOTE.

Every Republican voter, and everyone who prefers a clean business administration to the other kind, should be sure to go and vote the Bond ticket next Tuesday; and he should visit the polling booths early in the day in order to make sure that his ballot gets into the box and counts.

The election is to be one of the most important that has been held here for the choice of a Mayor and other city officers in the last dozen years, and if there has ever been one in the history of the city that imperatively demanded the work and vote of every friend of good local government, this is that one.

No true Republican will fail to do his duty at the polls next Tuesday. He never had a better city ticket to cast his ballot for. It is really nonpartisan, and composed of as good men as there are in Woburn.

On a full vote the Bond ticket will be elected by a big majority. And so will NOLICENSE.

COMPARE THEM.

If there are any voters who have not already done so, we would like to have them take in hand and compare the Bond with the Murray ticket, and mark the superiority of the former over the latter in every essential qualification for the best execution of the trusts reposed in the men composing it. Take the case of the two candidates for Mayor, would any sensible man hesitate for one moment to choose and vote for Bond? Not but what Mr. Murray is a good neighbor and respectable citizen; but nobody will claim that he is in the same class with Mr. Bond, or that he is anywhere near so well qualified for the important office of Mayor. And, besides a lack of natural, or acquired, fitness for the position, he entertains views on moral questions which are not in accord with the best prevailing sentiment. His speech of acceptance the other night furnished abundant evidence of this; and, also, good reasons why Mr. Bond should be elected Mayor.

CHANGED TO "NO."

Seven Massachusetts cities held elections last Monday, two of which—Marlboro and New Bedford—voted "No" on the license question for the first time in many years; and not one of them changed from "No" to "Yes." This ought to strengthen the "No" vote in Woburn next Tuesday.

☞ It is safe to say that Mrs. Clara N. Kelley, wife of Dr. S. W. Kelley, who the Republicans have nominated for the School Board, will be elected by the biggest kind of a majority. Granted that the Republicans had determined to name a woman for the Board, which was highly judicious and proper, their choice could not have fallen on a better one for a candidate than Mrs. Kelley. She is amply qualified for the position both as to education and business capacity; and of the fact that she will make an influential member of the Board there cannot be the least doubt.

☞ One of the most encouraging signs of a victory for the Bond Mayoralty ticket at the polls next Tuesday is the activity of the young men in aid of it. They are putting in work that will tell for the best interests of the city. They are in dead earnest about it, too. It is gratifying to see the young men so zealous, active and persevering in behalf of a ticket the success of which will insure the best kind of a municipal administration for the coming year. The boys are busy and sure to win on election day.

☞ There are several things in Mr. Hugh D. Murray's appeal "To the Democratic Voters of Woburn" that will cause people who think and know to smile. It contains a great deal of buncombe. We would not go so far as to say that Mr. Murray is a Demagogue; but the man who wrote that appeal for him comes pretty close to making him out to be one.

☞ The Woburn Republicans who take the early morning trains for their business in Boston will, of course, vote before they start—everyone of them—for Bond and Nolicense.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Edison Co.—Light.
Land Court—Notice.
F. P. Shumway—Long.
Nora T. Condon—Probate.
City of Woburn—Candidates.

— City election Tuesday, Dec. 8.

— The District Nurse made 151 calls in November.

— The Woburn Basketball team are to play at Charlestown one week from tonight, Dec. 11.

— Council 77, K. C. gave an exceedingly pleasant and successful Ladies Night last Monday evening.

— Rev. A. H. Herrick, pastor of the Methodist church, preached an able sermon on Nolicense last Sunday morning.

— There is small doubt that John M. Wallace will be elected to the Board of Public Works in this city on Dec. 8.

— Notices are being sent to real estate owners in this city to clean the trees on their premises of the g. and b. t. moths.

— Copeland & Bowser show fine Christmas stocks of goods this season. No need of going to Boston for Christmas presents.

— Miss Helen Ramsdell entertained Gabalotte Club last Friday evening at her home on Arlington Road with whist and a luncheon.

— On Dec. 4, Miss Grace Chamberlain will read Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale" before the Woburn Woman's Club.—GRACE M. BRYANT.

— Mrs. Bruce of Marseilles, Illinois, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel H. Richards of Fairmount street, this city, and other relatives and friends.

— Lawrence Reade filed, in due season, nomination papers as an independent candidate for Mayor. That will make Hugh Murray, Democratic candidate, sweat.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— The Republican Ward and City Committee will do their level best to get every voter in their Party to the polls next Tuesday. Good weather will fetch out a big vote.

— Smith & Wallace, manufacturers at Montvale, presented their employees with turkeys for Thanksgiving dinners. The firm are fair and liberal with their workmen, therefore, prosperous.

— It is expected that the woman vote for School Committee will be a heavy one. Mrs. Kelley is one of the most popular women in the city, and her sex can be depended on to give her a rousing vote.

— Mr. Thomas Heartz entertained his brother, Mr. John A. Heartz, of Gloucester on Thanksgiving Day; and Mrs. Heartz did the agreeable to her daughters Grace and Angie on that N. E. festival occasion, and fed them on turkey.

— The Woburn Machine Company, Woburn, Mass., is placing on the market new putting out machines for putting out sheep and goatskins. They are said to do excellent work without tearing the skins.—*Hide and Leather Reporter.*

— A change of weather from 68 to 28 in the course of a few hours, as was the case from Dec 1 to 2, is one that is apt to try the soul. Tuesday was almost a summer day; on Wednesday it was cold enough to make ice, or nearly so.

— The Boston & Maine Railroad Company have a large and prosperous Y. M. C. A. Department, the Calendar of which for 1908 9 is a handy thing to have by those who are interested in the Order. It gives a brief program for each day in the year.

— Whitcher's soda fountain is on duty every day the year round, and the demands of the public keep it busy. Whitcher isn't a chap who blows his own horn very much, but the people like his style, and his drugstore stands at the head in the first row.

The Maximum Cost of Electric Light is ½ WHAT IT WAS A YEAR AGO

The Reasons:

1—TUNGSTEN LAMPS AT REDUCED PRICES
2—SMALLER SIZED TUNGSTEN LAMPS
3—MAXIMUM PRICE FOR ELECTRICITY CUT 20%

Get the real facts before you and see whether you can afford to go another week without the hygienic, modern, scientific light that comes and goes at your finger's touch. You can have it where you want it, and only when you want it. You turn it off and stop the cost as easily as you turn on the ilght.

EDISON ELECTRIC ILLUMINATING CO.
39 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON
TELEPHONE OXFORD 3300

Get our advice, free, on increasing Illumination or decreasing bills.

HARDWARE
Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.
H. B. BLYE & CO.,
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.
Telephone connection.

NEW FALL STYLES
— AT —
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Fine Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Woburn

— Place & Wilcox attend to all kinds of insurance at their office, 416 Main street, and Mr. Place does a real estate business. The Boston & Maine timetable card, issued a few days ago by Place & Wilcox, is a neat and handy article to have in ones pocket.

— After 6 years of faithful and highly satisfactory service, Miss Nellie O'Neil has resigned the office of Chief Operator at the Woburn Telephone Exchange and the Company lose one of their most competent employees. The telephone patrons liked her, too.

— The Democratic Bosses despair of carrying the city for License on next Tuesday. They have discovered the writing on the wall, in which there is to be seen no encouragement for legal liquor selling in this city next year. Their defeat will be a blessed thing for Woburn.

— Capt. E. F. Wyer was one of the speakers at the Republican ratification meeting one evening last week. The Captain always favors good, clean local government, and the best men to fill the city offices. When he takes part in a gathering of the kind it is always regarded as a good sign.

— Mrs. Mary D Hagerty, who was nominated by the Democrats for the School Board, declined to run, and withdrew in due and legal form. It looks as though Mrs Kelley and Messrs. Dow and Richardson would be the only candidates to receive votes for the School Board on election day.

— An exhibition and sale of paintings by the late Benjamin Champney is held between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. every day at 40 Pleasant street, and will continue to Dec. 25, or Christmas. There still remain of his works many beautiful pieces, which will be sold at moderate prices.

—A North Woburn market gardener sold in Boston the day before Thanksgiving radishes and cucumbers, raised under glass, to the amount of $265. The radishes brought $2 50 for 60 bunches; and the cucumbers $12 a box of 75. He sells four loads a week in the Boston market, and coins money.

— Rev. Mr. Scott, former pastor of the St. John's Baptist church of this city, and still a respected resident, is putting in good, strong work for the election of Mr. D. W. Bond for Mayor and the cause of Antilicense. Which means that the colored population of this city will vote right on Dec. 8.

— Mr. Frederick A. Dickson of 72 Pearl street, N. W., was found dead last Monday noon at the foot of a short flight of stairs leading from outside of his house to the cellar, down which he had fallen two hours before the discovery of his body, and broke his neck. He was 54 years old, and a leather manufacturer.

— Unless the Metropolitan Park Commissioners look more carefully after their wild deer in the Middlesex Fells this part of the country will soon be wholly overrun with the animals. Last week several of them made their appearance in this city and wandered around unmolested; and at Winchester they are often seen.

— Mr. Jonathan Ela, a Democratic wheelhorse of this city, who learned his Democracy in New Hampshire, where only the pure, unadulterated article is to be found in original packages, is one of the strongest and most active supporters of Daniel W. Bond for Mayor and Nolicense that is anywhere to be found. He is safe for a good many more than his own vote, too.

— Miss Marion Hortense Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H Taylor of 23 Pleasant street, passed the twelfth milestone marking the progress of her life, last Sunday, Nov. 29, in a contented and happy manner. She kindly and generously remembered her friends, to whom she made presents of fruits and other good things, and thus added to their comfort and pleasure.

— The last of the series of union Sunday evening meetings, conducted by our home clergymen, in aid of the Nolicense cause, is to be held in the First Congregational church at 7 o'clock next Sunday evening, Dec. 6. The meetings have brought out large and enthusiastic audiences, and will be entitled to a generous share of the credit for the victory that Nolicense is sure to win next Tuesday.

— Mr. George B. Ballard, a prominent citizen and leather manufacturer, died at his home on Arlington Road last Monday, at the age of 59 years. He was President of the Ballard Leather Company, and the Ballard Japaning Company, the latter being an organization for the manufacture of patent leather. He was a native of Pickering, Ontario, but spent a large share of his life in Michigan, to which State the remains were taken for burial.

— The two Democratic Press organs in this city are powerful advocates of license for the sale of intoxicating liquors, and supporters of Murray for Mayor. Both are "down on" Mr. Reade, the Independent candidate for Mayor, for the reason that he is supposed to be friendly to the Nolicense cause. The Democratic newspaper organs aforesaid are putting in their best licks for "Murray and License;" but it looks as though they would have their labor for their pains.

— It is doubtful if the Oldest Inhabitant ever before knew of a Winter opening with a temperature of 68 in the shade, as it did last Tuesday, Dec 1. It was the most remarkable Winter weather that had ever been experienced in this latitude. It had been unusually warm for some time; indeed, November was a mild month; but the first day of Winter, 1908, was a record breaker. The opinion was freely and universally expressed that it beat the Dutch. It was more like early September than the beginning of Winter.

— At 6 30 o'clock, Friday evening, Dec 11, a salad supper is to be served by W. R. C. 161, in G. A. R Hall, Savings Bank block, as a feature of the Military Bazaar to be opened by them on that date. A sale will follow the supper. The committee having the management of the affair are Mrs. Seretha Jones, Mrs. Annie Wright, Mrs. Mary Dunsmore, Mrs. Adelia Jones, Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Mrs. Isabella Sylvester, Mrs Hattie Bowser, Mrs Susan Crowell, Mrs. Lucy Gott and Miss Mabel Patten.

— Christmas comes in three weeks from today, and it may change Friday from an unlucky to a lucky day. It is high time that the Christmas presents were selected and laid by for the 25th, because in the last few days before the advent of the great holiday there is always a rush at the stores that gives an uncomfortable turn to shopping; and not only so, but late buyers will find, to their regret, that the stocks have already been thoroughly gone over by previous visitors, and the choicest goods gobbled up. "Go early and avoid the rush."

— Dr. W. P. Defrieze of Boston, formerly a resident in the enjoyment of a large medical practice in Woburn, and Lady Defrieze were the guests of ex Mayor W. F. Davis and spouse at their home on Arlington Road, this city, last Thanksgiving Day. A royal dinner was served and greatly enjoyed by the guests and their entertainers, the turkey being especially fat, juicy and sweet; so much so that Dr. Defreze said he failed to call to mind a Thanksgiving turkey the discussion of which, with appropriate trimmings, and walnuts, had afforded him so much pleasure as this one provided by the ex Mayor. In talking over summer camp life in the primeval forests of the Upper Kennebec River in Maine; repeating anecdotes connected with strenuous life on Squaw Lake; telling of hairbreadth escapes from the wild animals of Flagstaff; and in other interesting conversation, a delightful afternoon was spent by this gathering of intimate friends under the hospitable roof of Woburn's former respected Chief Executive.

— It was only 20 above zero at 7 o'clock yesterday morning.

— Hope Rebekah Lodge entertained a large delegation from Grand Union Rebekah Lodge of Lowell last Tuesday evening.

— Judge Edward F. Johnson has been elected President of the Board of Public Library Trustees to fill the vacancy caused by the decease of Hon. E. D. Hayden.

— Mr. and Mrs. George H. Newcomb were surprised at their Mishawum Road home last Friday evening by a party of friends, the occasion being the 19th anniversary of their wedding day. On departing they presented them with a generous purse from their friends and Capt. Newcomb's associates in the Fire Dept.

— The following are the new officers of Charles H. Moloy Camp, U. S. W. V.: Commander, Albert Penney; Senior Vice-Commander, John J. Harris; Junior Vice-Commander, J. Edward Graham; Officer of the Day, Philip Shea; Officer of the Guard, Roger Flaherty; Surgeon, Theodore P. Rogers; Chaplain, James N. White; Delegate to the State convention, Albert Cummings.

— There seems to be a revival of donation parties here this season. They do not run so strongly to ornamented slippers and lounging coats, or study jackets, for ministers as they did in former times; but are good things to practice, and, therefore, are to be commended. They are apt to loosen the heartstrings, as well as the pursestrings; and that is a good thing, too. The JOURNAL approves of donation parties, but is opposed to "tagday," or "tagging" raids. How quickly that detestable fad dropped out when the press turned against it!

— The Armour Company and the Swift Company, both of Chicago, each maintains a wholesale headquarters in this city, at which immense amounts of meats of all kinds are annually sold and distributed here and neighboring places. For Thanksgiving dinners the Armour Company sold 20,000 pounds of turkeys; 3,000 pounds of fowl and chickens; and 1,000 pounds of ducks and geese. The Swift Company sold 19,000 pounds of turkeys; 2,000 pounds of fowl; 600 pounds of chicken; 200 pounds of ducks; and 50 pounds of geese. Both together sold 39,000 pounds of turkeys.

Flag Raising.

Woburn's splendid High School building, erected at a cost of $150,000 has the honor—and it should be officially recorded for the benefit of future generations—of being the first school in the State to float the white Flag of the Commonwealth, which, at the suggestion of Governor Curtis Guild, and through his influence, was provided for and named by the Massachusetts Legislature of 1908. The event took place at 11 o'clock, a. m., on Tuesday, Dec. 1. 1908, at which Governor Guild was Orator of the Day. His address was a fine one, and the applause with which it was received was enough to make any man feel proud. The following program was carried out at the raising and unfurling to the breeze, along side of "Old Glory," the States emblem:

Patriotic Medley,
Woburn High School Orchestra
Presentation of the Flag of the Commonwealth, Samuel W. Mendum, President Woburn Progress League
Acceptance, George W. Low, Principal
Singing by the School, "The Breaking Waves Dashed High"
Welcome to His Excellency, Curtis Guild Jr., Governor of the Commonwealth, Hon. William E. Blodgett, Mayor of Woburn.
Address by the Governor
Singing by the School, "America"
Orchestra, Selected.

The exercises were held in the Assembly Hall of the High school, which was filled to its utmost capacity, and even at that, only a small part of the people desirous of witnessing the ceremonies could be accommodated. There were nearly 400 students present and many residents. On the stage were Governor Guild, Mayor Blodgett, President Samuel W. Mendum of the Woburn Progress League, Principal Low of the High School, members of the School Board, delegates from G. A. R. Posts 33 and 161, and a few others.

On the State Flag, which measures 8 by 12 feet, is displayed on one side the Coat of Arms of the Commonwealth and on its reverse side a blue shield bearing the representation of a green pine tree upon a white field. This gift to the school was made by our citizens, acting upon the suggestion and under the auspices of the Woburn Progress League.

To Samuel W. Mendum, President of the League, is given the credit of originating the idea. It occurred to him when the Legislature of this year defined the Flag of the Commonwealth and Gov. Guild requested that the daily display of the State Flag be made on all State buildings.

The speeches were all excellent and appropriate, and each was greeted with hearty applause. During the exercises a pleasing incident was the presentation of a beautiful bouquet of choice flowers to Governor Guild by Frank Hickey in behalf of the School.

The exercises were interesting and entertaining, and not a hitch occurred in them from start to finish. Teachers and pupils of the High school are proud of their State Flag, for which they have good reason.

o License.

"Nolicense" is now in active operation in hundreds of localities throughout the United States, and it has never been a failure anywhere. On the other hand, it has been a success everywhere, for every fairminded person must know that it has diminished the volume of the liquor traffic everywhere, in some places greatly reducing it, while in other places it has swept it entirely away.

The citizens of Woburn have recently had a short and most satisfactory trial of the "Nolicense" policy, and we cannot, for a moment, believe that, at the coming municipal election on Tuesday next, the intelligent Christian citizenship will vote for the re-establishment of a traffic that destroys its people, body and soul, makes hundreds of homes miserable and wretched, which would, but for the saloons, be peaceful, prosperous and happy.

Let the line of battle be formed, and let every voter cast his ballot "Yes" or "No." In the Yes line will be found every blasphemer and Sabbath-breaker in the city; every rogue, rough and rascal between the Burlington and the Winchester lines; Every thief, robber and burglar between Stoneham and Lexington, will all be found working together earnestly, harmoniously and fraternally for the one common end, viz., the reestablishment of the infernal liquor traffic up and down the streets of our beloved city.

Let there be a tremendous "No" vote against this "gigantic crime of crimes" on Tuesday, December 8.

C. B. LEATHE.

Hospital.

The establishment of a hospital on the late Choate homestead is assured. At a meeting presided over by Dr. Robert Chalmers, who has been a leading actor in the matter, last Monday evening, all the steps necessary for the accomplishment of the enterprise were completed, and a certificate of incorporation is all that remains to be done. The name adopted for the corporation is "The Woburn Charitable Association," and the officers elected were: President, Elmer E. Silver; First Vice-President, John G. Maguire; Second Vice-President, John W. Johnson; Treasurer, Edward Johnson; Secretary, William H. Keleher; Trustees, James Skinner, L. Waldo Thompson, Everett P. Fox. Thus, as the result of the interest and good work of the Woburn Medical Society this city is to have a firstclass hospital splendidly located and amply equipped for business, an establishment the necessity of which has long been felt.

BOSTON THEATRES.

THE BOSTON.

Of all the pleasing attributes to that master of stage craft, David Belasco, there is none of such interest as "The Heart of Maryland," which will be given at the Boston Theatre next week. This was really Mr. Belasco's great effort, or the first play in which he proved the conviction to the effect that Mrs. Leslie Carter had in her all the qualities of a great actress. Mr Belasco wrote the play at a time when he was practically down and out, and when he had finished he could not get anybody to produce it. It was many months before he was able to secure a backer, and that backer, with Mr. Belasco, made a fortune. That "The Heart of Maryland" had all those qualities that will make it live for all time has since been demonstrated. It will be produced at the Boston Theatre with all the splendid effects of the original production, including the great belfry scene, which is said to have been suggested by that famous poem, "The Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night."

KEITH'S.

Robert Hilliard, than whom there has never been a greater favorite in vaudeville, that is, among those who have come from the legitimate stage, will be the headline feature at Keith's Theatre next week. He will appear in a one act drama that will be seen here for the first time. Unusual interest is being manifested in it by Mr. Hilliard's admirers from the fact that he will appear in a part entirely different from any he has assumed. For years he has been known on the stage as "Handsome Bob Hilliard," and has always had characters that have been of a particularly fascinating nature to matinee girls. In his present piece which is entitled "Convict 973," he plays the title role.

THE GAIETY.

The attraction at the new and handsome Gaiety Theatre on Washington street near Boylston street, Boston, for the week of December 7, will be W. S Jersey Lilies Extravaganza. This will be the first appearance of this celebrated organization in Boston this season. The show this year is entirely new from start to finish. The funny German comedian, Leon Errol, has written an entirely new first part entitled "The Airy Widow," and the closing burletta "Hunting An Heiress," in which Miss Fannie Vedder appears as Lucindy Wriggles. The new Gaiety is rapidly establishing a reputation of being the home for refined burlesque in Boston. A large per cent of the daily afternoon and evening audiences is made up of ladies.

CASTLE SQUARE.

"The Earl of Pawtucket," as lively and as entertaining a farce that has ever been written, comes to the Castle Square next week for its first stock performances in Boston. Augustus Thomas has written many successful plays, but none more humorous and none more popular than this. Its characters are bright and comic, its dialogue is sure to rouse a thousand laughs, and its maze of complications are gradually unfolded so that the audience is highly satisfied as well as continuously amused. It is divided into three acts, each scene representing an apartment in Waldorf Astoria in New York, and its plot involves the adventures of an English lord who cemes to America in serch of a beautiful American girl that he has met in Paris under romantic circumstances. Every moment of the play holds the attention, and every incident is mirth-provoking in the extreme.

NEW WINTER GARDEN.

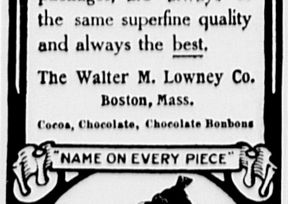
Boston's new Winter Garden at Park Square is growing in popularity as the season advances. An extraordinary list of attractions is offered and the management has booked others which will certainly make this new Boston amusement enterprise a most delightful place to visit during the winter afternoons and evenings. The Garden is opened every day at noon and its gates do not close until 11 o'clock at night. Many of its chief features are free to patrons. The Garden is always brilliantly lighted, is magnificently decorated and is a safe, delightful place to visit at any time of the afternoon or evening. It is open from noon until eleven o'clock every week day and Sunday evenings from seven to ten o'clock, when a fine concert is given for the same price of admission as upon the other six days.

LOWNEY'S
Chocolate Bonbons
are the most delicious and the most wholesome of confections and have the largest sale of any in the world.

They are sold in sealed packages, are always of the same superfine quality and always the best.

The Walter M. Lowney Co.
Boston, Mass.
Cocoa, Chocolate, Chocolate Bonbons

"NAME ON EVERY PIECE"



CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

Telephone Talks

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

A "prompt" answer turneth away wrath. You know how you feel when you are kept waiting at the telephone. Remember: Example is better than precept.

"No One on the Line"

It has been pointed out that there are three parties to a telephone conversation, namely, the person calling, the operator, and, last but not least, the person called.

The operator has no authority to compel an answer to her summons. She simply forwards to your telephone a mechanical signal. Interpreted, this means "Some one desires to speak to you." It remains fer you, the person called, to recognize this request.

There are two strong reasons why you should answer promptly, and both vitally concern you:

☞ 1. If you are slow in answering, the caller may hang up the telephone and assume that you are not accessible. Later, if you answer at your leisure, the operator can vouchsa e no information save that "there is no one on the line." Who called you? The operator probably does not know. Any operator in your exchange may have called you, rather than the operator specially assigned to answer your calls.

☞ 2. From the moment the operator calling you "plugs in" on your line until she ceases her effort to attract your attention, your line is "busy" to all other callers.

If you are dilatory, therefore, you are obstructing you own service. You are also causing disappointment to your caller and annoyance to yourself.

New England Telephone & Telegraph Co.

1908 Wall Papers 1908
Picture Framing a Specialty
Agent for the Oliver Typewriter
Repairs on Estates, and Collection of Rents. Houses For Sale and To Let.
Established in 1879.
C. E. SMITH. 439 Main St.
HOME OFFICE: 11 Bennett Street.

Dow—Skinner.

The marriage of Mr. FREDERICK THOMPSON DOW of Birmingham, Alabama, son of Mrs. Carrie E. Dow of Arlington Road, and Miss MAUD MELINA SKINNER, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Skinner of 79 Montvale avenue, at the residence of the bride's parents, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 2, 1908, was a hymenial event of more than ordinary local interest, for both the lady and gentleman are natives of Woburn, members of families prominent in social circles, graduates of the Woburn High school, and general favorites in the best society.

The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D.D., pastor of the First Congregational church of this city, assisted by Rev. Henry C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church. The Maid of Honor was Miss Annie A. Skinner, sister of the bride, and the bridesmaids were Miss Bertha P. Trull and Miss Gladys F. Aldrich, both classmates of the bride at Smith College, from which the three young ladies graduated in 1903, Miss Skinner as Valedictorian; and Miss Edith Place, niece of the groom, and a student at Smith, was flower girl. The Best Man was Mr. Julian E. Dow, brother of Frederick.

The Bride wore an empire gown of white satin and rose point lace with hand embroidery, and carried a shower bouquet of valley lilies. The Maid of Honor wore pink meteor crape cut empire and carried pink sweet peas. The bridesmaids wore empire gowns of point d'esprit over pink satin and carried bouquets of pink and white sweet peas. The flower girl wore a muslin frock of white encircled with a pink sash and carried a basket of sweet peas.

The Ushers were Edward Johnson, Daniel R. Beggs, Charles G. Lund, Jr., Alfred G. Place.

The groom, who graduated from Harvard University in the class of 1900, has been a successful business man in Alabama, with his brother Julian, for several years, and, after an extended wedding tour, will take his bride there for their permanent future home. Only members of the two families and a few intimate friends witnessed the nuptial ceremonies, but the subsequent reception was attended by a great many people from this city and abroad, and was an elaborate and fashionable affair. Those who assisted in this part of it were Mr. and Mrs. James Skinner, the latter wearing lavender lace over lavender satin, with yoke of duchess and rose point lace, and Mrs. Carrie E. Dow, whose gown was of lavender satin with duchess lace and crystal trimmings. The guests were sufficiently numerous to fill the commodious and elegant Skinner residence, by whom the hours from 8 to 10 were delightfully passed.

The wedding supper prepared by a popular caterer, was such as would naturally be expected to be furnished by people of wealth, and was highly enjoyed by the large company of fashionable guests present.

Charming music was furnished by members of the famous Symphony Orchestra of Boston, which greatly enhanced the pleasures of the notable occasion.

Among the numerous costly and beautiful wedding presents were heirlooms of the Thompson family, which were among the earliest settlers of Woburn, and of the Dow ancestors of the groom.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street. Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL—2d Sunday in Advent.
10.30 A. M., Holy Communion and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School.
6.30 P. M., Evening Prayer.
At 10 30 A. M., the newly confirmed will make their first Communion.
Rev. W. H. Osmond, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M., every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "God the only Cause and Creator."
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4 30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 30, George B. Ballard, aged 59 years.

In this city, Nov. 30, Frederick A. Dickson, aged 55 years.

When Your Ship Comes in

Ah! then you are going to indulge your taste in solid silver. Alas! winds and tides sometimes delay the good ship, and—well, why not add to your sterling silver collection a few pieces at a time, if need be?

For immediate acquisition we suggest the butter spreaders, or the coffee spoons, or the oyster forks, or any of the smaller pieces which we show in such variety in the "Colonial."

The "Colonial" has weight and character. The fluting of the bowls and tines of spoons and forks, is the one really new and original feature in sterling silverware of the last century—a feature derived from Colonial Architecture.

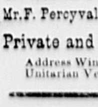
If perchance the good ship is already in port, why then we suggest a complete table service in "Colonial."

Smith & Varney
A Jewelry Store since 1871

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
☞ Season opens Sept. 29.

Artistic and Scientific
MUSICAL INSTRUCTION
Mrs Annie M. S. LEWIS Pianoforte
Mr. F. Percyval LEWIS Theory, Organ
Private and Class Lessons in Woburn
Address Winchester; or consult in Woburn Unitarian Vestry, Sat 10-12, 2-4.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

Football Season Here

During the month of October every eye is turned toward the oval

Our purpose in advertising in this space is to turn the eyes of everybody, during the whole year, toward the "Oval". Of course we mean "Creamalt"-the oval loaf.

For beauty of shape and for deliciousness of flavor, you won't "tackle" anything in the class of Creamalt. It's the only "Oval" people never "kick" at. Game starts next time you eat.

George G. Fox Company

We want to convince you that this store is the ideal place to shop in for CHRISTMAS.

Long
JEWELER
Wholesale and Retail.

Here are 3 reasons—there are many more.

BECAUSE—38 years' experience stands behind every purchase and guarantees satisfaction.

BECAUSE—the goods are new—smartest styles from the best shops in the country.

BECAUSE—the prices are honest—for honest goods.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER, COMBS, OPERA GLASSES, FOUNTAIN PENS, PHOTO FRAMES, CUT GLASS, FRENCH CHINA, CHAFING DISHES, CARVING SETS, LEATHER GOODS, BRIC-A-BRAC, UMBRELLAS, LIBRARY LAMPS AND DESK GOODS.

SPECIAL XMAS TABLES—25c., 50c., $1.00, $2.00, $3.00, $5.00.

41 SUMMER ST., NEXT DOOR HOVEY'S

This store is worth knowing INTIMATELY.

WHY NOT OPEN A CHARGE ACCOUNT WITH US?

Winchester Electrical Co.

ELECTRICAL CONSTRUCTION

Repairing and Supplies

ROOMS 8 and 9 WATERFIELD BUILDING

WINCHESTER

TELEHHONE 298-1 RESIDENCE 'PHONE—READING

CRACKS

IN SKIN

CHAPS

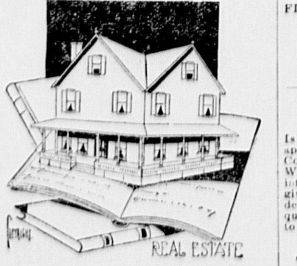
ON HAND AND FACE.

Rose Clycerine Lotion

CURES. 25c. a Bottle

Whitcher's PILL BOX

28th year in use.
U. S. Food and Drug Act, No. 17722.



For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

WE SELL

Shredded Wheat	10c.	pkg.
Cream of Wheat	12c.	"
Triscuit	10c.	"
Quaker Puffed Rice	10c.	"
" Wheat Berries	10c.	"
" Oats	10c.	"
" Corn Flakes	10c.	"
Force	10c.	"
Saxon Wheat Food	15c:	"
Ralston Breakfast Food	14c.	"
Pillsbury's Cereal	15c.	"

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House,

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-1.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of David E. Condon, sometimes called David Condon, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

NORA T. CONDON, Admx.
122 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

October 29th, 1908.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

CITY OF WOBURN.

**City Clerk's Office,
Dec. 3, 1908.**

I certify that the following is a true list of all candidates duly nominated to be voted for at the Municipal Election to be held on Tuesday, December 8th, 1908, also the questions to be voted upon at said election.

JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

FOR MAYOR.

Vote for one.

Daniel W. Bond,..............Republican
Tidd Avenue.

Hugh D. Murray,.............Democratic
78 Montvale Avenue.

Lawrence Reade,............Independent
241 Main street.

Aldermen-at-Large.

Vote for eight.

Jen J. S. Andreason,.........Democratic
42 Montvale Road, Ward 5.

Henry L. Andrews,...........Republican
12 Burlington street, Ward 7.

Fred J. Brown,...............Republican
37 Arlington Road, Ward 1.

George F. Eaton,.............Republican
3 Bennett street, Ward 1.

John W. Fox,.................Republican
8 Mishawum Road, Ward 4.

George P. Garland,...........Democratic
71 Pearl street, Ward 6.

Edward D. Hart,.............Republican
17 Davis street, Ward 4.

Harold P. Johnson,...........Republican
4 Arlington Road, Ward 1.

Edward E. Lynch,............Democratic
263 Main street, Ward 4.

J. Fred Maloney,.............Democratic
105 Montvale Avenue, Ward 2.

George H. Newhall,..........Democratic
1 Johnson street, Ward 3.

Benjamin H. Nichols,........Republican
37 Warren Avenue, Ward 1.

Parker T. Poole,..............Republican
Newbridge Avenue, Ward 6.

Frank D. Sullivan,...........Democratic
40 Union street, Ward 4.

Thomas J. Sweeney,..........Democratic
340 Washington street, Ward 5.

George A. Watts,.............Democratic
204 Salem street, Ward 4.

Aldermen from Wards.

WARD 1.

Vote for one.

Harry A. Fellows.............Republican
52 Pleasant street.

Patrick H. McCauley,........Democratic
18 Buck street.

WARD 2.

Vote for one.

John S. Jaquith,..............Republican
72 Garfield Avenue.

James C. McDonough,.......Democratic
65 Mt. Pleasant street.

WARD 3.

Vote for one.

William H. Henchey,........Democratic
122 Winn street.

William J. Sullivan,..........Republican
16 Plympton street.

WARD 4.

Vote for one.

Thomas J. Cannon,...........Democratic
146 Montvale Avenue.

John M. Portal,...............Republican
8 Second street.

WARD 5.

Vote for one.

Hugh F. McKenna,...........Democratic
2 Floyd street.

Fred W. Shattuck,............Republican
5 Hill street.

WARD 6.

Vote for one.

Samuel Highley,.............Democratic
Republican
905 Main street.

WARD 7.

Vote for one.

Dennis P. Blake,..............Democratic
35 Houghton street.

John W. Cummings,..........Republican
35 Cambridge street.

Board of Public Works.

For four (4) years. Vote for one.

Daniel D. Carey, ...Democratic
16 Munroe street,

John M. Wallace..............Republican
10 Page Place.

School Committee.

For Three (3) years. Vote for three.

Herbert B Dow,.... ....Democratic
Republican
46 Warren Avenue.

Clara Nichols Kelley,.........Republican
7 Winn street.

John J. Moran,...............Democratic
8 Charles street.

Frank B. Richardson,........Democratic
Republican
9 Mishawum Road.

To vote on the following mark a Cross (X) in the square at the right of "YES" or "NO" as you desire to vote.

Shall Chapter 513 of the Acts of the year nineteen hundred and eight, requiring certain cities and towns to provide public playgrounds, be accepted by this City?	YES	
	NO	

To vote on the following mark a cross (X) in the square at the right of "YES" or "NO" as you desire to vote.

Shall licenses be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this city?	YES	
	NO	

Holiday Shoppers

Are making their selections early this year. Don't fail to examine our large display of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Pocketbooks, Purses, Vanity Wallets, Card Cases and Letter and Bill Books.

The choicest line we have ever shown.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main Street,
WOBURN

W. C. T. U.

There were a goodly number present at the regular meeting of th W. C. T. U., on Monday afternoon, Nov. 30. In the absence of the President, Mrs. Ana belle Brown, Mrs. A. M. Blodgett, Vice-President, conducted the exercises. A resolution of sympathy was sent to the President in her illness, and gratitude expressed for her improvement.

A report from our Thanksgiving box was given and we were encouraged by the kind things said of our Union, at headquarters.

The work for the L. T. L., which has been unavoidably delayed, was considered. When it was learned that our treasury was rather low, our respected member, Mrs. Mary A. Millet, arose, and offered a good sum to carry on the work. She was warmly thanked, and it is expected that Mrs. Frisbee, our former Leader, will soon begin a series of not less than eight sessions.

The Secretary, Mrs. Seilars, was instructed to forward to Mayor Blodgett our thanks for his work in enforcing the law with regard to liquor-selling. Special prayers were offered that our voters may be led to vote right at the coming election.

An appreciation of Mrs. David Penfield, from a Rockford Illinois paper was read; that being the place where she had spent much of her life, as an active Christian and W. C. T. U. worker. This lady, recently deceased, was the mother of Mrs. Dr. Norton of our city. By her works and liberal gifts, as well as prayers, she helped greatly the cause of temperance.

The meeting was an encouraging one.

PRESS SUPT.

City Council.

At a special meeting of the City Council last Monday evening the petition for widening Union street had a second reading. The matter of buying land adjacent to Horn Pond for an additional water supply was postponed to Dec. 14. Not much other business was transacted.

WINCHESTER.

"Christmas comes but once a year" —3 weeks from today.

There is to be a bridge whist party at the Calumet Club on Dec. 8.

Wild deer are not so plenty here this week as they were a short time ago.

The Congregational choir are going to render "Elijah" at vespers this month. Robert C. Whitten is to help them.

At the next annual Town Meeting in March a full School Board will have to be elected, caused by removals from town, and declinations.

The School Census taker reports 1705 scholars between 5 and 16 years of age; and 1448 from 5 to 14. Last year there were 1686. This shows a small gain over the year 1907.

Rev. William I. Lawrence preached the Thanksgiving sermon, which was highly spoken of by those who heard it. The union services were held in the Methodist church, and were well attended.

Now that Thanksgiving is well and safely over with, the people are beginning to think about Christmas presents. I hope the heft of them will be bought of our home dealers. This going to Boston for everything is all wrong.

A close observer and able calculator says more turkeys were devoured in this village on last Thursday week than at any former Thanksgiving dinner within the memory of the Oldest Inhabitant.

Some of the thin skinned Republicans of this town don't like it because Congressman McCall favors the re election of Joe Cannon for Speaker of the National House of Representatives. Probably McCall don't care.

Unless all signs fail, there is likely to be some basketball played here this winter. Why wouldn't it be a good plan to revive rollerskating? In its day and generation it was rare sport, and, while it lasted, exceedingly popular.

When Rubbers Become Necessary

And your shoes pinch, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes, is just the thing to use. Try it for Breaking in New Shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. *Don't accept any substitute.*

Burlington.

Mrs. Mary F. (Marshall) Wood was 75 years old last Tuesday, Dec. 1, and the anniversary was delightfully celebrated by a dinner at the Touraine, Boston, tendered the estimable lady by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Arthur N. Wood of Arlington. It was a family affair, and a very pleasant one. The guests were, beside the Guest of Honor, Mrs. Fred F. Walker and Mrs. Emma L. Dane of this town; Mrs. Walter M. Walch of Malden, daughters; and two of her grandchildren, Mrs. Gardner Macurda of Cambridge, and Master Marshall Wood of Arlington-

Only a Letter Out.

"Talk about scholards," said the proud Sam Smith. "Listen to my little lad talk about grammar. Tommy, what gender is thy fayther?"

"Masculine," said the learned Tommy.

"Bean't it wonnerful!" said the proud father. "And thy mither, Tommy?"

"Feminine," replied the erudite juvenile.

"Hear that agen!" cried the delighted father. "An', noo, Tommy," he proceeded, picking up the family teapot, "what gender is this?"

"Neuter," said Tommy.

Sam's face fell.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, "it's allus the way. Still, not but what the little lad was far oot. He only said neuter 'stead of pewter, that's a'!"—London Tit-Bits.

Resentment.

An old toper, being very hard up, went into his favorite bar and asked the publican for a glass "on tick."

"No," said the proprietor, "I won't give you whisky on credit, but there's a sixpence. Now, what do you want?"

"Nothing here," replied the tippler, lifting the coin and putting it in his pocket. "The man who refuses me credit won't get my ready cash," and with an elevated nose he marched out at the door.—London Telegraph.

Knew All About George.

"Do you know, my daughter, that every name means something? For instance, Charles means brave, William resolute, George"—

"Oh, I know what George means, mother."

"Well, what is it?"

"George means business. He told me so last night."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Apt Pupil.

Friend—You took your son into your establishment some months ago to teach him the business, I understand How did it turn out?

Business Man (wearily)—Great success! He's teaching me now.

A Bank on Two Legs.

"For more than thirty years the most popular woodsman's bank in Maine was a bank on two legs," says Major Holmes Day, author of "King Spruce." "Until he was over seventy years old Uncle Nate Swan was conductor on the Bangor and Piscataquis railroad, running between the city and Moosehead lake. With him rode the woods and driving crews. When they forgot themselves and made a racket on his train he used to cuff them into submission, and no man ever raised his hand against Uncle Nate. When the men came out of the woods with their pay most of them realized from bitter experience that the city folks would get all their money away from them in a few days. As soon as they would get aboard the train they would begin to strip ten dollar bills off their rolls and hand the money to Uncle Nate to 'sink' for them, banking it on call. They never forgot, nor did he, and in all the years there was never a dispute between Conductor Swan and any of his depositors. When they came back on his train they were sure of enough money for their fare and their tobacco at the lake outfitting store. They wouldn't have known very well what to do with more."

Her Ideal Villain.

The following anecdote, taken from "My Story," by Hall Caine, is interesting:

Immediately after the production of "The Woman In White," when all England was admiring the arch villainy of Fosco, the author, Wilkie Collins, received a visit from a lady who congratulated him upon his success with somewhat icy cheer and then said: "But, Mr. Collins, the great failure of your book is your villain. Excuse me if I say you really do not know a villain. Your Count Fosco is a very poor one, and when next you want a character of that description I trust that you will not disdain to come to me. I know a villain and have one in my eye at this moment that would far eclipse anything that I have ever read of in books. Don't think that I am drawing upon my imagination. The man is alive and constantly under my gaze. In fact, he is my own husband."

The lady was the wife of Edward Bulwer Lytton.

Fixed Bayonets In London.

The privilege of marching through London with fixed bayonets is enjoyed by but very few regiments, such as the Royal fusileers, who trace their origin to Cromwell's trained bands, which in later years produced so famous a captain as John Gilpin. After the Royal fusileers, or perhaps even before them in point of regimental seniority, come the East Kent "Buffs," now the third of the line, who claim a similar city ancestry ,while the Royal marines for some reason or other also enjoy the same fixed bayonet rights in the city. A battalion of the grenadier guards was once impressed to serve as marines, and hence they share the privilege of the men who are "soldiers and sailors too." This also explains why that grenadier battalion has for its tattoo "Rule Britannia"—as a souvenir of the time when its combative existence was of the amphibious kind.—London Standard.

The Mental Jog.

"There is a certain type of person," said the business man, "especially in New York, who seems unable to understand what is said to him—or her—unless the statement or remark is prefixed by some catchword, usually the word 'listen.'

"For instance, I have a stenographer who simply stares at me in dumb amazement if I say anything to her without first saying 'Now, listen.' If I begin to dictate a letter to her she will not write a word if I forget to give that mental jog. When I snap that at her she will scratch like mad. She is not the only one. The telephone girl cannot take a message unless it has that prefix. When I am out of the office and try to talk over the wire with her I must always begin, 'Now, listen,' or else she is hopelessly at sea and seems not to understand a word I say."—New York Press.

Different In Books.

In the books this is the way they say it:

"Outside the wind moaned unceasingly, its voice now that of a child which sobs with itself in the night, now that of a woman who suffers her great pain alone, as women have suffered since life began, as women must suffer till life wears to its weary end. And mingled with the wailing of wind rain fell —fell heavily, intermittently, like tears wrung from souls of strong men."

Outside the books we say:

"It's raining."—Atchison Globe.

The Brakeman's Joke.

"Ran over a cow this morning up above Coffeyville," said the brakeman to a reporter.

"How did it happen?" asked the reporter.

"She was drinking out of a creek under a bridge," shouted the brakeman as he swung on to the last car and went grinning out of town.—Kansas City Times.

Brute!

Jimson—Where's your wife? Haven't seen her often lately. Weed—Oh, I sent her away on a little vacation. Jimson—So? Where'd she go? Weed—To the Thousand Isles. Jimson—Stay long? Weed—Yes. I told her to take a week to each island.—Judge.

A Saving Grace.

Florence—I can't understand why Ethel married Mr. Gunson. He is old enough to be her father. Lawrence—Yes, but he is rich enough to be her husband.—Exchange.

Jerome's Mistake.

One of the early vicissitudes of Jerome K. Jerome as an actor was to be offered his choice of playing the part of either a soldier or a donkey in a pantomime, a real donkey with four legs. After careful consideration he thought the red coat the more becoming disguise and chose the part of the soldier. Apparently he made a mistake, from the point of view of success, at all events, for a few days afterward the manager came to him and said: "You made a great mistake, Jerome, in not taking the part of the donkey. It would just suit you, and there's 5 shillings a week more in it."

A Coin Trick.

Rub a coin against a smooth, upright surface for a little while, then press it hard and take your hand away from it. You will be surprised perhaps to see this coin stick to the wood. The reason is that in rubbing the coin over the wood and then pressing it hard, you drive out all the air between the two objects, and the pressure of the atmosphere keeps the coin in its place.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE,
November 16, 1908.

In accordance with the provisions of Section 246, Chapter 560, Acts of 1907, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote for City Officers, will be held on

TUESDAY, THE EIGHTH DAY OF DECEMBER, A. D., 1908

in the following places, namely:

Ward 1 Music Hall, Dow's Block, Main St.

Ward 2. Highland Hose House, Prospect St.

Ward 3. Lyceum Hall, Main St., left entrance.

Ward 4. Lyceum Hall, Main St., right entrance.

Ward 5. Porter Hose House, Thorn St.

Ward 6. Vidette Hose House, Main St.

Ward 7. Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The Polls will be open at 6 o'clock in the morning and closed at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and all such citizens will, in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes for Mayor, eight Aldermen-at-large, and one Alderman for each of the several Wards; also, for one member of the Board of Public Works for the term of four years; also, for three members of the School Committee for a term of three years.

All such male citizens will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes "Yes or No" in answer to the questions: "Shall Chapter 513 of the acts of the year nineteen hundred and eight, requiring certain cities and towns to provide public playgrounds, be accepted by this City?" and "Shall Licenses be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this city?"

All female citizens, qualified to vote as the law directs, will in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote on a separate ballot for three members of the School Committee for a term of three years.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers, and in answer to the aforesaid questions must be upon one ballot.

[CHAP. 513.]

AN ACT TO PROVIDE FOR PUBLIC PLAYGROUNDS IN CERTAIN CITIES AND TOWNS

Be it enacted, etc., as follows:

SECTION 1. Every city and town in the commonwealth having a population of more than ten thousand, accepting the provisions of this act shall, after the first day of July in the year nineteen hundred and ten, provide and maintain at least one public playground conveniently located and of suitable size and equipment, for the recreation and physical education of the minors of such city or town, and at least one other playground for every additional twenty thousand of its population.

SECTION 2. Cities and towns may appoint, and determine the compensation of, a qualified supervisor of each playground, who shall direct the sports and exercises thereon.

SECTION 3. In cities and towns where the provisions of this act are not already satisfied, land for the purpose aforesaid may be taken, and the money necessary to pay for such land may be raised in accordance with sections nineteen, twenty and twenty-one of Chapter twenty-eight of the Revised Laws; and any land owned by the city or town may be set aside by vote of the city council, or of the board of selectmen, for the purposes of this act.

SECTION 4. In cities and towns which have a population of more than ten thousand, and which have not already satisfied the provisions of this act, the following question shall be placed on the official ballot at the next city or town election:—Shall chapter of the acts of the year nineteen hundred and eight, requiring certain cities and towns to provide public playgrounds, be accepted by this (city or town)?

SECTION 5. This act shall take effect in any city or town to which it applies upon its acceptance by a majority of the voters voting as aforesaid. [*Approved May* 12, 1908.

By order of the
MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL.

Attest: JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To Alice M. Grammer, Matilda Johnson and Frederick A. Bonin of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and said Commonwealth; Albert F. Converse, Executor under the will of Lucy E. B. Converse, late of said Woburn, deceased; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Samuel E. Jones of Malden, in said County of Middlesex, to register and confirm his title in the following described land:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn, bounded as follows:—Easterly by Court street sixty-five and 63-100 feet; northerly by land of Alice M. Grammer eighty-nine and 20-100 feet; westerly by land of Matilda Johnson sixty-six and 60-100 feet, and southerly by land of Frederick A. Bonin ninety and 05-100 feet; containing 5915 square feet.

The above described land is shown on a plan filed with said petition, and all boundary lines are claimed to be located on the ground as shown on said plan.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on the twenty-eighth day of December, A. D., 1908, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition, or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this first day of December, in the year nineteen hundred and eight.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL] CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder

Would Let Folks Know It.

Somebody sent this to the society editor and made affidavit that it really happened.

Here it is: They were out at an afternoon card party. A stout woman dropped a card to the floor. "Would you be so kind as to pick up that card for me?" she inquired of the little woman at her right.

"Certainly," said the accommodating woman at the right, picking up the card.

"You see," explained the stout woman apologetically, "I've got on a brand new fifty dollar corset, and I'm afraid I'll strain it if I lean over."

"Hum!" commented the other woman enviously. "If I had a fifty dollar corset I'd wear it on the outside I really would."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Crazy.

"We find the prisoner not guilty by reason of insanity."

"But the plea was not that of insanity," remarked the court.

"That's just the point we made," rejoined the foreman. "We decided that any man who didn't have sense enough to know that an insanity plea was the proper caper must be crazy."—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Was Sensitive.

Blobbs—You're pretty much stuck on Miss Gobbs, aren't you, old man? Hobbs—I was once, but after what she said to me last night I'm not going to pay any more attention to her. Blobbs—Gee! What did she say? Hobbs—"No!"—Cleveland Leader.

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WOBURN.

Harmless as Sweet Cream.

Its whitening, purifying properties are derived from Peroxide Hydrogen which is Nature's Bleaching agent.

Peroxide Cream

after three days use will have so cleansed, softened and beautified your skin that your friends will notice it.

The Ideal Skin Food, keeps the skin white and fair. It will not grow hair nor black hair. Absolutely harmless and is a daytime cream. Particularly good for chapped hands or rough skin.

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Woburn's Cut Price Druggists.

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SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

Hunting a Homemaker.

By LULU JOHNSON.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

A mere toddler of a boy stood on the bank above the railroad track. In his hand was a stone. Aiming blindly, he tossed the stone upon the track, and it snuggled against the gleaming rail.

In less than forty-eight hours that stone, tossed by a baby hand, had thrown Wall street and the money market of the country into a panic.

The single track of the little western road afforded rough traveling. Not many of the travelers aboard that particular train even noticed the somewhat harder jolt when the car wheel struck the stone.

But Gilbert Fairbain, smoking a "good night" cigar as he leaned alone against the railing of the observation car's platform, felt the jar—and then felt nothing more.

And it was two weeks before Wall street learned that Fairbain, the one man who could have stopped the panic, had been found beside the tracks and removed to a farmhouse on the quarter section nearest the road.

For ten days he had been unconscious, and for two days or more he had been in no condition to be left alone. There was but one inmate of that farmhouse besides himself, and she had been too busy nursing him to make the trip to the nearest town to report that he had been found.

As soon as his whereabouts had been discovered the lonesome little town was overrun with people. Grave and learned physicians from the east were hurried westward on special trains and a regiment of nurses attended them, but Fairbain waved them all away.

"I don't need you," he said irritably. "Little Mrs. Bodington pulled me through without a lot of palaver or thousand dollar doctors to help her. Leave a couple of nurses to wait on her, and the rest of you go away."

"There is an excellent hospital not fifty miles from here," suggested the family physician. "I can look after you with better assurance of successful treatment."

"Sugden, you're an ass," declared Fairbain irritably. "This little woman nursed me single handed through an attack of brain fever. I guess she can attend to the convalescence."

"I will not undertake to be responsible for the consequences," said Sugden, with ponderous emphasis.

"You don't have to be," was the acrid response. "You are going to be packed out of here, the whole lot of you. I've spent most of my life with a doctor on one side of me and a lawyer on the other. I'm sick of it all, and I'm entitled to a rest."

He looked contentedly about the tiny room. The outlook from the narrow paned windows was dreary, and the room itself was walled with rough plaster and decorated with cheap prints in homemade frames.

The bed on which he rested was a wooden affair with a cotton mattress and coarse cotton sheets, but the sheets were immaculately clean, and there was an air of hominess about the place that Fairbain had not known in years.

He closed his eyes contentedly and dozed off. Sugden, mindful of his fat fees, waited in deferential silence during the half hour the nap lasted. Fairbain's glance fell first on him as his eyes opened again.

"You still here!" he cried. "Sugden, if you don't take the first train back to New York I'll make you sue for whatever I owe you and I'll take it on appeal and appeal until you spend every cent you ever made off of me. Now get out of here."

Sugden took his departure, vowing that his patient was insane, but Fairbain only smiled contentedly and turned to the sweet faced woman who sat beside the bed.

"That's the way to talk to those sharks," he declared. "I have a headache, and Sugden gives me something to make it worse. Then he doctors me for the new 'disease' and sends in a bill a yard long. This is the time I fooled him."

"I am glad that you were not moved," said the woman softly. "I think that the excitement would have been bad for you."

"It is not the trip I was dreading," admitted Fairbain frankly. "I like it here, and I want to stay a little while. My secretary will stay over in town and bring my important mail every day, and the two nurses will relieve you of the watchful nights.

"If you want anything else, buy it or hire it or something. Wilson will give you what money I need. Wilson is a fine fellow," he added. "He came into my office this fall as a clerk, and I took a fancy to him and made him my confidential man. He took to the job as though he had known me and my affairs since he was born."

"It must be very nice to have some one to do your work the way you want it done," she said softly. "I am glad that you are so pleased with him."

"I'm pleased with him," said Fairbain meaningly, "so long as you are not too well pleased with him. You won't be pleased with him?" he pleaded.

"No more than I am now," she promised, and with that Fairbain was content. He was convinced that money was omnipotent and that even here on the prairie it could purchase the love of the little woman who had made him so comfortable.

Fairbain was in love with his newly found home comforts rather than with the woman herself, but this he did not know, although, when there was no longer any pretext for prolonging the stay, he spoke bravely enough.

"I need you very much," he said earnestly. "I have a house that covers half a square in the most expensive residential district in New York. I have three yachts, something like a dozen automobiles and all that sort of thing, but I have no home. Not since I was a boy have I realized what home was like. My wife was no homemaker, and when she died I never dared repeat the experiment with the women in the set I lived in. You are different. For years I have been hungry. Don't you think that you can come and make it for me?"

The little woman paused for a moment and scanned the face of the multimillionaire as earnestly as though she had not devoted weeks in that pursuit.

There was no ardent affection in tone or look. Fairbain discussed the matter with as much feeling as though he was discussing the making of some railroad deal with his fellow magnates. He was not the young lover, but the elderly widower in need of a homemaker.

The girl—she was little more than that—nodded her head in an affirmative.

"I'll make the home for you, but not as your wife. I am not a widow, you see!"

"I am married," continued the girl hurriedly. "I married when I was on the stage. I married a boy who never had had a home, and I made one for him—out here where nothing matters. He was home hungry. I knew that I would spoil all his chances if I married him. I also knew that he would spoil his own chances if I didn't, so I married him.

"After our boy was born—that was the second year we were here—he went back east and took a name that was neither his nor mine to show his father that he was able to work for the woman he loved. I am married to your son, Mr. Fairbain. I guess you've forgotten that Gregory married Martha Bodington. From what Gregory told me, you called me everything but my right name at that last interview."

"Perhaps I did," was the shamefaced reply. "I guess I did not know what I was saying, and I'm certain that I didn't know the sort of a girl I was talking about."

"We'll forget that now," offered Martha. "Let the past be forgotten for the sake of the boy."

"But Gregory?" asked Fairbain.

"There," Martha pointed out over the prairie, where the secretary was to be seen riding across the section with the mail.

"And Wilson is Gregory? You mean to say I didn't know my own boy when I hired him?" asked Fairbain, with a chuckle. "To think that all the time he has been here I've been fretting because I feared that you might learn to love him. And all that time you were married to him. I'm rather glad, my dear, that I made my second marriage by proxy, so long as you will make a home for Greg and the boy and me."

"I was so afraid that you would recognize Greg," said Martha as she regarded the tall figure of the secretary with a look of frank admiration.

"He assumed an excellent disguise," reminded Fairbain. "I never thought to find my son a worker, my dear. That's another thing I have to thank you for," and Fairbain sighed with relief. He had found a home while retaining his domestic independence, and the son for whom his heart cried out was restored to him again.

Changes In Boston.

In 1636 one of the suburbs of Boston was Newe Towne, which in 1638 was changed to Cambridge and as the seat of Harvard university has an international reputation today. Since the early lines were fixed Cambridge obtained by annexation a part of Charlestown, but has ceded land to the towns of Waltham, Brighton, Watertown, Belmont and West Cambridge, the latter now known as Arlington.

The Boston of 1630, called Tri-Mountain, was very different from the Boston of today. Its area was not extensive, although it included the larger portion of Quincy, out of which the town of Braintree was made at a later period. The first annexations to Boston were Noddles island (East Boston) and the territory now covered by Chelsea.

In 1640 Boston lost its rights in Quincy, which were acquired by the town of Braintree. Subsequent additions to Boston have been Roxbury, Dorchester, West Roxbury, Brighton, Charlestown and a part of Brookline.

As an independent municipality Charlestown, which was settled as early as Boston, gave birth to Somerville, Woburn, Malden, Stoneham and Mulford and furnished land to Cambridge.—Boston Post.

Value of the Architect.

The members of a country club, the building and decoration of whose clubhouse had been placed entirely in the hands of the architect, even to the minutest furnishings, found themselves in need of new window shades and a few other small household necessities. Instead of buying the things themselves, they sent for the architect to come out and look things over and order appropriate fittings.

"That is not at all an unusual case," said the architect. "I can show you houses that I planned more than twenty-five years ago that have never been furnished with so much as a new chair without my being consulted first. Having deferred entirely to my judgment in the first place, those confiding patrons are afraid to trust their own taste in the smallest matter, and they will probably continue to ask my advice in every little detail of decoration as long as they occupy the house."—New York Globe.

Cold Storage Rats.

The attendant came out of the cold storage room with an awed look.

"Rats are wonderful," he said. "We thought modern plumbing would abolish them, but they live in the clean light and dryness of the best modern plumbing more comfortably than they did in the damp and filth and darkness of the past. We thought the modern ship would abolish them, but the Lusitania has as many rats as had the Columbus caravels. And here"—

He made an awed gesture.

"And here I find rats in our cold storage rooms at temperatures that freeze the breath and cause it to fall in the form of snow. To and fro they prowl. Their coats are thick and warm like fur, and, with frost on their whiskers, they feed heartily on meat and game frozen to rocklike hardness."—Exchange.

Fire Terms In Japan.

Fires in Japan are so common that this destructive agency has established itself as a national institution, and a whole vocabulary has grown up to express every shade of meaning in matters fiery. The Japanese language has special terms for an incendiary fire, an accidental fire, fires starting from one's own house, a fire caught from next door, a fire which one shares with others, a fire which is burning to an end, the flame of a fire, anything—for instance, a brazier, from which a fire may arise; the side from which to attack a fire in order to extinguish it; a visit of condolence after a fire.

More Wheat to Come.

A Chinese doctor, as a punishment for causing his patient's death, had to pay ten loads of wheat. While carrying the grain he was met by a man who asked him to come and treat a sick member of his family. "All right," said the doctor, "I will be there shortly, but in the meantime you may be getting your barn cleaned out."—Scrap Book.

Nothing.

"Nature plans well for mankind's needs."

"I should say so. What could be more convenient than ears to hook spectacles over?"—Washington Herald.

MADE A BIG HIT.

A Speech That Hanlan, the Oarsman, Delivered In England.

Edward Hanlan, once champion oarsman of the world, related a good story of how he delivered a speech after winning his second race in England. His first victory had found him unprepared. He was ready for his second with a speech composed for him by a newspaper friend neatly copied out on paper and stored away for use in his coat pocket.

When the crowd outside the clubhouse insisted upon seeing and hearing the winner he was helped out upon a window ledge by his friends and held there by the coattails and the legs. The crowd cheered him wildly. He was too confused to speak. They cheered him again. He threw out his hand in a gesture of helplessness and moved his lips in some inaudible mumble of apology for his inability to deliver a speech. They could not hear on account of the noise that they were themselves making, but they encouraged him with generous applause. He saw his escape and proceeded to shake his head and work his lips in a fine frenzy of oratory, gesticulating eloquently and smiling his thanks. The noisy and good natured crowd cheered him to the echo, and his friends drew him in from his precarious position on the window ledge.

"You carried that crowd along in style," they congratulated him. "What did you say? We couldn't hear you." "Yes. Give us an idea of your speech," the reporters put in, drawing out their notebooks.

Hanlan took the manuscript from his pocket. "Here's the whole thing," he said. "Do you want it all?"

"Well, rather," they answered. "That speech made a hit."

AN ANCIENT YOKEL.

Not Quite Sure of His Age, but Knew It Was Something Fearful.

During a Saturday stroll in the country a pedestrian came upon an ancient rustic engaged in breaking stones. Drawing him into conversation, the pedestrian eventually asked the old fellow how old he was.

"Oh, I dunno," was the reply, "but I know I be a fearful age!"

"But you must have some general idea how old you are."

"No, I dunno, but I know I be a fearful age," was the only estimate that could be drawn from him.

"All right; we'll try to get at it in another way," said the pedestrian bringing out his pencil and notebook "Now, how old were you when you left school?"

"I be nine, sur, when I finished schulin'."

"And what did you do then?"

"Well, I was boy fur Farmer Giles fur fifteen year."

"And after that?"

"After that I worked fur Squire Noakes fur seven and thirty year."

"And what next?"

"Well, I was wagoner fur Cruker, the carrier, fur four and forty year."

And so on, and so forth, until the final fact was elicited that he had been engaged on breaking stones for a quarter of a century. Then the inquirer observed, with withering sarcasm:

"So you do not know how old you are? Well, I'll tell you. You're 378 years old on your own showing."

"I dessay," murmured the ancient yokel, with undisturbed serenity. "I know I be a fearful age."—Liverpool Mercury.

Scalloped Apples.

Select a half dozen apples. Wash and core. Slice across apple so that each piece will be encircled by the skin of the apple. Place in a stewing or frying pan, pouring over them about one-fourth of a cupful of water, three-fourths of a cupful of sugar—though amount of sugar is best determined by acidity of apples—and a tablespoonful of butter. Cover and allow to simmer. When soft remove, cover and fry. When sufficiently brown place in a rather deep dish alternate layers of the apples and grated cheese. Place in the oven for five or ten minutes and serve in the same dish in which they were scalloped.—Boston Post.

What Korea Was.

Few are aware that Korea preceded Europe in inventing three things which have had a vast influence upon the world. Printing with movable types originated in Korea in 1324, 126 years before the invention of the art in Europe. The two other inventions in which the Koreans seem to have anticipated Europe were the mortar and the ironclad, both used with considerable effect during the Japanese Korean war of 1592-8.—Japan Chronicle.

In a Hurry.

A Chinese woman was fanning the corpse of her husband, and, being asked by the neighbors why she fanned a dead man in the middle of winter, she replied, "My husband's last words were, 'Wife, wait till I am cold before you marry again.'"—Scrap Book.

Don't Stand Still.

Everything in nature seems to have this sign on it: "Move On." Nothing stands still. Every atom in the universe is on the move. You must either move on or get run over.—Success Magazine.

Not Dangerous.

Pat—I hear yer woife is sick, Moike! Mike—She is thot. Pat—Is it dangerous she is? Mike—Divil a bit. She's too weak to be dangerous any more.—New York Sun.

Agriculture is the most healthful most useful and most noble employment of man.—George Washington.

Hot Scotch.

The young wife dipped the ladle into the porridge and smiled inquiringly at the overnight guest.

"Will you have some hot Scotch, Mr. Dash?" she asked.

Dash laughed.

"Hot Scotch? Where is it?" said he.

"Why, here, of course," said the young wife in a perplexed tone. "Didn't you know that oatmeal is called hot Scotch?"

"Er—I"— Dash stammered, and then the young husband caught his eye, and he was silent.

"I didn't know it myself till last year," she explained. "I heard George inviting his cousin over the telephone to meet him at the office and have a hot Scotch. I didn't know what hot Scotch was till you told me, did I, George?"

George, very red, answered huskily: "No, my dear."

Laughing at her own ignorance, the lady proceeded to serve the thick, pale hot Scotch.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Miss Kilroy Investigates

By TROY ALLISON.

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To the casual observer Miss Kilroy did not seem exactly fitted for an investigator of sociological problems. The government had probably been prompted by some wise head when it appointed women to that branch of work.

Formerly when men, important in uniforms and brass buttons, or men in plain clothes, augmented by much pomposity, had made the rounds of the foreign settlements such dignity had frightened or embarrassed the women and children to such an extent that it was an impossibility to obtain freely spoken opinions as to what they liked in America, what they did not like, what they expected Uncle Sam to do for them or what they themselves could offer as a just reason for Uncle Sam doing anything at all for them.

Nobody, however, could possibly take fright at pretty Miss Kilroy, who, dressed in the nobbiest white shirt waist suit, a rather gay ribbon on her hat, knocked at the humblest door of the humblest tenements and generally found a welcome.

Grantley, in charge of the temporary quarters provided while the investigation was being carried on in this city, looked up as she entered the office in the afternoon, tired, but jubilant.

"Seems to me I have secured enough information today to make a complete report upon the sociological problem in America," she said, throwing her notes upon her desk.

"Good work," he answered, wondering why she ever undertook such a job. "It's strange that the youngest, most—er"—

"Oh, don't mind me! Go on and say it—the doll baby of the force, the woman who is so pink faced and blond haired that one wouldn't suspect her of having an idea concealed about her, had"—

"No, by George, I didn't mean that! I hesitated because I didn't know that it was exactly proper for me to finish my sentence. I was going to say, since I must refute your impression, the 'most attractive, dainty girl, who looks like a piece of high art'—I don't see how it is that she beats the others all hollow when it comes to turning in the results from a day's labor. Would you mind telling me about your methods of procedure, Miss Kilroy?" Grantley was clearly interested in knowing how she did it.

Miss Kilroy laughed somewhat shamefacedly. "I'm afraid I'm not really businesslike," she admitted, "but I proceed upon an instinctive knowledge of human nature. Today I went to interview a great big Irishwoman. When she came to the door and saw me, notebook in hand, she positively glared. There certainly wasn't a glimmer of hospitality in her face. 'What would the likes av ye be afther wantin?' she demanded.

"When I reeled off my set of questions her indignation increased. 'How long have I bin in America an' what av the wurrik I have done? Faith, an' I think it impudence for a yellow haired chit of a gurrel who ividently spends her time dressing up an' wearing blue ribbons on her hat to come an' call an honest woman from her wurrik to ask questions about her private family. Ye might as well be afther taking yesilf off. Bridget Maguire don't answer no fool questions.'

"I believe, Mr. Grantley, that if she hadn't been so scathing about my blue hatband I would have walked off and abandoned the interview, but that hatband and the 'yellow haired chit of a gurrel' had to be avenged.

"I leaned against her door dejectedly, tried to turn pale and said: 'You mustn't think I want to do it, for I so hate to be rude, but I have to do it for my living. I'm so tired and so warm'—leaning against the door with an attitude indicating an early approach of tears—'and if I don't find out things for them they will dismiss me and I'll have nothing to live on.'

"Mrs. Maguire's bark was fiercer than her bite. Her face changed, she took hold of my arm gently and led me into her one room. 'Ye poor little craythure,' she said, 'I'll make ye a cup of tay right off, an' you'll soon be better.'"

Miss Kilroy waved her notes gayly. "I felt somewhat hypocritical, but I have fitted her into the proper place in the sociological report."

Her chief smiled approval. "It takes a woman to beat all," he said. "Don't you ever meet with more serious annoyances?"

The girl blushed. "Sometimes the men stare at me a little more than I like. There is a party of Syrians in Jing's court. One of them is a fine specimen. He was dressed in beaded jackets and—er—things and had a red sash and a red fez or something fantastic on his raven locks. He would inspire an artist to paint a 'Son of the Desert' or a 'Type From the Orient.' I have had several interviews with him, because he speaks less fractured English than the others, and yesterday he insisted upon presenting me with a string of red glass beads. He—well, he was slightly effusive and called me a maid of the dawn whose hair was kissed by the rising sun. I decided that I wouldn't interview him any more. He seemed inclined to be impulsive."

Grantley chuckled. "Good thing you have closed the episode. The next chapter might have disclosed the oriental son of a gun desert bearing away upon a flying steed the maid of the dawn, who struggled and protested that she preferred Americans and their customs. Might have caused international complications by abducting you. Even as it is, he may spot your window ledge and twang a guitar or a zither, or whatever it is that Syrians do twang. He may cause you to lose a whole night's sleep."

Miss Kilroy commenced transcribing her notes tranquilly. "He's relegated to the past," she declared airily. "His song is sung."

The elevator boy stuck his head through the doorway. "There are two queer looking females, fixed up in some kind of foreign trappings, that want to see Miss Kilroy," he announced.

"Show them in, Tommy—that is, if you don't mind, Mr. Grantley." She looked at him inquiringly.

"Not at all. I will step into the adjoining room if they will be embarrassed, or I'll listen to your style in interviewing," he said teasingly.

Miss Kilroy smiled when her visitors entered in the very evident throes of formality. "Oh, it's you, is it, Zulleka, and your pretty daughter."

The old woman smiled and nodded until her ear pendants jingled. "We come see maiden like dawn," she announced genially.

Miss Kilroy remembered the origin of the compliment and had the grace to blush. "Did you come to tell me some more about your beautiful country?" she asked graciously.

The woman shook her head. "Come to tell-a you of my son," she beamed.

"Has he succeeded in getting a position?" interestedly.

"No, not on the work we come, is it, Hareede?" She appealed to her daughter delightedly.

The girl's black eyes glowed with importance. "We—we women—it is always so," she explained ingratiatingly, "it is for us to tell the fair one that she is beloved"—

"An' you marry my son—yes?" broke in the mother eagerly.

Miss Kilroy sank back in her chair weakly. "Of all things"— she gasped.

"You like-a my son?" urged Zulieka, leaning over and patting caressingly the limp hand of the object of her son's affection.

Miss Kilroy looked dazed. "I—I can't marry your son," she announced feebly.

"But my son—my son! He like-a you, be marry you. The way you smile make him happy. I ask you to marry my son!" her gestures expressing a fervent solicitude that exceeded her vocabulary.

"But I don't want to marry your son. I—hate your son!" declared Miss Kilroy desperately.

The eyes of the two matrimonial agents flashed and their voices rose angrily. Miss Kilroy put her blond head upon the desk and sobbed. Grantley considered this an auspicious moment for interference. He rose and spoke blandly to the mother, who stood panting with indignation at the slight to her offspring.

"It is perhaps best for me to explain the situation, madam," and he bowed low in a manner which he hoped would impress them with an idea that he had learned his manners in foreign court circles. "It is not that Miss Kilroy scorns your son; it is that"— He hedged for time to invent something soothingly plausible. "It is only that you have come too late. Miss Kilroy is already betrothed," he added gravely, "and therefore expresses regret that she cannot consider your son."

The blond head of the sociological investigator was raised abruptly from the desk. Zulleka, however, repeated uncomprehendingly "Betrothed?"

Grantly said slowly, "Betrothed—affianced—to be wed—espousa," he added desperately.

The mother and sister of the rejected looked at each other with a flash of understanding. "Ah-h!" they breathed. "To me—to me." Grantley tapped his breast convincingly.

The woman's face was again wreathed in smiles. "I tell-a my son. I tell-a him that the beautiful maid not strong to cook—to wash. He marry Syrian now. May the rising sun forever kiss your hair, mees, and may your children be as many as the pomegranite seed," she said to Grantley with growing cordiality.

When the door closed behind them Grantley stood with his feet apart and his hands in his pockets, according to the method of meditating man.

"By Jove!" he said finally.

A slight sniff was Miss Kilroy's only contribution toward relieving the awkwardness of the situation.

"We're engaged," he announced cheerfully.

"You're a brute!" she answered chokingly.

"I must say your interviews are conducted upon rather original lines," he teased.

Miss Kilroy's shoulders were shrugged resentfully. "I'll never interview another foreigner so long as I live," she declared.

"Certainly you must give that up—when we are married," he suggested, a twinkle in his eye.

She showed for an instant a pair of indignant, tearful eyes. "We are not engaged," she declared stormily, and her head went back to cover of the desk.

Grantley leaned over her gently. "I wish—we were," he suggested softly.

A sudden tense quietness settled on the bowed figure.

"I have wished for a long time—that we were," he repeated insistently.

He stooped down until he could whisper, "Aren't we, dear?" and the blond head nodded acquiescence.

The Man's Way.

"Is your husband suffering from the toothache?"

"Well," answered the woman with a tired expression, "he says he's suffering, but from the way he's bragging about it I'm half suspicious that he's enjoying it."

THE CANNON ROARED.

How an Ovation by a Youthful Demosthenes Was Spoiled.

While campaigning in his home state Speaker Cannon was once inveigled into visiting the public schools of a town where he was billed to speak.

In one of the lower grades an ambitious teacher called upon a youthful Demosthenes to entertain the distinguished visitor with an exhibition of amateur oratory. The selection attempted was Byron's "Battle of Waterloo," and just as the boy reached the end of the first paragraph Speaker Cannon suddenly gave vent to a violent sneeze.

"But hush, hark," declaimed the youngster—"a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! Did ye hear it?"

The visitors smiled, and a moment later the second sneeze—which the speaker was vainly trying to hold back—came with increased violence.

"But, hark! (bawled the boy)—"that heavy sound breaks in once more,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! It is the cannon's opening roar!"

This was too much, and the laugh that broke from the party swelled to a roar when Uncle Joe chuckled: "Put up your weapons, children. I won't shoot any more."—Success Magazine.

The Division of Time.

The division of time into hours was practiced among the Babylonians from remote antiquity, but it was Hipparchus, the philosopher, who introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe. The sexagesimal system of notation was chosen by that ancient people because there is no number having so many divisions as sixty. The Babylonians divided the daily journey of the sun, the ruler of the day, into twenty-four parasangs. Each parasang, or hour, was subdivided into sixty minutes, and that again into sixty seconds. They compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker in the same period of time, both covering one parasang, and the course of the sun during the full equinoctial day was fixed at twenty-four parasangs.

MEAT IN ITALY.

The Way the Slaughter Houses Are Operated by Law.

Slaughter houses in Italy are public institutions. The law prescribes that every town of more than 6,000 inhabitants shall build and maintain a municipal slaughter house, where all butchers are compelled to bring their live stock to be killed. The slaughtering itself is done by the individual butchers and their assistants. The conveyance of the cattle, the removal of the carcasses and the dressing of the meat are likewise the affair of the butchers. The city provides the building, keeps it clean and furnishes veterinary inspectors to examine and pass upon the carcasses.

The Milan slaughter house is situated within the city and occupies several acres of ground. It consists of a number of long, single story buildings made of cement and stucco. The buildings consist of either a single large hall or else a row of small box stalls about twenty-five feet wide and either fifteen or thirty feet deep. Each stall has a wide double door in front and a window behind. The buildings are arranged in parallel pairs, each pair being connected by a covered passage thirty feet wide, whose roof is raised many feet above that of the buildings, being supported by pillars rising from the roofs on either side. The air thus circulates under the roofs of the passages or corridors and over the buildings.

WHEN LOST IN THE WOODS.

The Chief Dangers Lie In Panic and Overexertion.

Let the man who is lost in the woods be very careful not to overexert himself. His chief dangers lie in panic and overexertion, and, though he may be in a great hurry to find shelter, I must warn him to go slowly. Two miles an hour, on an average, through the snow in the woods is all that a man in his condition will be able to stand without overfatigue and its attendant dangers, overheating and perspiration. By exercising caution a man may live through a week of what he is undergoing.

To make this article brief, however, we shall suppose that he regains the road by the afternoon of the first day. He doesn't yet know, of course, just where he is. He should examine the tracks of the person who last passed that way. It being afternoon, he must follow in the direction taken by the last passing vehicle or team, as shelter will be nearest in that direction. Had it been morning he would have taken the opposite direction, as whoever made the tracks must have come from the place where he obtained shelter the previous night.—A. B. Carleton in Outing Magazine.

The Cure.

He talked too much—far too much. Already he had driven his taciturn companion nearly wild. He had touched on subjects innumerable, discoursed with volubility on anything and everything. Onward went the unending stream of speech. And all the while the voluble one danced about and fidgeted and squirmed until the other was well nigh beside himself with disgust.

Finally the walking dictionary took from his pocket a cigarette.

"I'm a great smoker," he remarked. "Yes, I'm a great smoker—great smoker. I'm one of those nervous men, you know; one of those high strung, restless fellows who always must have something in their mouths. Yes, you see, I'm so nervous, as I said, that I simply must—yes, must—have something all the time in my mouth."

"Try a gag!" suggested his companion.—New York Times.

What's Yours?

It was 1:30 a. m. in the cheap, all night restaurant.

"What's yours?" said the "tough" waiter, arms akimbo.

We gave our orders and in about ten minutes the waiter served my friends, but left me nothing.

"What's yours?" he asked, addressing me.

"Why," said I, surprised and reproachful, "I ordered corned beef and cabbage at least ten minutes ago."

The waiter's jaw became a trifle more aggressive than usual.

"Well," he said grimly, "do you still stick to it?"—Bohemian Magazine.

Memory of Animals.

"The elephant's memory is proverbial," said F. Martin Duncan, F. Z. S., "but that of the other beasts of the jungle is hardly less noteworthy. Tigers in captivity always remember a kindness and recognize a friend even after the lapse of months. Lions which have been in a zoological garden for years have also been known to show signs of abject fear when visited by native hunters from the country where they had their early home."—London Mail.

Might Be Worse.

"Where do you work, my good man?"

"In a powder factory."

"Mercy! What a hazardous occupation!"

"Oh, no, mum. I seldom meets any automobiles on my way to or from work."—Puck.

A Distinction.

"I say, do you think that Wiggins is a man to be trusted?"

"Trusted? Yes; rather. Why, I'd trust him with my life!"

"Yes, but with anything of value, I mean."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

With Reason.

Smith—Why don't you play poker? Are you against gambling?

Brown—Yes—up against it.—Detroit Free Press.

Making Caricatures.

The way in which some artists can distort features without making them unrecognizable is certainly very remarkable. Thomas Nast possessed this faculty to an extraordinary degree, and he had a very peculiar way of adding new faces to his mental photograph gallery. When a fresh subject would arise in politics, for instance, he would invent some pretext to call upon him at his office or house and hold him in conversation as long as possible, studying his features. When he took his departure he would purposely leave his cane. Once outside, Nast would make a hasty pencil sketch on a card and would usually find that his memory was deficient as to some detail. He would then return, ostensibly for the cane, and another look at the victim would enable him to perfect his sketch. After that he had the man forever. When Joe Keppler was alive he used to make frequent trips to Washington for the purpose of seeing statesmen whom he wanted to draw. He was very clever at catching likenesses and scarcely ever referred to a photograph.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 55 p m, 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9 32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p. m.

Leave Billerica Centre

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THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908. cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7 07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

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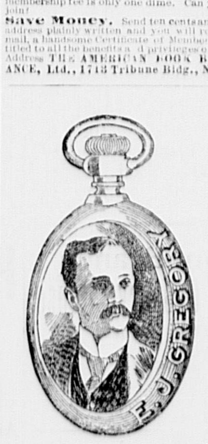

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GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Sept. 14, 1908

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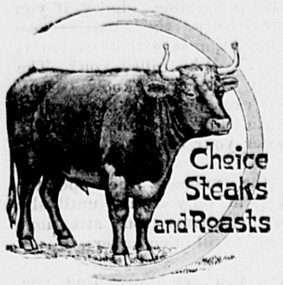

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Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect October 5, 1908

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55, †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8.21, †8.55, §9.23, †10.21, §11.01, †11.17 a. m., §12.05, †12.59, §2.00, †2.04, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.22, †5.02, †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.

LOWELL — †8.20, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, †4.42, §5.28, †6.42, §9.27, †10.59, §11.02, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H. — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D6.42, p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell. B Saturdays only.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, *Pas. Traf. Mgr.* C. M. BURT, *Gen. Pass. Agt.*

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Privat.e.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St
62	Cor. Main and [illegible] Sts
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near [illegible] shop
65	Cor. High and [illegible]
66	Corner W[illegible]
[illegible]	Cor. Main and [illegible]
[illegible]	Main St., opp. [illegible] Church
[illegible]	Cor. Pleasant and [illegible] Sts.
2[illegible]	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn
3[illegible]	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
5[illegible]	Pumping Station, [illegible] (Private.)
6[illegible]	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
9[illegible]	Beggs & Cobb and [illegible] Factory (Pri.

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.40 A. M., daily
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at [illegible] A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

M. J. MULKEEN,

Steamship Agent.

Notary Public
— AND —
Justice of the Peace.

Room 11, Mechanics Bldg, WOBURN

OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M

TELEPHONE 6-3,

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Sexton of St. Charles Church.

Undertaker & Funeral Director

241 Main St. Woburn

JAMES McDONALD,

Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator

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Residence: 6 Broad Street.

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CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR,

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Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,

Councillor-at-Law,

No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

E. PRIOR,

AUCTIONEER.

Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.
Office: 349 Main St., Woburn.

White Violets

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Out of the darkness Margaret said "Then every one knows it?"

"Every one but you, my dear. Over at the Country club it is common talk."

"But, Aunt Clara," vehemently, "they gossip so at the hotel."

"This isn't gossip. I've known it for a long time, Margaret."

"Oh"—the sigh was almost a sob—"he has always seemed such a gentleman."

"He has the training of one," Mrs. Kent affirmed. "His mother is charming."

After a moment's silence Margaret broke out, "But he saved my life, Aunt Clara."

There was a rustle of skirts as Mrs. Kent moved impatiently in her chair. "Yes, and that's the worst of it."

Mrs. Kent ended the longer silence that followed by ringing for lights.

"No, no," Margaret protested. "I like it better with just the fire."

"But I must go, dear, and dress for dinner, and you will be so dreary alone in the dark."

As she rose and stood by the couch her caressing fingers touched Margaret's cheek and found tears on it.

"You'd better have the lights," she said, and there was a worried note in her voice. "I hate to leave you here alone."

"Oh, I shall be all right," Margaret said. "I'll lie here in the dark and pet Toodlekins."

Still protesting, Mrs. Kent found her way out, and after a time in the big room there came the sound of a stifled sob, and another and another, and after that everything was very quiet. The flame of the fire died down. The green eyes of the little cat, snuggled close to her mistress, glowed in the blackness.

The click of an electric button and the flare-up of lights brought Margaret's head out of the cushion where she had buried it. She shielded her face with her hand.

"You are early, Uncle Dick."

"I'm late. What's the matter with the lights? Why didn't you get somebody to look after them?"

"I like the dark."

"Queer taste." He gave her a keen glance and sat down in the chair by the couch. "How's the foot?"

"It hurts a little, but it's going to be all right."

"Everybody at the club is talking about your accident. They are making a regular hero of Ridgeway." He settled himself back in the big chair and smiled at her genially. "He must have had the strength of a Hercules to hold those horses back."

"He's awfully strong," Margaret said and sat up. "His college record in athletics is fine."

"He flunked in some of his studies, though," Mr. Kent teased.

Margaret's face flamed. "I know." She smoothed the little cat with nervous fingers. "Is—is he very ill, Uncle Dick?"

"Who—Ridgeway? Um—well, that depends. He's a mighty nice fellow, Peggy." He caught the eagerness of her eyes and pulled himself up. "That is—oh, well, your Aunt Clara wouldn't exactly approve of him, and—and—I don't know that he's just the friend for you, Margaret."

"Oh!" came in fluttering protest, and after that Margaret lay with her eyes closed, and nothing was said for several minutes.

"Tired, little girl?" asked her uncle finally, and when she nodded he stood up.

"I must go and dress for dinner." He hesitated by the couch, looking down at her until she opened her eyes and held out her hand and said, "Dear Uncle Dick," and then he patted her cheek and said a little huskily, "Cheer up."

This time there was no friendly darkness to hide the tears, so Margaret dabbed at them with her handkerchief and stared until a ring of the front door bell brought her to an upright position.

"It's Mr. Ridgeway," the maid announced.

"I'm afraid I can't see him!" Margaret said nervously.

"Please," boomed a big voice from the hall—"please don't turn me out like that."

"Oh, well," Margaret agreed, and the maid's place between the curtains was usurped by a young man as big as his voice, who came over and picked up the pussy cat and dropped a small square box in its place. "If you'll let me pet Toodlekins I'll let you have some flowers," he said, and as he sat down the little cat curled into the hollow of his arm and sang her song of contentment, unruffled by the change.

There were white violets in the box, and Ridgeway said, his big voice softened by some fine emotion, "They always make me think of you."

"Oh, don't, don't!" Margaret said with quick caught breath, and Ridgeway stared at her in a puzzled way.

"Don't you like them?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, it's a funny way to show it." There was so much of the boy in him that Margaret smiled in spite of herself.

"It's because I like them so well that I don't want you to bring them to me any more."

"You don't"—

"I mean it," she said faintly. "You mustn't bring me any more flowers."

"Why not?" sharply.

"Because I can't take them."

"Why can't you take them?"

"Because"—

"That isn't any reason," he flung out. "Do you mean that you don't want me to come?"

She held out one slim hand to him. "Don't," she said beseechingly—"don't speak to me like that. We must always be good friends, but you mustn't come."

He took her hand. "It's to be just—friends?"

"Yes."

"Never anything more?"

"Never."

"And yet that night after the accident you let me kiss you—Margaret."

"Yes," very low.

The fire flickered and sapped. The little cat, disturbed somewhat, slipped down from Ridgeway's arms and curled herself up on the rug.

"Would you mind," Margaret said at last, "turning off the upper light? The strong glare hurts my eyes."

The rosy halo of the lamp made dark the distant corners of the room. Margaret on her couch was a dim outline. The little cat was invisible except for her emerald eyes. Ridgeway came back and sat down; then he bent forward.

"Margaret," he said sharply, "you are crying."

"Yes," she sobbed, "I'm crying—oh, because you are such a black sheep, Justin."

He drew his breath sharply. "So that's it?" he said at last.

"Yes. I didn't know until tonight. Aunt Clara told me."

He stood up. "Then there's nothing more to say. Goodby."

He went to the door, hesitated and came back.

"Look here, Peggy," he said grimly, "if I were a story book hero I'd take my medicine and go away and suffer in silence. And it would all be very tragic and romantic, but it wouldn't be sensible."

He threw himself into the big chair and knitted his brows. "The sensible thing is to get over the difficulty. Let's begin at the beginning. Everybody says I'm a black sheep?"

"Yes," she murmured.

"Well, I am. I've wasted my time in riotous living, as the Bible says of the prodigal, and when I flunked in my studies I got what was coming to me. But that was before I met you, Peggy. I don't think my worst enemy could accuse me since the night I saw you at the junior prom in your white gown, with your hair twisted up in a big braid like a crown. You seemed the princess in a fairy tale, and I made up my mind then and there that I'd win out."

He drew a long breath and went on: "But now I know I'm not good enough, and I know, too, that I have not any right to ask you to wait for me. All I'll ask is that you don't condemn me utterly, don't shut me out from your life."

His voice broke. Then as she held out her hand to him he went on steadily:

"I'm only going to ask that you will believe in me and if, after two or three years, no one else has come into your life that you care for and I have made good, that you will let me plead my cause again."

He stood looking down at her. Her cheek was laid against the bunch of white violets. Their delicate fragrance was roundabout her.

"Dear little girl," he said, "I'll stick it out at college another year, and then I'll go into business with dad and show him what I can do. And if you will have faith in me"—

She sat up, her eyes shining. "Oh," she said, "I felt that back of it all there was a man in you, Justin—and then—when you saved my life—I felt that it belonged to you."

"I'm not half good enough," he said humbly.

She took from the bunch of violets a half dozen blossoms and held them out to him.

"They shall be a talisman," she said, "of faith and hope and love. You must let them keep you from all evil, Justin."

And as he knelt beside the couch the rapture in his eyes answered her.

It Made a Difference.

A Chinaman of noble birth had been invited to dine at William's home. His mother was very anxious that the guest should not be made uncomfortable by the little chap's curiosity, so she took him aside and explained all about the yellow skin, long braid of hair and almond eyes of the Mongolians and even showed him pictures of Chinese. She impressed upon him more than anything else the fact that the visitor was his father's friend and was to be treated with respect. Upon the Celestial's arrival William tried hard not to stare or look too curious and succeeded in being very quiet for some time, when, much to the surprise of his mother and the amusement of the Chinese, he called out, "Mamma, if he wasn't our friend wouldn't he be funny?"—Bellman.

Diving For Fish.

An Arab pilot on board an English ship becalmed in the Persian gulf had been amusing himself in diving for oysters. After several attempts his search proved unsuccessful.

"I will now," said he to the officers of the vessel he was commissioned to convoy, "since I cannot gather oysters, dive for and catch fish."

All ridiculed the idea. He went down again, and the officers were astonished to see him after a short time rise to the surface with a small rockfish in each hand. The Arab's own explanation of the feat was that as he seated himself at the bottom the fish came around him and nibbled at his skin. Watching an opportunity, he seized and secured his prey by thrusting his thumb and forefinger into their expanded gills.

A Ghost Story.

Floors castle, home of the Duke of Roxburghe, was the scene of a curious psychical mystery over a century ago. Sir Walter Scott relates the incident. John, third duke of Roxburghe, who died in 1804, the celebrated book collector, when arranging his library employed neither a secretary nor a librarian, but a footman called Archie, who knew every book as a shepherd does each sheep of his flock. There was a bell hung in the duke's room at Floors which was used on no occasion except to call Archie to his study. The duke died in St. James' square at a time when Archie was himself sinking under a mortal complaint. On the day of the funeral the library bell suddenly rang violently. The dying Archie sat up in bed and faltered, "Yes, my lord duke, yes, I will wait on your grace instantly." And with these words on his lips he fell back in bed and died.—St. James' Gazette.

THE JOKER NUGGET.

An Incident of the Early Australian Gold Diggings.

Among the rich finds in the Australian gold diggings the Joker nugget ranks among the chief. It turned the scale at thirty ounces and was sold for $600. In size and shape it resembled a man's hand, thick at the wrist part and tapering off toward the fingers. The claim had been a good one from the first, and the owner did not have to work hard. One day he was reclining full length idly searching for nuggets when he caught sight of the Joker. He at once covered it with his hand and sat up, rather wondering how he would secure the treasure without being seen. If the find became known every man in the field would tramp to the spot and invade his claim and so prevent him working. A man in an adjoining claim looked up. "Found anything?" he asked. "No. Seen the color—that's all. Pitch my coat over to me, will you? It's lying near there. I want a smoke." "Here you are, mate. But what's the matter? You look pale. Don't you feel right?" "I'm all right, only the sun is a bit hot." He was struggling with an insane desire to laugh, but he got his coat over the nugget and seated himself on the top of it. Then laughter overpowered him, and he became hysterical. Those about him wondered, but thought the sun had affected him. In a little while he gained his composure and decided to go to his tent. In lifting his coat he managed to take up the lump of gold, and no one knew that he had found anything. It was not until ten days had passed that the fact was noised abroad, and even then few knew the claim whence the Joker came.

PASSING IT ON.

Presence of Mind In an Unpleasant Situation.

Greatness is thrust upon some individuals, patriotism on others. When the patriotism does not belong to one's own country the situation may prove embarrassing. Such it was in the case of Agostino Polidori, the great-grandfather of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The incident is given in a life of the poet by his brother. Polidori, an Italian, was in Paris at the taking of the Bastille in 1789. He tells the story of his unexpected prominence and his extrication from the uncomfortable position.

I was passing by the Palais Royal while the populace was running to assault the fortress, and, having encountered a highly powdered wigmaker with a rusty sword raised aloft, I, not expecting any such thing and hardly conscious of the act, had the sword handed to me as he cried aloud:

"Take it, citizen! Fight for your country!"

I had no fancy for such an enterprise, so, finding myself sword in hand, I at once cast about for some way to get rid of it, and, bettering my instruction from the man of powder, I stuck it into the hand of the first unarmed person I met.

"Take it, citizen!" I repeated. "Fight for your country!" Then I passed on and returned home.

A Star on Stars.

He was one of the leading actors of America—of international fame—and he was talking off guard.

"Women certainly have the best of it on the stage," he said, "although they may not always think so. Whatever a man attains in the dramatic profession he must toil for, but a woman with a little bit of talent can make a hit, if she has a pretty face or figure, that will place her in a brief time and almost without labor in a position of financial independence, to say nothing of being a popular idol. No; I trust I'm not envious, but sometimes I feel a bit discouraged when I contrast my years of toil with the hop, skip and jump that lands a round faced girl at the front."—New York Press.

A Contrast.

In the Bank of England's museum may be seen the old oak chest which was the old lady of Threadneedle street's first strong room. It is a little larger than a common seaman's chest, and in this the bank stored its cash, notes and valuable papers. Today the strong room is a formidable looking object, built of armor plate, boasts of huge doors that weigh many tons and represents the latest skill and science of the engineer and locksmith.—London Queen.

Kissing the Hands.

The practice of kissing the hands was instituted by the early Roman rulers as a mark of subjection as much as one of respect, and under the first Caesars the custom was kept up, but only for a time. These worthies conceived the idea that the proper homage due to their exalted station called for less familiar modes of obeisance, so the privilege of kissing the emperor's hand was reserved as a special mark of condescension or distinction for officers of high rank. Roman fathers considered the practice of kissing of so delicate a nature that they never kissed their wives in the presence of their daughters.

What She Inherited.

"Of course I can do manicuring just as well with my left hand," said the left handed manicurist—"better, if anything. You don't know the difference if you've been born that way, if you have inherited it.

"Didn't know it was a matter of inheritance? Why, certainly it is. No, left handedness, not manicuring. My father, grandfather and great-grandfather were all left handed, and so were ten cousins of mine."—Exchange.

Happy Hunting Ground.

She—When a woman wants a husband, you don't suppose she goes and looks in a club for one, do you? He—Well, if she's a married woman the chances are that she does.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Soft Answer.

He—Artists say that five feet four is the divine height for women. His Darling (crossly)—You know, I am five feet nine. He (quickly)—You are more than divine, my dear.

PUBLIC RIDICULE.

The Time When It Served as Punishment For Lawbreakers.

It is the problem of all ages to make the punishment fit the crime, but they seem to have come nearer its solution in Plantagenet times than they ever were after the introduction of flogging.

When burglary meant the total ruin of the man who kept his whole fortune in his house the burglar was hanged. But in the same period public ridicule served as a punishment for most crimes, and the man who sold bad meat was placed in the pillory and his bad meat burned to windward of him; the vintner who sold bad wine was forced to drink some of it and the rest was poured over his head; for more serious offenses the criminal had to walk along Cheapside bareheaded, dressed only in a shirt and carrying a wax taper, escorted by the mayor's sergeants.

The result was that law and order were maintained far better than when men became brutalized by the horrible floggings of Georgian times.

Punishments became worse with religious persecutions, and after the reformation the pillory, with its terrible accompaniment of slit ears, whippings, etc., became popular, to say nothing of torturing, burning at the stake, and so on. At St. Thomas' hospital one of the sisters, "for a grave offense, contrarie to ye lawe of God and according to the proffe of three wytnesses," was ordered to "be punished and have xii strypes well laid on."

But all this, bad as it was, was less demoralizing than the terrible criminal code of George II.'s reign, when there were forty-eight crimes punishable by death and forty punishable by whipping, transportation or pillory. Flogging for mere vagrancy began with Henry VIII., and as late as 1804 six women were publicly whipped at Gloucester for this unavoidable offense. And never did public morality sink so low.

In those good old days we flogged our sailormen "to encourage the others," and there were many trussed at the triangles who would now be simply admonished. A pleasant form of punishment was "flogging through the fleet." It was given to the ignorant sailorman who struck a superior officer. And when he had been carried from one ship to another and flogged in each he survived—if he was unfortunate—for six months. The lucky man died accidentally.—London Chronicle.

CONFEDERATE FLAGS.

The Stars and Bars and Then the Red Battleflag.

The first Confederate flag was the stars and bars, a blue field and three stripes, one white and two red, and on the blue field seven white stars in a circle, a star for each state that up to that time had seceded. In battle, however, it was seen that this banner bore altogether too close a resemblance to the stars and stripes, and thus there came into use the Confederate battleflag, the origin of which seems to have been as follows:

This is the statement of General William L. Cabell: "When the Confederate army commanded by General Beauregard and the Federal army confronted each other at Manassas, it was seen that the Confederate flag and the stars and stripes looked at a distance so much alike that it was hard to distinguish one from the other. General Beauregard, thinking that serious mistakes might be made in recognizing our troops, after the battle of July 18, at Blackburn Ford, ordered that a small badge should be worn on the left shoulder by our troops and, as I was chief quartermaster, ordered me to purchase a large amount of red flannel and to distribute it to each regiment."

This Confederate battleflag was adopted in September, 1861, and was designed by Generals Johnston and Beauregard. Red was its color, with a blue St. Andrew's cross reaching from corner to corner and white stars on the cross representing the different southern states. The women of the south made these flags by hundreds out of their red and blue silk dresses. Miss Constance Cary, who afterward became Mrs. Burton Harrison, the well known novelist, was one of the three southern girls who made the first three battleflags.—Magazine of American History.

Defined.

"John," she said, looking up from the paper, "what is a political boomerang?"

"Why, I'd define it," he answered, "as a roorback on the return trip."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Idea of Luck.

Blobbs—Bjones is the most unlucky fellow at cards I ever met. Slobbs—Then I suppose he is lucky in love. Blobbs—I suppose so. At any rate, he has never been married.—Philadelphia Record.

Throat Coughs

Ask your doctor about these throat coughs. He will tell you how deceptive they are. A tickling in the throat often means serious trouble ahead. Better explain your case carefully to your doctor, and ask him about your taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Ayer's
We publish our formulas
We banish alcohol from our medicines
We urge you to consult your doctor

Who makes the best liver pills? The J. C. Ayer Company, of Lowell, Mass. They have been making Ayer's Pills for over sixty years. If you have the slightest doubt about using these pills, ask your doctor. Do as he says, always.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

A DREADFUL WEAPON.

The Slashing Sharks' Teeth Club of the Polynesians.

Clubs were the weapons of primitive and savage man. Ancient specimens from Mexico are heavy sticks grooved along the side for the insertion of blades of bosidian—that is, volcanic glass. The Sioux club is a flat piece of wood, curving and widening away from the grip and terminating in a spherical head, which in modern times carries a long spike, while the blades of several butcher knives are commonly inserted along the margin. The national museum of the United States possesses a great variety of these shocking weapons, designed, as the frontiersmen say, to "knock down the white man and then to brain him and cut him into mince meat." The Kingsmill islanders and other Polynesians make dreadful slashing weapons by securing rows of sharks' teeth along a haft of wood.

These weapons vary from a few inches to sixteen feet in length, and it has been said that in all the range of weapons devised by mankind there is nothing more blood curdling to behold. They show how the sword may have been evolved from the club even by tribes unacquainted with the use of metals. African weapons, again, are exceedingly complicated owing to the acquaintance of the natives with iron. The standard club is converted into a sort of tomahawk by the addition of blades or into a primitive spear by the addition of a sharp spud. The plain clubs in the African area are used chiefly for throwing.

The small knobbed clubs, or "kerries," such as are found among the Kaffirs and other African tribes, are generally used as missiles. Whereas the club proper was soon brought to perfection among savage tribes and was long ago abandoned as a weapon of civilized warfare, the missile—typified by the thrown clubs or "kerries"—is still being improved upon in boomerangs, bows and arrows, crossbows and firearms.

BEETHOVEN AND BUSINESS.

Selling His Music Was Distasteful to the Great Composer.

An extremely interesting article which has appeared in a German musical and theatrical paper under the above heading contains the following statement, says a London exchange: Beethoven never bargained in the ordinary way. His fees for a composition were demanded briefly and in a decided manner, and he always pointed out when mentioning a price that he meant guineas and not sovereigns, or, rather, their equivalent in Austrian coin. In 1801 he wrote to a music firm at Leipzig: "Now the unpalatable business part is done with. I wish things could be managed differently in this world. There should be only one music publisher to whom the artist might take his work, knowing that he might ask a fee according to his requirements. As it is, he has to be partly a tradesman. Good heavens, how different and unpalatable this is!" But this pious wish was never fulfilled, and Beethoven had to remain "half a tradesman" to the end.

As a suggestion of how dedications are occasionally made, the following letter, which Beethoven wrote to the same publisher in 1802 from Vienna, is interesting:

"The lady in question can have a sonata, and I will do my best to carry out her aesthetic ideas. The price is 5 guineas (ducaten), and for this she may retain the sonata for a year as her private property, but not for publication. At the end of the year the sonata becomes my property—that is to say, I have the right to publish it, and if she thinks it an honor she may ask to have the work dedicated to her."

This, from the business point of view of the lady in question, is surely a tempting offer. At least, so the art patroness of today would think if she had a chance of suggesting to a Beethoven the "aesthetic idea" for a sonata, to retain such a treasure in her own hands for a twelvemonth and thereafter have it dedicated to her—and all for 5 guineas!

The Proper Word.

Reckoning from the standpoint of the lexicographer, Ruth, aged seven, committed an unpardonable assault on the king's English, but the seventy-five other persons living in that apartment house would swear that she chose the proper word. Ruth's comment concerned the vocal gymnastics of a lady who was learning to sing.

"She is having her voice difficulted," said Ruth, and every one of the seventy-five nerve racked neighbors echoed, "She is."—New York Times.

Three Signs.

Peculiarities of signs are a source of never ending delight to some people. One man reached his office grinning the other morning because on his way downtown he had seen three signs that read as follows: "Teddy Bears Retailed," "Baby Carriages Retired" and "Umbrellas Recovered."—New York Post.

Freshman Mathematics.

Freshby—Professor, is it ever possible to take the greater from the less?

"There is a pretty close approach to it when the conceit is taken out of a freshman."—Jewish Ledger.

Over and Under.

"Archie is fairly going crazy over his new motor."

"That's strange. Every time I've seen him he has been going crazy under it."

Just Suited Her.

"Please, ma'am, I haven't a friend or a relative in the world," said the tramp.

"Well, I'm glad there's no one to worry over you in case you get hurt. Here, Tiger!" said the housekeeper.

Getting His Own Back.

"The giraffe has a tongue eighteen inches long," said Mrs. Talkmore.

"And knows how to hold it, too," growled Mr. Talkmore, who had had a long curtain lecture the night before.—London Answers.

THE DRUG FIEND.

Hasheesh Makes Its Slave Utterly Useless For Any Service.

One of the drugs that are most striking in their effects is hasheesh, or Cannabis indica, largely taken in Asiatic countries, where I used myself to meet its votaries. Its chief peculiarity is to make one believe with all his might whatever is suggested to him.

If he is an Arab, tell him that he is a sultan, and straightaway he orders heads to be cut off. Tell him he is a rooster, and he will crow. I knew of two Americans who experimented on themselves, and when the first was told that he was like a locomotive he snorted and whistled and kept going round the table puffing and blowing until he dropped from sheer fatigue.

The other somehow conceived the idea that he was dead and forthwith gave elaborate directions for his own funeral till he waxed wroth at the unseemly mirth of his companions when they should have wept.

Hasheesh makes its slave utterly useless for any service, and so with the other drugs. Their victims one and all end in becoming do-nothings. Self made do-nothings, or those who are so by drug taking, are much worse than useless.

As they usually do not begin till as adults they reach the working period of life, they become wretched burdens on the real workers, since our social system lacks any constitutional enactment whereby, as occurs in a community of bees, the workers systematically put their drones to death.

The opium fiend from long living in an unreal world becomes transformed into the most all round liar in the land, the very embodiment of unveracity. One of them victimized me with a loan that he might go and close the eyes of his dying mother when her eyes needed no such closing for years afterward.

Another sent from a western city to his wife a telegram which purported to come from an undertaker demanding money to pay for shipping his body home. This money, when it came, he, and unfortunately no undertaker, pocketed and then went his way.

We all know what the confirmed drunkard becomes, but not till the judgment day will the whole story be known of the griefs and tears of the innocent ones whom the drunkard made to suffer while he was here.—Everybody's Magazine.

AVERTED A TRAGEDY.

Nerve Displayed by Daniel O'Connell at a Critical Moment.

Daniel O'Connell, the famous Irish agitator, had a contempt for physical danger. On a certain occasion a meeting had been convened, and a large crowd assembled in a room on the first floor of a building in a small city in Ireland.

O'Connell was about to address the people when a gentleman, pale with fear, made his way to the platform and hoarsely whispered:

"Liberator, the floor is giving way! The beams that shore it up are cracking, and we shall fall through in a few minutes!"

"Keep silent," said O'Connell. Then, raising his voice, he addressed the assembly:

"I find that the room is too small to contain the number who desire to come in, so we must leave it and hold the meeting outside the building."

At this a few rose and went out, but the majority retained their seats. Then O'Connell said:

"I will tell you the truth. You are Irishmen, therefore brave men. The floor is giving way, and we must leave this room at once. If there is a panic and a rush to the door we shall all be precipitated into the room below, but if you obey my orders we shall be saved. Let the twelve men nearest the door go quietly out, then the next twelve, and so on till all have gone. I shall be the last to leave."

His instructions were obeyed to the letter, and he waited, patient and calm, till all had gone out in safety. Then he walked quietly across the sundering, cracking floor, reaching the door just as the shattered beams gave way. And thus, by the force of his strong will, a terrible accident was averted.

His Glorious Victory.

The commanding officer had surprised the young lieutenant and his daughter trying to occupy the same chair.

The lieutenant sprang to his feet and saluted.

"Sir," he said, "I have the honor to report an engagement at close quarters in which I have been entirely victorious. It now merely remains for you to give your sanction to the terms of surrender."—London Scraps.

Influence of Pluck.

The blindest, the most purely instinctive, effort of mere pluck has a lifting power and deserves our thankful admiration. Every degree and every form of courage tends to raise the whole tone of life within the range of its influence in proportion to the amount and the quality of the endurance exercised.—Hibbert Journal.

His Phenomenal Luck.

"You say he is lucky?"

"You bet."

"In what does his luck consist?"

"Marriage, you see, is his hobby."

"Well?"

"Every woman he marries gets a divorce."

Development.

"Remember," said the earnest inventor, "it isn't so many years since the telephone caused laughter."

"That's true," answered the man who has trouble with central. "At first it caused laughter; now it causes profanity."—Washington Star.

Proof.

Mrs. Shellpod—Hiram, some o' them there hobos hev stole the wash offen the line ag'in! Farmer Shellpod—Haow dew you know they wuz hobos? Mrs. Shellpod—Becuz they tuk everything but th' towels.—Chicago News.

If better were within, better would come out.—German Proverb.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY DEC. 11. 1908.

CITY ELECTION.

The Democratic party never worked harder to secure a victory at the ballot-boxes than they did at last Tuesday's Woburn city election, but, in spite of it, Daniel W Bond, the Republican candidate for Mayor, was elected by 14 plurality over Hugh D. Murray, the Democratic candidate, and Lawrence Reade, the Independent Democratic candidate. Party lines were drawn straight and taught; both sides did their level best to win; the weather was fine; and horses and autos were used regardless of expense. Nevertheless, under these unusually favorable conditions for Democratic success, their ordinary majority of from 300 to 500 less than half a dozen years ago was cut down, last Tuesday, to a minority of 14. Even conceding that Reade's vote of 83 came wholly from the Democratic party, which was not true, they cast only about 70 more ballots than the Republicans, which indicated a remarkable whittling down of their former strength in this city. Taken in connection with the vote at the State election last month it looks as though the Democratic party of Woburn were rapidly losing ground.

The Republicans were well satisfied with the result of Tuesday's contest.

ABOUT CONSISTENCY.

Among the Massachusetts newspapers that refuse liquor advertisements is the WOBURN JOURNAL.—*Our Message.*

That's right!

The same paper, which is the official organ of the Massachusetts W. C. T. U., says:

"We are fast coming to realize that the advertising columns of a paper should bear some degree of consistency with its Editorial policy, and to demand that no part of the publication shall offend against decency."

Now, what has *Our Message* to say about those temperance organizations who patronize and pay their money to newspapers that publish advertisements of alcoholic liquors, and advocate the license policyfor towns and cities? Are they consistent?

CONGRESS.

The final, or short, session of the 60th Congress was opened at noon last Monday, Dec. 7, and adjourned immediately after rollcall out of respect to the memory of those members who have died since the last adjournment.

Washington newspaper correspondents expect a dull session, so they say. Testimony on Tariff Revision is being taken, and the prospect is that something in that line will be done. How much, or what, nobody can tell.

☞ Eben S. Draper has announced his determination to "cut out" social functions, spreads, banquets, receptions, and all such foolish things, after he becomes seated in the Gubernatorial chair. In this he shows good sense, and a due regard for his health and happiness. Governor Wolcott set an excellent example in this regard, and if Governor Guild had given heed to it, he would probably have saved himself a great deal of dangerous illness. It got so at one time that a country highway couldn't be properly opened and dedicated to public uses without the presence of the Governor, a reception by him, and a banquet. Governor Draper proposes to have it different during his administration.

☞ On Dec. 2, instant, the Boston *Record* contained a description of "Josh Holden's Surprise Calendar," with a good likeness of that gentleman, and some of the sentiments in it, written by distinguished citizens, which appears to be a unique and curious creation. The sentiments are arranged in blocks, one for each month, and a leaf for each day, and the set has cost about $500.

☞ Alderman Harold P. Johnson, received a larger vote than any other candidate for Alderman-at Large at the election last Tuesday. And that, too, for a second term on the Board, which is generally a test of a candidate's merits and popularity.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Mrs. Bean—Board.
A. E. Gage—Citation.
National Bank—Notice.
Burbeen Course—Lecture.
County Commissioners—Petition.

— Yesterday morning was another cold one—from 8 to 10 in the shade.

— A recount would probably give Mayor-elect Bond more than 14 plurality.

— Mr. D. W. Bond's election suits the Republicans and Antilicense people firstrate.

— Please read the notice in this paper of the free lecture in the Burbeen Course on Dec. 16.

— Woburn Council, 77, K. C. are to give their 16th annual concert and ball in Lyceum Hall on Dec. 30.

— The city campaign was quite a sharp one in its last days. It made extra work for the postoffice clerks.

— The First and Second Woburn Basketball teams won games at Maplewood last Saturday night. This city has some fine players.

— Tuesday was harvest day for the livery stables. The hacks were astir early, and kept busy until 4 o'clock p m., when the polls closed.

— Rev. Dr. Wm. C. Minifie pastor of the Clarendon Street Baptist church, Boston, will preach next Sunday morning in the First Baptist church in this city.

— Towanda Club gave the returns of the city election on Tuesday evening as fast as the votes were counted and reported. Towanda is nothing if not enterprising.

— The Moonlight Club, one of the fashionable social societies in this city, took their monthly moonlight stroll to North Woburn last Monday night, and enjoyed it very much indeed. Both ladies and gentlemen compose the Club, which is in a flourishing condition.

— Capt. John M. Portal is drilling a team of High School boys to participate in the competitive drill and rifle shoot at the Sportsmen's Show in Boston next week.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— One would naturally suppose that the great rain last Monday would have operated to reduce the price of milk, but such seems not to have been the case in these parts.

— The Harlow Reference Library was opened for the use of the High school scholars last Monday. It was the gift of the late Dr. John M. Harlow, and a valuable one.

— Rev. H. C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church, conducted religious exercises at the Woburn Home for Aged Women last Sunday. The local clergy take turns in these exercises.

— The elocutionary contributions of Miss Alice J. Whitcomb to the memorial services of the Elks last Sunday evening were warmly praised by those who had the pleasure of listening to them. She is an accomplished public reader.

— The Junior Holy Name Society of St. Charles church have elected the following officers: Carl Dunberry, First Perfect; Edward Kenney, Second Perfect; Bartholomew Mullen, Third Perfect; Matthew Fox, Treasurer; Daniel Doherty, Secretary.

— Rev. Bradley Gilman, formerly of Springfield, now of Canton, will preach next Sunday morning in the Unitarian church in exchange with the pastor. Rev. Mr. Gilman is the author of several books, also the writer of a leading serial in St. Nicholas.

— Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dow, recently married and now enjoying their honeymoon in travel and sightseeing, are to spend the Christmas holidays here, after which they will take up their abode at Birmingham, Alabama, where Mr. Dow is engaged in business.

— At the drugstores of F. P. Brooks, A. W. Whitcher and McLaughlin & Dennison are to be seen fine goods for Christmas presents. Each one of them exhibits novelties that cannot but please old and young. The proprietors invite the public to make early inspections of their wares.

— Last week John W. Johnson, Esq., received from Secretary of State Olin the charter of incorporation of the Woburn Charitable Association, for which he was Attorney to obtain the same. The corporation are now ready to go ahead and do business. It will prove a valuable institution.

— Some of the Cooperative Banks in this State have increased their rate of interest to patrons from four to four and a half percent. One of the staunchest and most prosperous of such Banks is the Woburn Cooperative, of which Mr. James Skinner is President, and John C. Buck Treasurer.

— In point of size, juiciness, and flavor the new Florida oranges that Angelo Crovo sells at such reasonable figures, and so many of them every day, have no successful rivals in this market. Crovo's popularity is mainly due to his keeping the very best fruit of all kinds, and giving every purchaser a square deal.

— The funeral of another Veteran of the Civil War, Mr. Alfred D. Finch, 73 years old, was held at his home on Salem street last Saturday afternoon. The pallbearers were Col. Cyrus Tay, Capt. E. F. Wyer, Edward Hoskins, Alonzo Carpenter and George Bruce of Woburn Post 161, G. A. R., of which the deceased was a member.

— The person who looks carefully over Copeland & Bowser's stock of Christmas goods will have no difficulty in discovering why it is unnecessary for people to go to Boston for their Christmas presents. They have everything needed to make a happy and "Merry Christmas" for the children and grown-ups—heaps of beautiful things for presents, the prices of which are reasonable.

— At 7.30 o'clock tomorrow evening, Dec. 12, Rev. Oscar Lindegren is to deliver a lecture in the Scandinavian Evangelical Free church on Montvale avenue, the same to be finely illustrated by stereopticon views. The tickets are 25 cents for adults, and 10 cents for children. The proceeds of the lecture are to go for the benefit of the Scandinavian Sailors and Immigrants Home. The lecture and its object will be likely to draw a large audience.

— At 5 o'clock last Monday evening a rain, that had continued without abatement 24 hours, during which period a great amount of water fell, to the unbounded delight of many people, ceased, and cleared off in a mild and encouraging manner. As the first winter rainstorm clears off so, according to the old rule, will end its successors during the season; and if that be true, no high N. W. winds or zero weather will follow the rains this winter.

— Although last Tuesday was not the shortest day of the present year, the afternoon was, the time between high noon and sundown being shorter than on any other day this year. If such had not been the case, some of the candidates who were voted for claimed that they could have made a better showing at the polls. They, however, acquired the knowledge, always useful, if heeded, that "time and tide wait for no man," nor do election officers.

— Smith & Varney, the jewelers, silversmiths, and watchmakers, have gone to great lengths, and spent a great deal of money, to fill their well known and popular store with Christmas gift wares, and so successful have they been in making selections that no such stocks of Christmas goods in size, variety, value and beauty have ever before been offered for sale in this city. It would take much more space than the JOURNAL can spare this week to enumerate only just the leading things, or articles for presents, which this enterprising and fair dealing firm have placed on exhibition, and are offering to sell at prices that defy competition, and bring them within the reach of people of moderate means. Smith & Varney invite everybody in search of Christmas presents to call at their store and examine goods and prices. Callers will receive prompt and courteous attention.

We want to convince you that this store is the ideal place to shop in for CHRISTMAS.

Long JEWELER. Wholesale and Retail.

Here are 3 reasons—there are many more.

BECAUSE—38 years' experience stands behind every purchase and guarantees satisfaction.

BECAUSE—the goods are new—smartest styles from the best shops in the country.

BECAUSE—the prices are honest—for honest goods.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER, COMBS, OPERA GLASSES, FOUNTAIN PENS, PHOTO FRAMES, CUT GLASS, FRENCH CHINA, CHAFING DISHES, CARVING SETS, LEATHER GOODS, BRIC-A-BRAC, UMBRELLAS, LIBRARY LAMPS AND DESK GOODS.

SPECIAL XMAS TABLES—25c., 50c., $1.00, $2.00, $3.00, $5.00.

41 SUMMER ST., NEXT DOOR HOVEY'S

This store is worth knowing INTIMATELY.

WHY NOT OPEN A CHARGE ACCOUNT WITH US?

FREE PUBLIC LECTURE

IN THE

CITY OF WOBURN

TO BE HELD IN

LYCEUM HALL

BY THE

Burbeen Free Lecture Fund

Founded October 7, 1892 by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and incorporated November 18, 1892.

Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth
Wednesday, Dec. 16, '08

Subject: "Woman's Side of the Criminal Problem"

Admission Free

No Tickets will be required. Children not admitted unless accompanied by their parents.

Doors open at 7 Lecture at 8

FRANCES W. HILL
WILLIAM R. CUTTER,
JOHN W. JOHNSON,
Burbeen Lecture Committee

12-14

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

Winchester Electrical Co.

ELECTRICAL CONSTRUCTION

Repairing and Supplies

ROOMS 8 and 9 WATERFIELD BUILDING

WINCHESTER

TELEHHONE 298-1 RESIDENCE 'PHONE—READING

— The St. Charles High School Alumnae Association are preparing an excellent program for their first annual concert, to be given on Jan. 8, in Lyceum Hall.

— New workers made the work for No License easier this year. Rev Geo. A. Tilton of No. Woburn started the ball rolling, and then Mr Frank B Kimball took charge and made a firstclass hand at it.

— T. F Boyle Company, whose leather factory at Milford, N. H., was burned a few days ago, have leased the Ballard factory in this city, and will have it running very soon. They employ 150 hands, and their payroll is about $1,800 a week.

— It is expected that Clarence Stetson, who has been successfully doing Y. M. C. A. work at Taunton for some time past, will soon return to this city to engage in the same kind of Christian endeavor among the young men here. Pastor Norton of First church is anxious to secure the services of Mr. Stetson for this kind of work in his church.

— Last week the Fred E Cottle Broadway leather factory of Salem, after remaining idle for a considerable period, started up fullhanded, and there are now no unemployed leather manufacturing establishments in that city. For this favorable change in the business the manufacturers, with one voice, give the election of Judge Taft full credit. Salem is no exception; the leather business is reviving all along the line.

— Miss Katherine Marie Conway of Philadelphia, daughter of the late Dr James H. Conway of this city, has been a welcome guest for a fortnight of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs James W. McDonald, of Broad street, the latter of whom is a sister of Marie's mother. She is, also, visiting her uncle, Mr E J Gregory, of Boston. Since leaving here, with her mother, some years ago, she has been acquiring a liberal education at popular seminaries and colleges.

— Mr. Harry F. Parker of Church avenue attended a massmeeting of the Brotherhood of Railroad Clerks held at Portland last Sunday. About 300 went from Boston, for whom the Boston & Maine Railroad Company generously furnished free transportation, and did the handsome thing by. Some 800 members of the Order attended the great meeting in Portland, at which there was much firstrate speechmaking. Its object was to induce railroad clerks to join the Brotherhood, and was a success.

— Last Monday morning the "No School" signal was heard for the first time in this city since last September. That fact furnishes some idea of the length and severity of the drouth that was broken last Sunday night by the heaviest rainstorm that has been experienced here in many months. Fortunately Horn Pond held out bravely and prevented a water famine; but where wells were depended on for a supply its scarcity in some quarters was severely felt. However, a great rain came at last, and the inconvenience of a short water supply ceased to trouble the people.

— At 7 o'clock last Sunday morning the thermometers showed only 8 degrees above zero, which was a pretty stiff winter figure. By noon, however, the mercury ran up to about 30 degrees, with a change of wind to the S. E., which brought on the rainstorm of Sunday night and Monday. In the mean time the newspapers informed us that the Penobscot and Androscoggin Rivers in Maine were closed to navigation, thick ice having been formed at Bangor and Brunswick. Lumbering operations are expected to begin soon in the Maine forests; but they are not to be carried on so extensively this winter as in years past.

— It is observed by those interested in such matters that the sparrows are busy these days building new houses, or repairing old ones, for their winter homes. A favorite source for obtaining material for these abodes is the old nests of other birds found in the trees. Sometimes half a dozen, or more, sparrows may be seen surrounding and fluttering over one of such abandoned nests; and then, having obtained their loads, they speedily repair to the structure they are preparing, often behind the window blinds of residences, or under the eaves of them, or other places well protected from the cold and storms of the winter season.

— What a day Tuesday was for the women to come out and vote for candidates for the School Board! The returns showed that they improved it. They ought to be allowad to vote on the temperance question, at least. Massachusetts Legislatures balk at giving women the same voting privileges that men enjoy; but on moral, as now on educational measures, the laws should allow them to express their sentiments at the ballotboxes, as untrammelled as the male voters are. If women were permitted by law to vote on the license question, it is safe to say that there would be much less legal liquor selling in this State than there is now.

— The alarm from box 612 at 6 20 this morning was for a fire that did considerable damage to the restaurent on Main street, opp. Mechanic Block.

— License or Antilicense was the real issue between the parties at last Tuesday's election in this city, and the latter won by a majority that surprised friend and foe alike.

— About 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, Dec 9, Joseph A. Langevin, 30 years old, of Manchester, N. H., attempted to end his life by drinking carbolic acid at the residence of Mrs Lucy M. Cole, 57 Pleasant street, this city, where he had been a lodger for two days. He has a wife and child at Manchester. A physician ordered him sent to the Mass. Gen. Hospital.

— A fairer specimen of "Republican weather" for election day was never before vouchsafed to that highly respectable and richly deserving political party, than that of last Tuesday. It was simply delightful all day, and must have augmented the Republican vote several scores, at least. The Democrats of this city hate mortally to see bright, clear, sunshiny weather on election day, for such meteorological conditions always means a greatly increased Republican vote, and often Democratic defeat.

— At a meeting of the Scandinavian Evangelical Free church of this city held last Monday evening the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Alfred Olson, President; Gustaf O. Anderson, Vice President; Oscar Peterson, Secretary; Charles Rinquist, Financial Secretary; Soren Madsen, Treasurer; Gustav Everburg and Eric Johnson were appointed Collectors; August Erlandson, Trustee; Ludwig Froberg, Elder; Andrew Mathson and Peter Johnson, Auditors; Miss Alice Rosenquist, Organist; Eric Johnson, Choir Leader; Messrs. Peter Johnson, Gustaf Anderson, August Erlandson and A. Ekman, Deacons; and Mrs Victoria Gustafson and Mrs. Emma Rinquist, Deaconesses. The resignation of Miss Mabel Rosenquist as Organist and Choir Leader was accepted. Mr. Gustaf O. Anderson was reelected Superintendent of the Sunday School.

— Not all the credit is due to Mayor Blodgett for the small number of illegal liquor sellers doing business here this year as compared with other years, although he has done remarkably good work by way of suppressing them since nolicense went into operation last May. Chief of Police McDermott has, all along, earnestly and honestly seconded the Mayor's endeavors to ferret out, convict and punish violators of the liquor laws, and in prosecuting the few cases brought into Court, has displayed as much legal acumen, good judgment, and familiarity with Court proceedings, as any of the Lawyers who practice at the Bar. He has proved himself an intelligent and upright Chief of Police, and the men under his authority have always been swift to execute his orders in the matter of suspected illegal rum-selling. Mayor Blodgett thinks highly of the ability and integrity of Chief McDermott; and we know that Judge Johnson of the District Court shares the Mayor's opinions and feelings in these respects.

— Christmas is scheduled to appear in these parts in just two weeks from today. The JOURNAL will be printed and circulated on the day before Christmas, towit: Thursday, Dec 24. If the printing were delayed to Dec. 25, nothing would be gained, for it is safe to say the postoffice will, as usual, be closed on the holiday, and the distribution of the papers would go over to Saturday. Nor will any other places of business be open that day. To one who has arrived at middle age, as in the case of the JOURNAL, it does not seem so very long ago that the Catholic, Lutheran and Episcopalean denominations were about the only people who celebrated Christmas as it is now observed—with religious exercises, merrymaking, and the passing of presents among friends; when some of the sects looked sternly, and with deep disapproval, on such things; and now, in these latter, and more enlightened times, everybody celebrates and enjoys the pleasures of "Merry Christmas"—especially, the Christmas Goose and presents.

Rifle and Pistol Competitions at Sportsmen's Show in Boston.

Experts with the rifle and pistol, and amateurs as well, will have excellent opportunities to make scores and secure valuable trophies during the time of the Sportsmen's Show at the Mechanics building beginning the 24th instant and ending January 5, 1909. A long list of events for teams, clubs and individuals has been nearly completed, making a tournament which is certain to arouse widespread interest and the keenest competition. All New England is invited to participate and so far the response has been most encouraging to the committee in charge of this particular feature. The intention is to offer such an inviting programme that novices, as well as experienced and most skillful shots, will enter the various contests with the result of a general uplifting of this phase of sportsmanship. In this, and many other respects the coming exhibition to be held under the auspices of the New England Forest, Fish and Game Association, is planned to be of great educational value.

Burlington.

The annual Fair held here on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Dec. 9, 10, was a gratifying success. It was well attended, and the patronage was all that could reasonably have been expected. The managers of it were greatly pleased with the way the Fair turned out.

The rain on Sunday night and Monday was a godsend to this town, for the drouth was severer and more lengthy than has been experienced here for many years. A great number of wells went entirely dry; others were almost so; while the brooks and streams could furnish no relief. Some wells held out, and from them water was carried to other places for use in kitchens and in barns for the cattle. The heavy rain changed all this, and things are now lovely.

The prospect now is that this town is to be socially lively for a couple of months to come. I understand that some events are being planned that gives countenance to this prediction. Burlington can be as gay and festive as any other town when it sets out to be.

BOSTON THEATRES.

THE BOSTON.

The announcement of the closing of the Boston Theatre Stock Company season at the Boston Theatre has been the sensation of the week in amusement circles, for there has been no more popular organization in Boston in recent years. Mr. Keith has other plans to announce, but for the last week there will be presented a production that will be a fitting end for a remarkable season of stock. The productions given by Mr. Keith have been of the most elaborate kind, far superior to anything hitherto attempted in a Company of this kind, and it is predicted that "The Walls of Jericho" will outdo any of the others. It was in this play that James K Hackett and Mary Mannering made the greatest success of their career. It was an English play, written by Alfred Sutro, the famous dramatist, and when first presented had a run in London that has been equalled by few, if any piece of a similar character.

KEITH'S.

The week of December 14th at Keith's Theatre, promises to be a red-letter one, for many reasons. First of all, it will mark the appearance of Irene Franklin in Boston with a series of new songs that have been creating a furore in every place she has appeared. Miss Franklin, who has been for several years, assisted by Burt Green, the pianist, has always been a prime favorite in vaudeville, but a few months ago she exceeded all her previous efforts and placed herself in a class with Eva Tanquay, the Lloyds and other star features of international reputation. Miss Franklin is a character comedienne—grotesque, at times, but she makes her changes much more rapidly than any which have preceeded her.

THE GAIETY.

"The man with the duck nose" is coming to the handsome new Gaiety Theatre on Washington street, near Boylston street, next week, which means that that prince of fun-makers, Bob Van Osten, one of the cleverest German comedians of the current stage, heads the company known as Arnold's "Serenaders" that will be the attraction for the six days beginning Dec. 14. This splendidly equipped organization is this season, under the personal direction of Mr. C. B. Arnold who has assembled a fine company of burlesquers and vaudeville stars and has selected a chorus contingent declared to be without an equal for youth, beauty and vivacity, one feature of which is said to be the liveliest lot of "broilers" seen on any Boston stage for many a day.

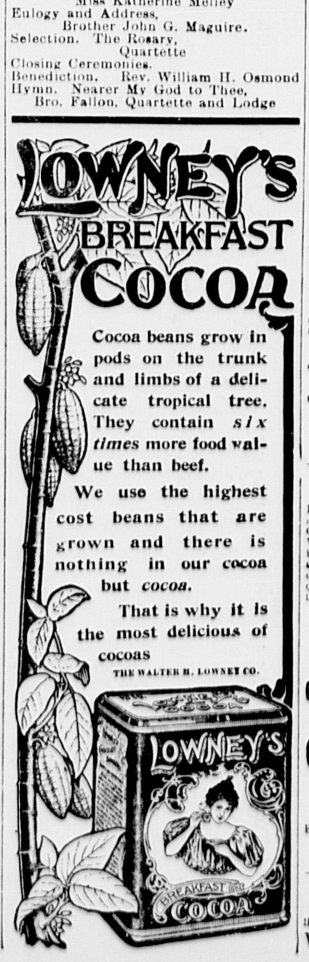
CASTLE SQUARE.

Again will the John Craig Stock Company give a play for the first time on the Castle Square stage. For next week's attraction "The Heir to the Hoorah" has been chosen, and its scenes of western life, its story of the struggle of an Eastern wife married to a breezy Westerner who has no knowledge of the conventionalities and customs of the East, appeals with directness to the playgoer who likes emotion mingled with humor. Both wife and her mother object during the progress of the play to the rough friends and business associates of the husband, and he is made to feel his social and personal inferiority to those whom he is providing with a home and prospective wealth. But it happens that there is baby to be reckoned with, as has happened many times, it is the helpless and lovable child that finally brings order out of chaos and happiness to all concerned.

Memorial Services.

Last Sunday evening Woburn Lodge, 908, B. P. O. E., held the usual service in memory of the members who had departed this life during the year. About 800 Elks and their friends attended the exercises, which were interesting and impressive. The following program was carried out:

Prelude. Wayside Chapel, Wilson
Elk's Orchestra.
Introductory Address,
James E. Feeney, Exalted Ruler.
Selection. Hope and Song, Lane Wilson
Quartette.
Contralto Solo. Lost Chord, Sullivan
Miss Louise Corbett.
Invocation. Rev. William B. Lawrence
Selection. Abide With Me, Dannizetti
Elks' Orchestra.
Baritone Solo. Face to Face.
Brother P. J. Fallon.
Reading. a Thanatopsis, Bryant
b L'envoi, Kipling
Miss Alice J Whitcomb
Soprano Solo. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say, Harris
Miss Katherine Melley
Eulogy and Address,
Brother John G. Maguire.
Selection. The Rosary,
Quartette
Closing Ceremonies.
Benediction. Rev. William H. Osmond
Hymn. Nearer My God to Thee,
Bro. Fallon, Quartette and Lodge



LOWNEY'S BREAKFAST COCOA

Cocoa beans grow in pods on the trunk and limbs of a delicate tropical tree. They contain *six times* more food value than beef.

We use the highest cost beans that are grown and there is nothing in our cocoa but *cocoa.*

That is why it is the most delicious of cocoas

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.

Telephone Talks

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

A "prompt" answer turneth away wrath. You know how you feel when you are kept waiting at the telephone Remember: Example is better than precept.

"No One on the Line"

It has been pointed out that there are three parties to a telephone conversation, namely, the person calling, the operator, and, last but not least, the person called.

The operator has no authority to compel an answer to her summons. She simply forwards to your telephone a mechanical signal. Interpreted, this means "Some one desires to speak to you." It remains fer you, the person called, to recognize this request.

There are two strong reasons why you should answer promptly, and both vitally concern you:

☞ 1. If you are slow in answering, the caller may hang up the telephone and assume that you are not accessible. Later, if you answer at your leisure, the operator can vouchsafe no information save that "there is no one on the line." Who called you? The operator probably does not know. Any operator in your exchange may have called you, rather than the operator specially assigned to answer your calls.

☞ 2. From the moment the operator calling you "plugs in" on your line until she ceases her effort to attract your attention, your line is "busy" to all other callers.

If you are dilatory, therefore, you are obstructing you own service. You are also causing disappointment to your caller and annoyance to yourself.

New England Telephone & Telegraph Co.

1908 Wall Papers 1908

Picture Framing a Specialty
Agent for the Oliver Typewriter

Repairs on Estates, and Collection of Rents. Houses For Sale and To Let.
Established in 1879.

C. E. SMITH. 439 Main St.

HOME OFFICE: 11 Bennett Street.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. Bradley Gilman.
Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street.
Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—3rd Sunday in Advent.
10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Rev. W. H. Osmond, Rector.

☞ FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "God the Preserver of Man."
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4 30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

No. 7550.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

At Woburn, in the State of Mass., at the close of business, Nov. 27, 1908.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$143,976.44
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		100,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		3,400.00
Bonds, securities, etc.		294,092.75
Due from approved reserve agents		34,786.07
Checks and other cash items		175.78
Notes of other National Banks		2,760.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		596.23
Lawful money reserve in Bank, viz:		
Specie	20,052 70	
Legal tender notes	4,370.00	24,422.70
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		5,000.00
Total		$609,209.97

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$100,000.00
Surplus fund	20,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	22,488.22
National Bank notes outstanding	96,900.00
Due to State Banks and Bankers	9,374.81
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	14,394.50
Individual deposits subject to check	334,392 94
Demand certificates of deposit	9,359 50
Certified Checks	2,300.00
Total	$609,209.97

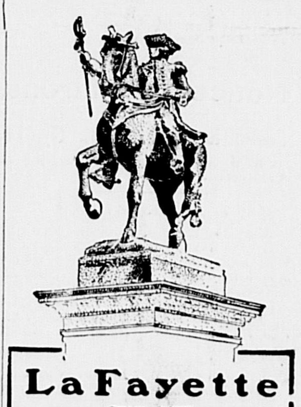
STATE OF MASS., COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, SS.
I, EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier of the above named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.
EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of December, 1908.
H. P. JOHNSON, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest:
JOHN W. JOHNSON,
WM. E. BLODGETT,
L. WALDO THOMPSON,
Directors.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of David E. Condon, sometimes called David Condon, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to
NORA T. CONDON, Admx.
122 Main St., Woburn, Mass.
October 29th, 1908.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

Room and Board
at Mrs. Bean's, Hammond Square, Woburn.



LaFayette

TRADE MARK

A Pattern For American Youth

LA FAYETTE

If young again, how many of us would do things differently. We would begin differently in furnishing our homes. We would buy only articles of approved worth and permanent value, and all with due regard for the beauty of simplicity. In Sterling Silver Tableware we would begin with the La Fayette, buying a few pieces at a time if need be. The La Fayette is indeed a pattern for American Youth—chaste in its simplicity—delightfully quaint in its pointed bowls and old-fashioned outlines, and always charming in its suggestion of Colonial dames and daughters who used such silver in entertaining the notables of their day, prominent among whom was the great La Fayette.

Our suggestion to the youth of our city is—"La Fayette!" If genuine, it bears the special La Fayette trade-mark.

Smith & Varney,
409 Main Street
WOBURN
A Jewelry Store since 1871.

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
☞ Season opens Sept. 29.

Artistic and Scientific
MUSICAL INSTRUCTION
Mrs AnnieM.S. Mr.F. Percyval LEWIS Pianoforte Theory,Organ
Private and Class Lessons in Woburn
Address Winchester; or consult in Woburn Unitarian Vestry, Sat. 10-12, 2-4.

Woburn National Bank
WOBURN, MASS.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Woburn National Bank for the election of a Board of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting, will be held at the Banking Rooms 397 Main street, on Tuesday, January 12, 1909, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.
Woburn, Dec. 11, 1908.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.

WE SELL

Shredded Wheat	10c.	pkg.
Cream of Wheat	12c.	"
Triscuit	10c.	"
Quaker Puffed Rice	10c.	"
" Wheat Berries	10c.	"
" Oats	10c.	"
" Corn Flakes	10c.	"
Force	10c.	"
Saxon Wheat Food	15c.	"
Ralston Breakfast Food	14c.	"
Pillsbury's Cereal	15c.	"

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.
TELEPHONE 109-1.

CRACKS
IN SKIN
CHAPS
ON HAND AND FACE.
Rose Clycerine Lotion
CURES. 25c. a Bottle

Whitcher's PILL BOX
28th year in use.
U. S. Food and Drug Act, No. 17722.

Holiday Shoppers

Are making their selections early this year. Don't fail to examine our large display of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Pocketbooks, Purses, Vanity Wallets, Card Cases and Letter and Bill Books.

The choicest line we have ever shown.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main Street,
WOBURN

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To Alice M. Grammer, Matilda Johnson and Frederick A. Bonin of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and said Commonwealth; Albert F. Converse, Executor under the will of Lucy E. B. Converse, late of said Woburn, deceased; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Samuel E. Jones of Malden, in said County of Middlesex, to register and confirm his title in the following described land:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn, bounded as follows:—Easterly by Court street sixty-five and 63-100 feet; northerly by land of Alice M. Grammer eighty-nine and 20-100 feet; westerly by land of Matilda Johnson sixty-six and 60-100 feet, and southerly by land of Frederick A. Bonin ninety and 05-100 feet; containing 6915 square feet.

The above described land is shown on a plan filed with said petition, and all boundary lines are claimed to be located on the ground as shown on said plan.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on the twenty-eighth day of December, A. D., 1908, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition, or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this first day of December, in the year nineteen hundred and eight.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL] CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of James Murray, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

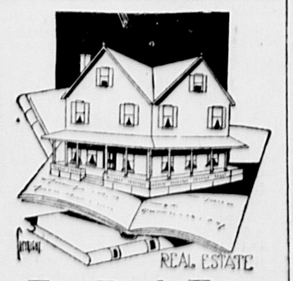
WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by John G. Maguire, who prays that letters of administration with the will annexed may be issued to him without requiring sureties on his bond, or to some other suitable person, the executor named in said will having declined to accept the trust.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-ninth day of December, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighth day of December in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS Register.



For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

Alexander Murdock.

This well known and universally esteemed Woburn citizen of 50 years residence died at his home, 20 Clinton street, this city, on Tuesday morning, Dec. 8, 1908, at the ripe age of 77 years, 6 months, and 23 days. He had been in poor health for two years, and done but little business during that period, although he continued to visit the merchant tailoring establishment of Mr. Alex Grant, where he was employed, up to a few months ago.

Mr. Murdock was born at Pictou, N. S., on May 15, 1831; came to Woburn about 1858; and has ever since made his home here, where he enjoyed the confidence and respect of all acquainted with him. His death removes one of the most familiar figures on our streets.

At the beginning of the Civil War he enlisted in Co. G, Fifth Regt., M. V. M., for nine months service, serving at the battles of Kingston, Whitehall and Goldsboro, S. C. He was mustered in Sept. 16, '62, and discharged at the expiration of his service, July 2, '63. He reenlisted in B Company and was mustered in as Corporal, Sept. 10, '63 promoted as Sergeant Nov 8, '64, and discharged on expiration of service, June 4, '65. He was at the siege of Petersburg, the Weldon Railroad Raid, Gravelly Run and Appomattox Court House. This Company were known as the Harris Guard, in honor of William B. Harris of this city.

Mr. Murdock was employed by G. R. Gage & Co., merchant tailors of this city, for more than 40 years and after leaving that firm was connected with Mr. Alexander Grant in the tailoring business here.

As a Civil War Veteran he was held in high esteem by the G. A. R., and brother Veterans. He was a Past Grand of Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F.; member of the Royal Arcanum, and Pilgrim Fathers; a loyal citizen; and a good man.

There survive to sincerely lament his passing away a widow, son Harry A., Mrs. Sarah, wife of Editor Waldron of Santa Cruz, California, and Mary A. Murdock of Woburn.

The funeral is to be held at 2 o'clock this afternoon.

Literary Notices.

The December NATIONAL MAGAZINE is a veritable Christmas joy, with its artistic cover design, having a polar bear as a new figure in the Yuletide cast. The magazine abounds in timely topics of National and home interest, all written with that dash and lucidity which has for a long time distinguished the NATIONAL. There is the opening of a series of charming travel sketches by Peter MacQueen, the indomitable, wellknown globetrotter, who has just returned from a trip through the African jungles. As a special staff correspondent of the NATIONAL, Mr. MacQueen has secured information and vivid illustrations of Mr. Roosevelt's African hunting grounds. Some of these illustrations are startling, almost alarming enough to intimidate a less brave man than President Roosevelt from courting the terrors and dangers of African wilds. The first of these articles appears in the December issue and will continue in succeeding numbers. Affairs at Washington, a permanent department in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, and conducted by Joe Mitchell Chapple, the Editor, stands preeminent in that magazine field. In the December NATIONAL it partakes of that liveliness, gayety and fun which predominate in the re-awakening of Washington life to another congressional season.

WINCHESTER

Mr. Charles W. Bradstreet is recovering from a severe illness.

Our merchants are filling up their stores with Christmas goods, and hope to sell a heap of them.

The Handycraft Society are to give an exhibition of Japanese art in the High school hall beginning on Dec. 17, and continuing 3 days.

Some of the West Side womenfolks have organized a Walking Club which meets early every morning and takes a tramp. They'll get sick of it long before next planting potato time.

Basketball bids fair to have a big run here this winter. We have some expert players in this town, so, let Woburn bring on her chaps, if she wants to see them beaten to a—what was it President Roosevelt called it?

Mr. Caleb Chase of Brookline, who died lately possessed of large wealth, remembered in his will the Winchester Home for Aged People to the generous tune of $5,000. This sum will boost that deserving institution nicely.

In two weeks from today it is expected that "Merry Christmas" will put in an appearance here, and the burning question is, "have you bought your Christmas presents yet?" The Christmas Goose problem, too, is one of considerable importance, and not a few active brains in this town are trying to solve it. Why a Thanksgiving Turkey and Christmas Goose, both, perforce, in most cases, to be followed by corned beef and cabbage in the pot for a week?

Aberjona Colony Royal Arcanum have elected the following officers for the coming year: Regent, Charles Lawson; Vice-Regent, Oscar W. Houghlin; Orator, J. F. Romkey; Secretary, Warren F. Foster; Collector, John G. Hovey; Treasurer, F. A. Parshley; Guide, J. O. Howard; Chaplain, D. W. Erskine; Warden, J. F. Webber; Sentry, F. H. Swan; Representative to G. Council P. Regent, Warren F. Foster; Alt. Representative to G. Council P. Regent, F. E. H. Heath; Trustee for 3 years P. Regent, F. E. H. Heath; Installation to take place Jan. 5, 1909.

Lawyer Samuel J. Elder of this town has become tired of seeing himself mentioned for a seat in President Taft's Cabinet, and writes to the Boston papers something like this: The suggestion of my name in connection with some Cabinet position has become embarrassing. It was all well enough to be mentioned and have courteous and complimentary things said, but to have these pleasant things taken seriously and assume the appearance of a campaign, and especially to have my acquaintance with Mr. Taft exaggerated into intimacy, puts me in a wholly false position and one to which I have no right. There is nothing in it, and never has been. So far as I know my name has never been suggested to Mr. Taft or considered by him for a moment in connection with any office whatsoever.

Town of Wilmington.

WILMINGTON, Dec. 7, 1908.

We, the undersigned citizens of the Town of Wilmington, hereby petition the Honorable County Commissioners of Middlesex County to view Lowell street, in said Wilmington, between the Reading town line and West street, for the purpose of making an alteration in the line thereof.

JOHN W. HATHAWAY
EDWARD K. EAMES
A. T. BOND
Selectmen of Wilmington.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Lowell, in said County, on the first Tuesday of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eight, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge, on the eighth day of December A.D. 1908

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the office of said County Commissioners in the Court House in Cambridge in said County, on Tuesday, the twelfth day of January, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon by serving the Clerk of the town of Wilmington, in said County, with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at said Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in said town of Wilmington, fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

ROGER H. HURD, Ass't Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon

Attest, ROGER H. HURD, Ass't Clerk.

A true copy. Attest:

JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

CITY ELECTION.

The whole number of ballots cast for Mayor at the Woburn city election last Tuesday, Dec. 8, was 2,933, which was something in excess of an average poll. Daniel W. Bond, the Republican candidate, was elected by 14 plurality. Strange to say, Lawrence Reade, Independent, had only 93 votes, a figure that suggested a bargain.

The Republicans elected 5 of the 8 Aldermen-at-Large, and all the School Board candidates. The following are the figures:

FOR MAYOR

Wards	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Ttls
†D. W. Bond, R.	223	276	266	255	85	256	71	1432
H. D. Murray, D.	265	249	266	261	170	87	120	1418
L. Reade, I.	23	13	14	9	9	13	2	83

Bond's plurality 14

BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS 4 Years

Daniel D. Carey	Democratic	307	269	302	251	153	99	92	1473
John M. Wallace	Republican	180	245	209	249	85	244	93	1316

ALDERMEN AT LARGE

Wards		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Ttls
†Jen J. S. Andreason	Democratic	270	249	254	218	169	89	90	1339
†*Henry L. Andrews	Republican	202	258	255	272	81	260	88	1416
†*Fred J. Brown	Republican	211	245	256	269	81	248	88	1398
†George F. Eaton	Republican	197	245	228	251	74	247	77	1319
†*John W. Fox	Republican	197	246	250	271	74	243	88	1369
George P. Garland	Democratic	257	226	238	194	132	114	89	1250
Edward D. Hart	Republican	177	230	208	231	71	227	83	1227
†*Harold P. Johnson	Republican	211	253	269	266	103	240	87	1429
†Edward E. Lynch	Democratic	284	263	268	232	138	76	102	1363
J. Fred Maloney	Democratic	262	242	262	223	130	66	99	1284
George H. Newhall	Democratic	230	229	232	200	113	70	83	1157
*Benjamin H. Nichols	Republican	187	256	238	259	75	233	85	1313
*Parker T. Poole	Republican	182	245	225	243	70	249	74	1288
Frank D. Sullivan	Democratic	262	249	247	216	139	61	94	1268
†Thomas J. Sweeney	Democratic	265	247	256	227	170	71	95	1331
George A. Watts	Democratic	249	221	235	193	146	65	85	1194

SHCOOL COMMITTEE, 3 Years

†*Herbert B. Dow	Democratic-Rep.	488	446	524	578	181	415	171	2803
†Clara Nichols Kelley	Republican	308	335	387	480	127	382	126	2145
John J. Moran	Democratic	352	321	372	290	169	95	123	1722
†*Frank B. Richardson	Dem-Rep.	477	502	538	586	168	411	178	2860

CHAPTER 513, ACTS OF 1908

Was won by 1457

LICENSE

Yes	235	196	230	224	138	85	82	1190
No	272	334	303	293	125	259	103	1689

Majority against license, 499.

ALDERMEN FROM WARDS

Ward 1
Harry A. Fellows, Republican 213
†Patrick H. McCauley, Democratic 278

Ward 2
*John S. Jaquith, Republican 214
†James C. McDonough, Democratic 298

Ward 3
†William H. Henchey, Democratic 316
*William J. Sullivan, Republican 309

Ward 4
†Thomas H. Cannon, Democratic 263
John M. Portal, Republican 233

Ward 5
†*Hugh F. McKenna, Democratic 132
Fred W. Shattuck, Republican 111

Ward 6
Samuel Highley Democratic-Republican, 283

Ward 7
†Dennis P. Blake, Democratic 108
John W. Cummings, Republican 79

*Candidates for reelection. †Elected.

Suits and Overcoats

For Christmas should be ordered now to insure prompt delivery.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Fine Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

Montvale.

The Social Workers of this village are to give their annual entertainment and hold a sale in the Congregational church next Tuesday evening, Dec. 15. There will be some 8 or 10 tables of all kinds of goods on sale. The Reception Committee are: Mrs. Edwin R. Timson, Mrs. Georgia Perry, Mrs. Annie Mott, and Mrs. William Cadwell. The Entertainment Committee are: Mrs. Alex McPherson, Mrs. Frank Lovering. A fine entertainment and good time are expected.

When Rubbers Become Necessary

And your shoes pinch, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes, is just the thing to use. Try it for Breaking in New Shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. *Don't accept any substitute.*

His Hunt For Home.

On one occasion De Pachmann, the famous pianist, with his nervous and irritable temperament, was summoned to appear before Queen Alexandra at Buckingham palace. He immediately adopted anarchism as his political faith and obstinately refused to go. His friends labored with him for hours and at last persuaded him not to commit an impertinence which would never be forgiven by the English people.

Finally he was dispatched in a cab. The night wore on to morning, and the frantic wife of the pianist and his friends could learn nothing of what had become of him. At last a forlorn looking cab drove up to the house, and De Pachmann dismounted. On leaving the palace he had forgotten where he lived and could only tell the cabman that it was in a square with a church in it. So all night long he had been engaged in making a round of the innumerable squares of London.

His Measure.

"A few friends," relates Mr. James Moir in the Draughts World, "were chatting with Wyllie, the checker champion, in a club after one of his days of exhibition play in Glasgow when a youth, slightly under the influence of John Barleycorn, threatened to monopolize the conversation, blowing his own horn and giving out in no uncertain language that he considered himself the equal of Wyllie. The old man took no notice of him for a time, but, occupying the usual five minutes in considering the move, quietly asked the youth to remove his hat (not more than a six and a half size), then substituted his own—which was a large one and went well down over the young braggart's nose—and, casting his eye around the company, said scornfully, 'That's his measure!' The company enjoyed the retort so much that the youth was glad to make a hurried exit."

The Servant and the Factory Woman.

Much as I loathe the factory system, it scores in some respects above sculleries. In factories, at any rate, women meet with their kind and have intercourse with many varieties of human nature. But, chained up in sculleries and kitchens, with tether just long enough to reach the stocking to be mended and no longer, their lives are bare and starved as the picked bones that they put in the pots.—London Woman Worker.

Food and Emotion.

The following really happened on board a pleasure steamer in the Kyles of Bute. A young honeymoon couple were sitting side by side gazing on the lovely scenery around them.

"Isn't it heavenly, George?" she murmured. "I feel thrills all over me."

Then without a pause, as if still carried away by the inspiration of the moment, "Dearest, if there are any left I think I would like a chocolate."

No good reason exists why spiritual emotions should not make one hungry. The bride who demanded sweets was wiser than a girl who once remained starving and inconsolable in her room after the departure of her lover for India. At last an amateur Hebe ventured upstairs with a cup of coffee and a plate of toast. Yielding to persuasion, the afflicted maiden was induced to eat and drink and began to look somewhat less dejected.

"I believe I was dying for something all the time," she finally confessed, "but I was afraid to ask lest people would believe me to be less unhappy than I really am."—London Black and White.

A Tribute to Sauerkraut.

Those Americans who have visited Munich know well the noble statue at the head of the Kartoffelsaladstrasse, raised by grateful Bavaria to the memory of St. Hermann of Pilsen, inventor and protagonist of sauerkraut. The genial old saint, a smile upon his face, is seen stirring a large kettle of kraut with an oar of gilt bronze, and so lifelike is the carving that the traveler, standing by, can well nigh scent the perfumed steam and hear the flutter of angelic wings. In these unromantic United States we have no public monuments to Hermann, and his very name indeed is unknown to all save a few cognoscenti. But nevertheless and notwithstanding this neglect the delicious victual he gave to the world is firmly enshrined in the hearts of the American people. Stewed gently in Rhine wine, it tickles the esophagi of the opulent; boiled in plain hydrant water, it nourishes the son of toil. It is at once a viand, a passion and a public institution.—Baltimore Sun.

Scared Out of the Duel.

One day M. Edmond About called upon Grisier, the most celebrated fencing master of his day. "I am in a quandary," said About. "I allowed myself yesterday the pleasure of a joke in bad taste, and a duel is to be the result. I know nothing whatever about fencing, and, as you can see, I am fat. Will you give me a lesson, so that I may not make myself too ridiculous?" The lesson was given, but About proved a very poor pupil. On his way out he saw a photograph of Grisier. "I suppose," he said, "I must not ask you for one of these?" "With the greatest pleasure," said the fencing master. And, with a chuckle, Grisier wrote across the photograph, "To M. Edmond About, the best pupil I have ever had." A few hours afterward the seconds of About's adversary called on the writer, saw the photograph on the mantelpiece and, fearing for their friend at the hands of so redoubtable a swordsman, arranged the affair without any duel.

TIME IN TURKEY.

The Hours Are Always Changing and Holidays Are Numerous.

In addition to laziness in Turkey there is inaccuracy. The Turkish official is naturally inaccurate, and habit and conceit make him more so. This perhaps is due to the way in which Turkey measures time. Twelve o'clock in the day corresponds with sunset—that is to say, whatever hour the sun sets, it must always be 12. Consequently the hours change always, getting later the first half of the year and earlier in the last, which compels everybody to put his watch to daily torture. So no one in Turkey can flatter himself that he has the exact time. The most strict of Englishmen soon loses his national punctuality, so when two Turks make an appointment it is within the limit of half an hour or an hour, and even then they don't generally arrive till after the time agreed on, each one calculating on the utmost possible delay on the part of the other.

Consequently the state employees are not bound down by very severe discipline. No one expects them to arrive at their office at any particular time, especially as the majority of them go hardly at all. As for the most industrious, they appear for two or three hours in the afternoon only, and rather late. In the morning state offices are usually closed. Besides this workdays are rather scarce for the race of officials. Friday is the Sabbath of the Mohammedans. Saturday is the day after a feast day, and one does not do much then. Sunday the Greeks and Armenians remain, like good Christians, at home, and the Mohammedans generally imitate so good an example. Monday is again the morrow of a feast day. Wednesday there is a meeting of the council of ministers, and few employees go then to the ministry. With religious festivals added in, it is easy to understand that out of the 365 days of the year there are not many left to consecrate to the interests of the Ottoman empire.—Nicholas C. Adossides in American Magazine.

THE CABIN BOY.

He Has Become Practically a Thing of the Past.

An old sea captain who brought his ship into port recently after a long voyage from the east was talking about the changed conditions in the merchant marine since he entered it fifty years ago.

"I was thinking particularly," he said, "of how the cabin boy has completely disappeared, or at least how extremely rare he is now. I went to sea when I was twelve years old and got my full share of the many duties and few pleasures that belonged to the job I took. I waited on the officers, or the passengers if we had any, helped the steward in the pantry and even had to assist 'cookie' despite the chronic kicking I put up over that imposition. Besides all those things, of course, the crew made me run errands for them, and everybody in general seemed to regard 'the boy' as the scapegoat for anything that went wrong. All new cabin boys were unmercifully laughed at if they were either homesick or seasick, and there were various practical jokes which had to be tried on them by the seamen. I remember well how I was told the first day I came aboard never to throw anything to windward except hot water and ashes and how I was green enough to follow these orders implicitly. The sight of my red and streaming eyes set the crew into roars of laughter.

"Those times are gone. There's no place at sea for any one but an able-bodied man now. Even the 'mess boys,' so called on the liners and in the navy, are all men. The modern changes in the build of vessels have left no work fit for a boy, and I don't believe you could find one now unless on some very small craft."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Power of Habit Strong.

"The habit of looking under the bed for burglars," the young woman said, "is something that folks laugh at, but I have never been able to get myself out of it. I never feel perfectly comfortable unless I look, no matter where I happen to be. To my mind there isn't any place except a safe deposit vault burglars are unlikely to be. In fact, the habit is so strongly ingrained in me that one night when I was staying in a small country hotel, where there was nothing but a folding bed in the room, I took it down and then looked under it before I got into bed. That's a fact. I laughed at myself the minute after."—Detroit Free Press.

London In White.

After a few visits to the White City one feels rather desirous of whitewashing the whole of London. Why not? White is an admirable background for color. Our blue sky becomes bluer and our gray sky looks more beautiful behind it, while a golden sky makes white buildings delightful. If we could only make the whole city white, to begin with, and then gradually and sparingly color, what a beautiful city London would be!—British Architect.

Keeping Up to Date.

"Yes," said the housewife, "yours is a sad story. But it isn't the same story you told last year."

"Well, lady," answered Plodding Pete, "you surely wouldn't expect a man to go all dat time an' not show any improvement!"—Washington Star.

Accents.

In the midst of a rambling speech the political orator declared, "The situation is grave; the crisis is acute."

"And the gentleman's speech," added the newspaper reporter, "was circumflex."—Youth's Companion.

An Exception to the Rule.

"It is an invariable fact," said the professor at the club, "that the sense of sight travels more rapidly than the sense of sound. You will observe, sir, that when a bit of ordnance is fired from a fortress or a man-of-war you see the puff of smoke that comes coincidently with the explosion several moments before you hear the report thereof. Thus it is always"—

"Not always," said little Todgers from the corner. "I know of a case where hearing antedates seeing by really considerable lapses of time."

"I know of no such thing in the whole broad range of science," retorted the professor pompously. "Perhaps you can enlighten us, sir."

"Well," said Todgers, "it's the case of an Englishman and a joke. In almost every case the Englishman hears a joke about a week before he sees it, and"—

But the professor had gone, and they say that nowadays when he sees Todgers he shies off like a frisky horse in the presence of a motor car.—Harper's Weekly.

A FATAL CARD.

How It Killed the Religious Department of the London Times.

When the Thunderer decided to devote one or more of its columns daily to an ecclesiastical department all England sat up and admired. The man chosen to conduct the column was a rather elderly and occasionally convivial younger son who for years had contributed church news to the paper, but had never dreamed that he should attain the extreme honor of actually becoming one of the editors of the Thunderer, that world shaking power. The promotion went to his head, made him dizzy. He saw himself a power in the land, one who perhaps would make or unmake ecclesiastical dignitaries.

On the morning of the announcement of the new venture the new incumbent came into town on his usual train from Surbiton, his head swimming with delight. At the foot of Ludgate hill he met an old friend, whom he forthwith led into the Green Dragon bar.

"Arthur," said he, "we really must celebrate. What d' you suppose has happened? Oh, you'd never, never dream it! Look! What d' you say to that, old boy?"

"That" was a newly engraved card on which appeared this announcement:

MR. CECIL APPLEBY BOTSFORD-HETHERINGTON,
Ecclesiastical Editor, The Thunderer.

"My word, old chap, it's the most delightful news I've heard in an age!" cried his friend. "Let's have just one more. Here's to you! Success!"

Before he reached Temple Bar the ecclesiastical editor had met five other friends. To the fifth he observed:

"D' ye know, Ned, with that card I could call on the ar-archbish'p 'f Canterbury. Yes. He'd see me immediately. Won'erf'l card this. Indicates position 'f strordinary responsibility 'n' dignity."

Halfway to the office of the Thunderer Mr. Botsford-Hetherington hailed a hansom.

"Have you," he inquired, with much gravity—"have you a fast and well appointed cab? Yes? Very well, then. You may drive me to Lambeth palace."

At the palace a footman took one of the new cards and conducted the owner of it to a pleasant reception room, where he snuggled in a vast chair and instantly went to sleep.

The archbishop of Canterbury happened to be very busy with his chaplain, but at the sight of the card he felt sure that something of importance was at hand and sent his chaplain to inquire. That tall, slender, dark, ascetic gentleman strode slowly to the reception room and after a slight but decorous struggle succeeded in waking the caller.

"His grace," said the chaplain, "begs to know how he can serve the Thunderer?"

"Tell his grace," responded Mr. Botsford-Hetherington, "that I'm awf'ly busy thinking and I'm sorry I shan't be able to see him till tomorrow. Very sorry."

Forthwith he relapsed into slumber. Two sturdy men deposited him in his fast and well appointed cab and ordered the driver to deliver him at the office of the Thunderer. There the ecclesiastical editor and the ecclesiastical department simultaneously vanished.—Harper's Weekly.

Truth Versus Politeness.

Ethel was going to take supper with a little friend.

"Now, dear," said her mother, "when you are leaving you must bid Marian's mamma good night and tell her you have had a very pleasant time."

When the little girl returned her mother asked if she had done as she told her.

"Not 'zactly, mamma," was the reply. "Marian took the biggest piece of the apple and spilled lemonade on my new dress, so I couldn't say what you told me, but I told her mother good night and said I guessed Marian had had a very pleasant time."—Judge.

Called Him In Writing.

A tourist in an out of the way region of England put up one night at an amiable old lady's cottage, the village inn being full. Now, the tourist was very deaf, which fact he took pains to impress upon the old lady, together with instructions to wake him at a particular hour in the morning. On waking a good deal later than the time appointed he found that the amiable old lady, with commendable regard for propriety, had slipped under his door a slip of paper on which was written:

"Sir, it is half past 8!"—Harper's Weekly.

Her Husband's Business.

"Now, madam," said the gas man with the gray curl in the middle of his forehead after he had asked her twenty questions more or less apropos of her application for the privilege of paying for gas, "what is your husband's business? What is he doing now?"

"I can't be sure, of course," the woman replied, "but I have my suspicions. I had to divorce him before he died."—New York Press.

A Stinging Retort.

Wax Bead (proudly)—I am going in a necklace which I am assured cannot be told from real pearls. Brass Ring (sarcastically)—Aw, they're stringing you.—Baltimore American.

As a Caution.

Weeks—The true American always takes the under dog in the fight. Wise—Yes, and then gives him a swift kick for being chump enough to get into it.—Boston Transcript.

In infants levity is a prettiness, in men grown a shameful defect, but in old age a monstrous folly.

Trouble Making.

Trouble making is an older industry than the manufacture of steel. Cain, the trouble maker, got into action before Tubal Cain, the ironworker, and Eve got Adam into hot water long before the boilermakers' union began business.

There are three brands of trouble—imaginary, borrowed and real. Imaginary trouble consists of railroad accidents, earthquakes, fires, suicides, diseases such as the patent medicine man makes, the poorhouse, death and the grave carefully mixed and taken after a late dinner or a drop in the stock market.

Borrowed trouble is the kind we get from our relatives. Its principal ingredients are visits, borrowed money, birthday presents, advice and expectations. But the real article is produced as follows: Put the sandals of endurance on your feet, take your life in your hands and follow by turns the how to be happy philosopher, the preacher of physical culture and the apostle of diet.—Puck.

It Isn't Always

your fault, dear madam, that the bread isn't good. Flour varies as the wheat varies and in baking it's often more luck than anything else that gives best results. In our big bakeries, however, everything is done scientifically. That's why Hathaway's Bread is always uniformly reliable.

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EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

A Christmas Restoration

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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It was a most disheartening trick of the brain—so John Loftus told himself—a trick of the memory, a way it had of dropping into that old rut and going over and over again the same awful road of misery and desolation.

What he saw was a rocky hillside pasture, with myriads of Canada thistles and a barefooted boy picking his way among them at the heels of a straggling little line of home going cows.

"O-u-u-oo, but I can feel those thistles yet. How like sin they did punish my bare, brown feet! Mother was not feeling well when I went after the cows—my blessed, darling mamma. She had heart trouble, I heard one neighbor tell another, and would go suddenly some day when we least expected it. I had hardly let her out of my sight after that, although in the misery of my poor, bursting heart I could never tell her what I had heard. How I raced down the hill that night! And at the foot of the pasture, just at the end of the village street, I stopped to put up the bars.

"As I turned there stood that—that—vision. Blessed if I did not think it was a fairy. I had never seen the like before. For a moment I forgot even my anxiety about my dearest mamma. Oh, I can see her now—the folds of her filmy white dress, the little blue slippers with the straps over the ankles, the long golden curls and the pitying violet eyes. And the poor little devil of a kid in a faded shirt and blue jeans—how he winced and felt ashamed!

"And then the vision spoke. She came to me shyly and held out a rose.

"'I wish you would take this,' she said, holding it out, far out, and I saw then that tears were running down her pink cheeks. I did not take the rose, but the birch switch dropped from my hand, and my heart turned to ice. Poor little kid! Poor kid!

"'My mamma sent me to meet you,' she said and sobbed, brushing the palm of her hand across the track of her tears. 'I wish you'd take the rose. I came to stay all day wif you. Maybe I can stay all day tomorrow. I—I've got a white kittie. We brought it from our former charge. I'm the new minister's little girl, you see, and you may have my kittie, and—and I know how to string red berries into booful strings of beads, and—and'—

"She pushed the rose into my hand and then turned away, and I saw her bare white shoulders toss up and down in a tumult of sobbing.

"What awful, horrible hurts there can be in this little life of ours! I knew, I knew.

"I threw the rose as far as I could dash it and flung myself into the sand by the roadway.

"I did not cry out. I beat the earth with my clinched fists and my bare face. The sand filled my mouth and blinded my wet eyes, and the blood oozed out and clotted across my throbbing temples.

"Then people came and wiped away the sand and the blood, and the shaking voice of a woman kept saying, 'Poor boy, poor little boy!'

"A team drove along the road and crept out into the grass in order to pass me. Then I heard a neighbor say: 'Let me take the little shaver into the waggin. Poor little feller! It is dretful suddent for 'im, but still Mis' Loftus haz hed the heart disorder fur a good spell back.'

"Oh, yes, I knew. I knew the awful truth as soon as I saw the tears in the eyes of the little strange girl. The dreadful blow had fallen.

"They carried me into the house, full now of sad faced, whispering women, that very room where I had kissed my mother a merry goodby not more than half an hour ago. Away in the darkened bedroom they had laid her and spread a white sheet over her face. Mother!

"But the great wheel of the years kept turning. The old life was a thing of the past. The boy was homeless, friendless. But the years did not stop, and as they turned I grew out of my blue jeans and no longer went barefoot. And now I was in love with the minister's daughter, just the same angel that stood that night at the bars, the beautiful vision with a woman's tender heart. And then came ambition, that great, swelling sea that swallows up all else of life."

He swept his hands out and in the gesture included all the magnificence that wealth could give, all that his surroundings implied.

"'I'll give you my white kittie.' Dear little heart, what was she not ready to sacrifice for me always? And I, brute, the beast of selfishness and ambition clothed over with the garments of a man, I—yes, it was the old story. In my selfish sorrow I threw her rose in the dust. At first I said: 'There is not enough for two. I can have just what I want at the club if I am alone.' I broke her heart and drifted away from her, waiting till I should have enough for two to live in the style I desired.

"Oh, never for an instant did I intend to lose her, only just to make her wait till we could begin life in the style that would give us just the social position I desired.

"I did not think she realized my selfishness. I did not myself. And then the unexpected happened. Her father died, and she took a position as companion for a wealthy invalid, and they went to Europe.

"She may be married for all I know and have forgotten me, and I—well, I am perfectly happy, I am sure. Hanged if I know what has got into me that I can't think of anything else tonight. I don't want to think of her—of course I don't. I am perfectly content as I am. Yes, her 'white kitten' was as the apple of her eye. Beryl—a pretty name—Beryl Bayswinter. I wonder if she did marry. I saw Teddy bears and woolly dogs and cotton cats in the shop windows tonight, and I thought of the Christmas trees mother used to make for me—red apples and striped candy and popcorn, with tallow dips for candles. It's the old memories that have got into my brain tonight. Confound the holiday season anyway! But I believe I'll take a turn down by the shops and shake them off. I can make a lot of little duffers happy with a handful of Christmas pennies. It is not that I want a home—with Beryl in it—no—certainly not. I'll just go to—to—I am perfectly satisfied as I am. But I'll take a look around to—to—well, to pass the time away."

The stores were ablaze with light, and the windows twinkle with tinsel and toys, and the tired shopgirls were behind their counters until 10 o'clock at night. John had spent a pocketful of dimes, and there was but one left—that is, but one dime left of the ten dollar bill that he broke when he stood treat to Christmas toys for the first ragamuffin he met as he started out to do the Santa Claus act on a small personal scale.

As he turned to take the car he stumbled over a ragged little mite, who was pressing a bit of a blue face against the plate glass of a big window and cooing in broken English to a sprawling yellow Teddy bear in the toy window.

"Want a Teddy bear?" he asked. And the child grinned hungrily. "Well, come on in, then. I'll get you one."

The bear bore the price tag, "Seventy-five cents." John must go in to change a bill. Crowds were thinning in the store, and he dragged the ragged mite after him through the long aisles, up the elevator and down among the rows of toys.

"Toy animals? Oh, yes. Down that aisle at post 10," so the floorwalker said, and John led the child hastily along.

"Have you toy"— he began. The clerk was putting a box on the shelf. She turned a weary white face to attend to her late customer.

"Beryl!"

The cry rang across an ocean of cotton cats and paper elephants heaped on a dozen counters. A little rattling crash followed, and then the voice of a clerk crying, "Oh, Mr. Headman, Miss Bayswinter has fainted again!"

The manager hurried up. Miss Bayswinter lay very white and limp across the arms of the tall customer.

No one noticed the little German waif scudding away with two white cotton cats and a Teddy bear in her pinafore.

"Send for the ambulance, some of you! Miss Bayswinter will get her discharge in the morning. This fainting is getting altogether too frequent," the manager said sharply.

"Where does this lady live?" John Loftus asked. "I will take her home in a carriage."

"Oh, rooms somewhere. We'll send her to the hospital. Don't trouble yourself."

* * * * * * *

The marriage occurred on Christmas day, and now the fellows are all wondering who the mischief Miss Bayswinter was, whether she was some English girl or simply an American heiress.

Aesop Up to Date.

A Hare, meeting a Tortoise one day, remarked as he looked at the Tortoise's heavy shell and short feet, "I think I could beat you in a race."

"All right," answered the Tortoise. "It is not every race that is won by a 'hare.'"

At the hour appointed for the contest the Hare soon left the Tortoise out of sight and, feeling sure of winning, lay down by the roadside to take a nap. After a half hour's sleep and rest he resumed the race. But the Tortoise had turned into a wayside garage and hired an automobile, and so he soon overtook the fleet footed Hare.

The Hare was going at the limit of his speed, but the Tortoise was going at the speed limit and won the race by three miles and seven laps.

When the Hare, in the course of time, arrived at the post he said, with a sigh, "You'll never catch me in an endurance race again."

Moral.—Foot racing is healthy, but motoring is swifter.—St. Nicholas.

Neighborly Advice.

I am not one of those who insist that everybody should mind his own business; that is too harsh a doctrine. One of the rights and privileges of a good neighbor is to give neighborly advice. But there is a corresponding right on the part of the advisee, and that is to take no more of the advice than he thinks is good for him. There is one thing that a man knows about his own business better than any outsider, and that is how hard it is for him to do it. The adviser is always telling him how to do it in the finest possible way, while he, poor fellow, knows that the paramount issue is whether he can do it at all. It requires some grace on the part of a person who is doing the best he can under extremely difficult circumstances to accept cheerfully the remarks of the intelligent critic.—S. M. Crothers in Atlantic.

A Queer Census.

"When I was last in India," said the globe trotter, "they were taking the census. The returns were most remarkable. In the Allahabad census thirty-five citizens described themselves as 'men who rob with threats of violence.' There were 226 'flatterers for gain.' There were twenty-five 'hereditary thieves.' There were twenty-nine 'howlers at funerals.' There were 145 'ear cleaners.' There were seventy-six 'makers of crowns for idols.' There were fourteen 'hereditary painters of horses with spots.' There were nine 'professional false witnesses.'

"It seems remarkable, doesn't it? Maybe, though, if we, too, told the strict truth to the census taker our own census would seem quite as quaint as that of India."

Mathematics.

"Now, boys," said a schoolmaster, "a cabman who drove at the rate of six miles an hour left London, being followed three minutes later by another driver proceeding at the rate of seven miles an hour. Where would they meet?"

"At the nearest public house!" answered a promising scholar.—London Tit-Bits.

Overtime.

"Look here," said the office boy, "I think the boss ought to gimme a bit extra this week, but I guess he won't."

"What for?" asked the bookkeeper.

"For overtime. I wuz dreamin' about me work all las' night." — London Truth.

All Depends.

Tourist—It looks like pretty good soil around here. What crops do the farmers grow in this section? Native — That all depends, stranger. Tourist—Depends on what? Native—On what sort of seed they puts in.

Just So.

"I wish you would use your influence to get Jinx to attend our poker party this evening."

"Jinx! Why, he's the poorest poker player you ever saw!"

"I know it."—Houston Post.

A NIGHT OF TORTURE

It Brought a Fortune to Its Half Strangled Victim.

AN INNOCENT MAN'S ORDEAL.

Twice Strung Up by Lynchers, He Confessed to Murder and Was Afterward Vindicated and Recovered $25,000 From His Assailants.

Late in the fifties of the last century George W. King was the proprietor of a hotel in Oxford, twenty-six miles from Lafayette, Ind. In 1859 a stranger arrived at the hotel and gave his name as Dr. Rowe. He told King that he had no money and asked to be trusted for his board till he could get practice in the place, promising to pay him as promptly as possible. King consented to the arrangement, and Rowe soon became a favorite with the people on account of his companionable disposition and superior intelligence. The doctor, however, fell deeper and deeper in debt. He had been at the hotel for nearly a year when King reminded him one morning that he had not paid anything on his board bill for three months. The conversation, it afterward appeared, was overheard by some one in the hotel, though nothing was thought of it at the time.

A week after the conversation Rowe was called out late at night to see a patient and failed to return. Days passed without any word from him, and his disappearance soon was connected with the conversation that had passed between him and the landlord about the unpaid board. One night three months later a party of disguised men entered the hotel and, overpowering King, took him to a woodland adjoining the town.

He recognized the voices of several of his captors and especially of the leader, who told him that he was suspected of murdering Rowe and demanded that he confess. King stoutly maintained his innocence, and the leader of the mob ordered his companions "to string him up." A rope was placed around his neck, a dozen men pulled down a stout limb, over which the other end of the rope was thrown, and when the limb was released it carried King off his feet and left him hanging by the neck. He was nearly unconscious when let down and again ordered to confess.

After much delay he was restored sufficiently to understand what was said to him, and he again refused, declaring his innocence and saying he did not know what had become of Rowe. A second time he was strung up and a second time let down, but life was nearly extinct, and he was much longer in being restored than before.

The luckless landlord knew he could not pass through another such ordeal and live, so he consented to confess. He purposely lengthened the confession in order to gain time and said that he and two men, named Rogers and Haggard, had poisoned some whisky and induced Rowe to drink it, and after his death they had buried him in a hollow some distance away. It was nearly daylight when the confession was made, and the lynchers determined to take King to jail in Lafayette and then arrest Rogers and Haggard.

Before the jail was reached day had dawned, and King recognized his captors as members of the Horse Thief Detective company of Benton, Warren and Tippecanoe counties, nearly all of whom were known to him. Confident of his guilt, the men made no attempt to conceal their identity. So great was the excitement and so intense the feeling against King that he waived examination and went to jail, hoping that something would turn up to establish his innocence.

From the jail at Lafayette King addressed letters to editors of papers in Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville and other cities, setting out the circumstances of his confinement and asking them to keep his letter in the papers in hopes that it might fall under Rowe's notice. The appeal was a pathetic one and was copied into many papers throughout the northwest.

Two weeks after its first appearance Dr. Rowe rode into Oxford and, attended by a number of citizens, proceeded to Lafayette, where his appearance caused the immediate release of the accused landlord. In explanation of his disappearance Rowe said he had left his home in the east on account of domestic troubles, that he had learned that his wife was on her way to Oxford, and he had determined to leave the place secretly in order to prevent her from learning where he had gone. He had gone to a little town in southern Illinois, and it was there that he learned that the man who had befriended him was suspected of his murder and was in jail in Lafayette.

As soon as King was released he brought suit against thirty-two members of the Horse Thief Detective company for $5,000 each and also against the company as a corporation. Thomas A. Hendricks, afterward vice president, was his counsel, but the case was not allowed to come to trial, the lynchers compromising by paying King $25,000. With this money he purchased a farm and other property near Lafayette, where he lived till his death at the age of seventy-eight years.

Whoso would write clearly must think clearly, and if he would write in a noble style he must first possess a noble soul.—Goethe.

Too Much For Him.

Smithson used to labor under the impression that he was a born humorist, but he has given up trying to be funny now.

He called one day on an old school friend and was shown into a room where his chum's sister was busy arranging a quantity of dried grass which she had collected.

"What a quantity of dried grass you have collected, Miss Ritchie!" he said. Then his humor burst forth. "Nice room for a donkey to get into"—

"Make yourself at home, Mr. Smithson," said the girl pleasantly.

When he arrived home all the humor was crushed out of him forever.—London Scraps.

It Surely Does.

Bacon—The flea is a coward. It never comes up to the scratch.

Egbert—Well, it comes up to the place where the scratch is going to be, all right.—Yonkers Statesman.

Command large fields, but cultivate small ones.—Virgil.

PAINTERS' BLUNDERS

Reckless Pranks Played With Heavenly Bodies.

IMPOSSIBILITIES IN NATURE.

A Rainbow Depicted Wrong Side Out and Moons In Positions and Forms That Could Not Occur — Amusing Anachronisms by Old Time Artists.

That artists, like authors, should commit many errors of fact is hardly a cause for wonder. Rather, it is astonishing that they are not found oftener at fault in view of the great variety of knowledge required in their work. Despite this, however, there is no manner of excuse for certain absurdities.

For example, there is the case of an English painter who depicted an elaborate rainbow. Unfortunately he painted it wrong side out. But we forget amazement at such stupidity in admiration for the artist's magnificent audacity when we learn that he charged £20 additional for repainting the rainbow colored in accordance with nature's arrangement.

Painters are very prone to distress the astronomers by their reckless pranks with the heavenly bodies, particularly with the moon. One artist presented a scene in which was a crescent moon low in the eastern sky directly opposite a setting sun. Moreover, this genius disdained the criticisms of the learned. He insisted that this arrangement was necessary for the composition, inasmuch as the rest of the picture would be destroyed by a full moon—the only one possible in such a situation.

Other artists have trifled with the moon by turning its convexity away from the sun, which is, of course, impossible in nature. In one picture the moon was placed near the constellation of the Great Bear, though as a matter of fact the satellite never ventures into this part of the heavens. There are, too, oft recurring errors made in the bulk of the orb. An American astronomer amused himself by measuring the moons in a number of paintings. He established the fact that by reckoning from the satellite's size the average height of the hills in these landscapes was forty-three miles. One of the mountains, indeed, had the stupendous altitude of a hundred miles.

Artists of old time were often outrageously wrong, sometimes necessarily by reason of the limitations imposed by the ignorance of the period. A Dutch artist painted the garden of Eden with well clipped borders and yew trees trimmed into fantastic shapes. He wrought in all innocence, for of such sort were the only gardens of his experience. But the excuse does not apply to a Dutch painting of 1794. This showed Abraham about to slaughter Isaac by means of a blunderbuss—the product of an age 3,000 years after the time of the patriarchs!

Yet this mistake occurs again and again. There have been elaborate paintings of the children of Israel crossing the Red sea with muskets on their shoulders. A beautiful ivory tankard, an Augsburg carving of the early seventeenth century, was sold for a high price in London not long ago. The design, which is exquisite in workmanship, shows the good Samaritan, with his attendants, in the Jericho road. One of the servants carries a gun!

Many a child as well as some older persons has puzzled over that "beam" in the eye of which the New Testament speaks. It is not always understood that this means a beam of light. But it was left to Solomon Bernard, in his woodcuts illustrating the Bible, published at Lyons in 1553, to picture this beam as one of wood, rectangular in section and several feet in length!

The matter of costumes offers vast opportunity for flaws, which the painters have not failed to seize. In the national gallery at Edinburgh Pharaoh's daughter and her accompanying women are exhibited garbed in the long waisted bodices and hooped skirts of Europe in the sixteenth century. The national collection in London has a picture of Joseph and his kindred in Egypt, where the buildings shown are not at all Egyptian in their style of architecture, but distinctly Italian. In the same gallery Paolo Veronese's "The Family of Darius at the Feet of Alexander After the Battle of Issus", displays the women of the group in the pointed waists and inflated skirts that made the familiar dress of Venetian women in the painter's time.

Errors that have to do with armor may be more readily pardoned, though the artists fail lamentably in knowledge as to the earlier forms of metal protection. Thus in some paintings showing the time of Christ the warriors are seen clad in beautifully damascened mail, yet this form of armor did not come into actual use until half a thousand years later.

Similarly, in other pictures of Christ's time, monks are portrayed in their robes, with tonsures. In fact, however, they did not exist in the church prior to the fourth century A. D.

A curious illustration of the limitations set on genius by circumstance is exhibited in one of the world's most famous paintings, "The Last Supper." Leonardo da Vinci simply did not know that the table, the cloth, the plates, the knives and forks and salt cellars were impossibilities in the scene he designed to portray. The eastern people of that age who were his subjects used no table, no chairs, no forks, but squatted about a common dish and ate from it with their fingers. —Pittsburg Post.

His Thirst.

Husband—May, just send up some filtered water. Wife—Which was it last night, "Detained at the office" or "A friend at the club?" Husband—Why? Wife—Because I didn't know whether you wanted a tumbler or a pailful.—London Opinion.

More Important.

"Why weren't you at the mass meeting of the unemployed?"

"I was looking for a job."—Puck.

The man who is standing up for you soon gets tired and sits down.—Atchison Globe.

The Honest Way.

"Money? Pooh!" exclaimed a successful financier contemptuously. "There are a hundred ways of making money."

"Ah, but only one honest way!" protested his companion.

"What's that?"

"Um! I thought you wouldn't know." —London Telegraph.

Kicking A Goal

By LITTELL M'CLUNG.

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Though it was only an hour before the great football game between Clinton and Darnall, their conversation was not of the gridiron as they walked down Main street bound for Clinton oval.

"There's only one thing that keeps me from becoming engaged to you right now, Thornton," said the girl after a serious pause.

"You'll have to tell me, Leta; I can't guess it," answered the stalwart quarterback of the Clinton eleven.

"Just this," she said. "I am not altogether sure that you really need me in your life. You are a strong, self reliant boy, capable of fighting your own way over the obstacles that will confront you.

"More than all else put together, I want to know that without my encouragement you would be accomplishing less—that I will always be an inspiration to you, no matter what your aims may be."

For a moment the young man did not reply. Then he looked at his companion, his gaze sincere.

"Leta, you're right," he agreed quietly. "That's the way I want you to feel about it. Deep down in my heart I know that you would always inspire me to strive for the best in life. But I must convince you of this, and I'll do it, too, dear girl, if I get the chance!"

"Maybe you will, Thornton," she replied, "and I hope that you will more than you can guess. Why—why not begin at the game today?"

"That's what I intend to do, Leta!" was his prompt response. "I expect to play as I never played before, just because you are wearing Clinton's colors and wearing my pennant. It's a pretty one, isn't it?

"The gold and brown stripes harmonize beautifully with that bright brown gown you are wearing. Your ticket calls for a seat back on the north goal, and I know I'll see you clearly despite the crowds."

"It certainly is fine," she declared, "that little me may be an inspiration to a Clinton boy to play at his best! But it seems almost a pity that you are not one of the halfbacks or in the line, though I know everything depends on the quarterback. He gives the signals and delivers the ball, doesn't he?"

"I know what you mean, Leta," he said. "You would like to see me in a position where I could run with the ball instead of handing it out to somebody else?"

The girl nodded.

"Well, that's because I weigh only 145 instead of 200 pounds," he continued. "After all, it takes sheer weight in the line, and that naturally slides me into the quarterback's place.

"But you mustn't forget that Clinton depends upon me to kick the goals, and a goal kicked or missed often wins or loses a big game like this."

They were now on the college grounds amid shouting hundreds and fluttering flags and pennants. Thornton assisted Leta to her seat high up in that part of the semicircular grand stand that stretched around behind the north goal.

"I hope Clinton gets the south end of the field," he said as he started off toward the clubhouse.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because then I'll be able to see the orange and brown magnet that's drawing me north toward Darnall's goal!" he said earnestly.

Soon the rival elevens trotted out on the field, and from the thousand tongued grand stand rose a mighty shout, while pennants, ribbons, handkerchiefs and flags mingled in a waving, varicolored mass.

It was the great wind-up game of the year, and there was a chance for any player to win a glory crown by making the deciding touchdown. Both elevens, it was evident, were steeled for the contest.

But, as fate would have it, Clinton got the north end of the field, and a savage quarterback waited for the umpire's signal with his back to the girl in orange who was waving a pennant—for him.

But despite this disappointment he gathered his strength for the charge, and as the shrill whistle struck his ears he leaped forward straight for the ball that lay on the line twenty yards in front of him. Biff! The oval went whirling through the air in a sixty yard parabola, with the whole Clinton team in pursuit.

The ball landed in the arms of Darnall's fullback, and the big fellow came back up the field in a series of lunges. But before a dozen yells had split the air he was down, with every Clinton man piling over him.

Then the shoulder to shoulder battle began. In three downs Darnall lost the ball. Then Thornton's opportunity came. To test Darnall's line he gave at the risk of having his own neck twisted a series of center rush signals.

Three times the heavy backs charged over him, and he felt his breath going fast as Darnall hurled back the plungers. End runs were tried with but little better success. Seeing that line rushes were hopeless, he gave the signal for a kick, and Clinton's fullback sent the ball far down the field.

But Darnall hurled it back with another kick. There were more close formation plays, followed by two more long distance kicks, while the air was filled with the cries of the spectators and the sharp, quick shriek of the umpire's whistle.

The time of the first half was almost up when suddenly out of a scrimmage rolled the ball. For a second nobody excepting Clinton's quarterback knew what had become of it.

As it bounded carelessly along Thornton at one swoop seized it. Simultaneously he heard a shout on the side line, "Only forty seconds left!"

Directly in front of him, not twenty yards distant, was Darnall's goal. Even a halfway drop kick might win the game. Thornton dropped the ball to the ground and swung his right foot. A great cheer went up, which died away suddenly in a groan. The ball flew high, but it didn't go within fifty feet of either post.

"Time's up!" yelled the umpire.

Thornton felt that all Clinton was disappointed beyond expression and deeply ashamed of the showing he had made after the college had boasted of his prowess as a drop kicker. He remained in dejected seclusion during the intermission.

But when the whistle sounded again he was like another man. Clinton had the south goal this time, and clearly the quarterback saw a girl in orange swinging a pennant in the grand stand. Already the throngs had forgotten his fluke in the hope of victory in the second half.

At the kick-off Thornton sent the pigskin seventy yards down the field and then plunged into the game with ferocious energy. He determined to redeem himself or perish in the attempt.

Back and forth over the field surged the teams, while thousands shouted encouragement.

Neither eleven seemed able to break down the defense of the other until toward the end of the half, when Clinton began to come up the field steadily.

Thornton, his head clear as a bell, was playing at frightful pace, giving Darnall no time to catch its breath after each attack. But thirty yards from the goal line! Darnall braced itself heroically and stood like a stone wall.

"Only one more minute to play!" called the umpire, and the crowds took up the shout.

Thornton realized that in so short a time line plunges would be futile. There was only one hope of victory, another drop kick for a goal. While only twenty yards away, the goal posts were off to the left at an oblique angle.

There was about one chance in a dozen of putting the ball between them, but Thornton took it. He stood back of the line ready to call the signal, and the Darnall eleven, seeing it was to be kick, got ready to plunge through and break up the play.

Then suddenly the quarterback, looking directly between the goal posts, saw Leta in the grand stand in an attitude of breathless expectancy, and he knew more than the game depended upon his quickness and skill.

He stepped back a few yards, and with his eye riveted on the figure in orange he gave the signal in clear, sharp tones, "Three, double two, eleven!"

The ball struck his outstretched hands, and as he dropped it he shot out his right foot. The next second a big Darnall guard leaped over the line and struck Thornton head-on, sending him reeling senseless twenty feet from the spot where he was hit.

But the big man was half a second too late, for Thornton's toe had caught the ball squarely, and it went flying straight as a bullet between the goal posts and up into the grand stand, falling almost at Leta's feet!

A wild, deafening yell of joy broke over the field, but the quarterback did not hear it. Ten minutes later, when he came to, a girl was bathing his forehead, and he caught the glow of her bright brown dress. The crowd fell back respectfully.

"Don't worry, Thornton, dear boy," she whispered. "I saw you looking at me when you made that wonderful kick, and I know now how much I mean to you!"

Some Odd Animals.

Many curious animals haunt the marshy parts of South America north of the pampas. Frogs, big and ferocious (the ceratophyrs), given to making vicious springs when closely approached; the capybara, a cavy "contented with the bulk of a sheep;" the huge coypu rat and the swarthy, pig-like tapir are frequently seen.

Along the forest margins troops of peccaries are often met with, occasionally the jaguar, sometimes the puma, likewise that toothless curiosity, the great ant bear, long in claw, long nosed and remarkably long tongued. Very plentiful, too, are those "little knights in scaly armor," the quaint, waddling armadillos. Long toed jacanas pace about upon the floating leaves.

A familiar object is the great jabiru, a stork with a preference for the desolate lagoons, where it may often be observed statuesque on one leg and wrapped in prospection. — Edinburgh Scotsman.

Strenuous Methods of Healing.

Papuan medicine men are regarded with great respect by the natives. Those I have met certainly seemed energetic and hardworking. They sit close to the patient, massaging the seat of pain with much vigor, and, while they are thus rubbing, make a noise with their lips rather like that which a groom makes when rubbing down a horse. The process is a tiring one, and the medicine man stops at intervals to drink hot water in which taro has been boiled. His object is to extract some mysterious foreign substance from the sick man's body, and if he succeeds in this he receives a fee; otherwise he gets nothing. "No cure, no pay," is apparently the Papuan sufferer's motto. — Wide World Magazine.

A Wonderful Bird.

One day a wonderful bird tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's (wife of the famous arctic explorer) home at Christiania. Instantly the window was opened, and in another moment she covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses. The carrier pigeon had been away from the cottage thirty long months, but it had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen, stating that all was going well with him and his expedition in the polar region. Nansen had fastened a message to the bird and turned it loose. The frail courier darted out into the blizzardly air. It flew like an arrow over a thousand miles of frozen waste and then sped forward over another thousand miles of ocean and plains and forests and one morning entered the window of the waiting mistress and delivered the message which she had been awaiting so anxiously.

Indulgent.

"I have such an indulgent husband," said little Mrs. Doll.

"Yes, so George says," responded Mrs. Spiteful. "Sometimes indulges a little too much, doesn't he?"—London Tit-Bits.

Sweeping.

"That is a sweeping argument," remarked a husband whose wife used a broom to convince him that he ought to have been home several hours previously.

The weeping at a wedding is never as real as that which sometimes comes afterward.—Atchison Globe.

Where Women Are Wanted.

What strikes you about Auckland is the dearth of women. It is said to be the same all over New Zealand. There are far more men than women, and lots of men have to go without wives. —New Zealand Herald.

Not Sanguine.

Majestic Person—Do you know, my lad, that every British boy has a chance of becoming prime minister of England? Youngster (thoughtfully)—Well, I'll sell my chance for a shilling. —Tit-Bits.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 55 p m, 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

William E. Maloney, Div. Supt.
Albert E. Myer, Div. Supt.
Thomas Lees, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

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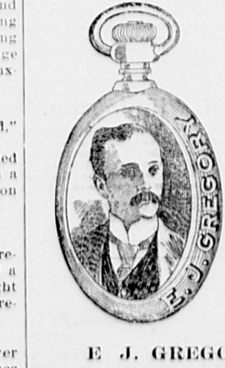

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Leave Woburn for Melrose Highlands at 5 45 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 8 15 A. M., then every hour until 2 15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.15, P. M.

Leave Melrose Highland for Stoneham and Woburn at 5 00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 7.30 A. M., then every hour until 1 30 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.30, P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn for Melrose Highlands at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.15 P. M.

Leave Melrose Highlands for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Sept. 14, 1908

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415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect October 5, 1908

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55, †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8.21, †8.55, §9.23, †10.21, §11.01, †11.17 a. m., §12.05, †12.59, §2.00, †2.04, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.22, †5.02, †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.

LOWELL — †8.20, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, †4.42, §5.28, †6.42, §9.27, †10.59, §11.02, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H. — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D6.42, p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell. H Saturdays only.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

D. J. FLANDERS, *Pas. Traf. Mgr.* C. M. BURT, *Gen. Pass. Agt.*

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

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BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
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23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near [illegible] Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
351	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. F. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
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The Winning of Edmonia.

By JANET CHRISTINE STEPHENS.

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There was nothing of the knight errant about Percivale Bonney. In the thoughts of Edmonia Turner, thoughts which invariably formed the frowning background to Percivale's waking hours, he was discouragingly and modernly inoffensive.

She had once stated succinctly, as was Edmonia's way, that the only thing about him that remotely suggested standing up for itself was the cowlick at the back of a square and otherwise irreproachably groomed head. The subject of this rather doubtful approval was secretly encouraged in the belief that the cowlick indicated an aggressive spirit which seemed to be the heroic attribute in the imagination of Edmonia's set.

Edmonia's faintly appreciative remark had been inspired in her mother's attic during the rummaging of a rain bound house party, when, upon the discovery of an ancient coat of mail, Percivale had pulled it out from under the eaves and had fallen speedily to calculating how many chain dishcloths it would have made for Mrs. Turner's carefully ordered kitchen.

This was too much for Edmonia. A man who could evolve dishcloths from the fabric of romance must be lacking in the most rudimentary instincts of chivalry. It counted for naught with her that Percivale Bonney was evincing a business ability that made his father prouder every day or that she had never had a rival in his loyal devotion to her.

She dreamed of the clash of armor and the risks of joust and tourney, a knight who should perform feats of arms for her sake and rescue her, if need be, from a tyrant's might. In the free wholesomeness of American society the tyrant had not appeared, and to do Edmonia justice she really did care a great deal for Percivale's allegiance, only she desired a more daring proof.

It was therefore incumbent upon this thoroughly consistent young lady that she steel her heart against the pleasing picture which a tall, broad shouldered, gray clad figure, hat off and light hair tossing in the breeze, made against a morning sky on the first day of one of his erratic autumnal visits near her country home.

She accordingly let her disdainful glance dwell upon his offensively ruddy cheek and ignored his unaffected stare of astonishment at her modern equipage, a brilliantly red automobile at a standstill upon the country road.

"What, ho, Rebecca!" he greeted her when within speaking distance of where she sat in the crimson rambler. "Armed cap-a-pie I see! Is the drawbridge down?"

Edmonia smiled tolerantly and gave him her hand.

"But why linger so far from the paternal castle? Has thy gentle palfrey gone lame?"

Edmonia glanced suggestively back along the highway. "I'm waiting for a friend." She said it with conviction.

The dusty road stretched in two long, undeviating lines in either direction. No one was in sight. Percival's gaze abandoned its quest and returned suspiciously to the crimson rambler. "Could I," he asked anxiously, "figure in that capacity?"

She reddened in turn, then scanned him critically. "Perhaps." She was still rather doubtful of his capabilities. Mentally scorning as inexcusable a devotion to his business which had made him hitherto ignore the automobile craze, he flattened himself out after the manner of the ardent automobilist under her car and confided his despair to her tonneau.

It was bad enough not to be romantic, but not to be even useful was unbearable. He had not the slightest idea of how to start the machine. He crawled out from under the machine and mounted to the driver's seat.

Her sudden accession of trust, inspired by his businesslike manner, provoked him to fresh endeavor. He made a great show of moving brakes, tightening useless screws and peering into the machine while she scanned the scenery.

Whatever he finally did to that automobile to start it Percivale does not know. Suddenly it slid out of the shade into the road like a bird from under his hand. "Aha," he cried, with an assurance that he was far from feeling, "I thought so!"

He held a trembling hand upon the wheel and answered irrelevant questions at regular intervals. They were now gliding along between hedgerows of gorgeous autumn color. He began to feel more at ease. Edmonia hummed a little sing as old as it was sweet:

> The rose that all are praising
> Is not the rose for me.

He looked at her and in that look forgot his new responsibility. She was gazing steadily down the dusty turnpike, a little smile upon her lips, as though she would see the knight of her dreams in plumed helmet and shining armor riding to bear her away.

"He couldn't catch us," said Percivale in response to her thought. She started and looked with more interest at her companion. He had spoken in the confidence that is born of ignorance.

"Say, Ted," he continued, "I don't know much about your 'flowers of chivalry.' I don't even understand the first thing about an aut"— He caught himself up. He positively would not divulge this humiliating fact. He went on more confidently: "But you are the rose for me, sure, Ted. You must say you will marry me this time," he ended, with an air of desperation, "or I'll"—

The threat was not completed. In the earnestness of his plea Percivale had forgotten that he was running an automobile for the first time in his life. They were now going at a tremendous speed and every instant gathering momentum. Edmonia gripped his arm as they lurched around a curve and bounced over a culvert.

"Hang on!" yelled Percivale as they approached a slight descent. In his clumsy efforts to control the machine he inadvertently put on more speed.

"What are you doing?" screamed Edmonia. "Stop! Why, you are running away with me!" she laughed tremulously.

"Why not?" he shouted wildly, as she thought, recklessly. The idea of stopping was a delectable one now to Percivale, but one which he felt that he must abandon.

The roadsides of fireweed and goldenrod flew by like a track of flame. Hens flapped from under his wheels as they passed farmhouses at a rate of speed that made the occupants rush out of doors to stare after them. Outraged cries followed them when a barking dog was not quick enough to elude those blurring wheels and with a yelp of pain rolled over and over into the ditch. Three horses baiting by the roadside in front of another house stampeded as they whizzed by and raced them out of sight.

Edmonia now tried to expostulate with her mad cavalier. But Percivale said nothing to her almost tearful appeals. His whole attention was concentrated on keeping the thing within the limits of the road.

"Beats Lochinvar!" he yelled breathlessly as they grazed a watering tub.

Edmonia moaned. "You are crazy!" she cried. "Let's go home! Oh, take me home!" she commanded him.

"Home!" Percivale ground the word passionately between his teeth. "You will be lucky if you ever see home again. We shall never stop!" But even as he spoke he felt something respond to his groping fingers. The machine was obeying his controlling hand.

Joy and a relief that rolled over him like a wave made him shout aloud. Edmonia received this new demonstration as the exultation of a captor and commanded and implored by turn. But he did not at once diminish his speed. He knew now that Edmonia had not realized his impotence. He put the machine at a hill and plunged down the other side. Edmonia was clinging to him with wild promises.

He brought the car carefully to a standstill and climbed painfully to the ground. Edmonia was sobbing into her handkerchief. He hoped he was accepting the role of victorious knight modestly, but the iron was hot!

"Ted," he cried, "you've got to keep your promise, you know. I'm not much of a knight, and I don't know how to run"—

His unsuspected confession was interrupted for the second time as she suddenly, to his astonishment, smiled up at him through her tears.

"I never was driven like that in my life!" she remarked, with pride. "But—but let's go home in a buggy!"

"Not until we're married," said Percivale firmly.

Edmonia refused to continue in the car, however, so they walked on to the nearest town, where the minister's fee was the first of a series of more mundane charges which punctuated their homeward journey in the buggy.

But in his new joy, which was only enhanced by pecuniary interludes with the wrathful owners of slaughtered hens, the tearful mistress of an injured dog and damages due to the recovery of errant horses, Percivale made it a triumphal journey.

Why He Saved Them.

For weeks upon weeks the heavy rains descended upon the holiday resort of Lakeswash, and the proprietor of the Punt and Puntpole was looking very blue. Indeed, those two straw hatted, miserable looking objects out in the Lakeswash canoe were the only visitors of the season. The hotel proprietor gloomily watched their clumsy endeavors to navigate their tiny craft. Suddenly, plop, splosh! "Help!" In a moment the hotel proprietor had changed from a sluggish do-nothing to a frenzied rescuer. Putting out rapidly in a boat, he succeeded in reaching the terrified men just at the critical moment.

"Oh, thank you—thank you!" they cried as they scrambled into the boat.

"Don't thank me!" growled the hotel keeper. "Thank the weather! Visitors is so scarce this year we can't afford to let even the fools drown! I did it for your board and lodging!"—London Answers.

For a Loaf, All Right.

As the tramp looked at Mrs. Godard he felt a thrill of hope. Here was surely an easy and benevolently inclined person. "Could you gimme a dime to buy a loaf o' bread?" he whined.

Mrs. Godard's guileless soul looked out at him through her nearsighted eyes, and she fingered her purse hopefully.

"I have only a quarter here," she said, "and I'm really too tired to walk home."

"Sure, I can change it for you," said the tramp cheerfully as he took out a dime and a nickel, and not until Mrs. Godard was halfway home on the car did it occur to her that there was anything unusual in the transaction.—Youth's Companion.

Generous.

"What would you do if you went fishing and a whale were to bite your hook?"

"Make him a present of it."

A Real Romance.

Sometimes there are instances in life like those in the story books: An Atchison girl engaged herself to a carpenter, thinking he was poor, and discovered on the eve of her wedding day that he had $150 in the bank. He had not told her, wishing her to love him for himself alone.—Atchison Globe.

A Big Bathtub.

The tides run out swiftly in the bay of Fundy.

A summer urchin, witnessing the phenomenon for the first time, yelled shrilly: "Mamma, look quick! Some one has pulled the plug out of the ocean!"

The Roller.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," remarked the proverb dispenser.

"And, like the human high roller," rejoined the thoughtful thinker, "it also gravitates downhill."—Chicago News.

FREAK PAINTINGS.

A Tiny Work of Art and Rosa's Transformed Harpsichord.

Specially prepared canvases and gilded frames are not essential to the making of great paintings. This has been demonstrated by the artists who have painted masterpieces on scraps of board, shells, grains of corn and the walls of rooms and prison cells. Some of the most valued art objects belong to the freak class.

The smallest painting in the world of distinctive merit was executed on the smooth side of a grain of corn by a Flemish artist. On this limited surface the artist painted in perfect detail a mill, a miller with a sack of grain on his back, a horse and cart and a group of several peasants standing in a road.

The largest picture ever painted is said to be a panorama of the Mississippi river, executed by John Banvard, an artist who died in Watertown, S. D., in 1891. The gigantic canvas was twenty-two feet high and nearly two miles long. It gave a detailed representation of 2,000 miles of the Father of Waters.

The largest of the old masters' canvases is Murillo's "Appearance of the Christ Child to St. Anthony of Padua." The picture is ten feet wide and eighteen feet high.

It is related that a friend called on Salvator Rosa in Florence one day and found him playing on an old harpsichord. The caller asked the artist why he kept such a worthless instrument.

"Why, it is not worth a scudo!" the friend said.

"I will wager," replied Rosa, "that it shall be worth a thousand before you see it again."

A bet was made. Rosa immediately painted a landscape on the lid that not only sold for 1,000 scudi, but was accounted a work of great merit.

The celebrated St. John's Wood clique of artists in London executed a series of large frescoes in oil on the walls of the studio of J. E. Hodgson, one of the members. The paintings were begun in the winter of 1864-5. Shakespearean subjects were chosen, and the figures were a little under life size.

When Hodgson moved from his studio an unappreciative tenant covered the walls of the room with brown wall paper, completely hiding the paintings. The frescoes were rediscovered by accident forty years afterward and restored.—Kansas City Star.

A CHARITY PATIENT.

The Price He Had to Pay For Expert Surgical Treatment.

The famous surgeon Velpeau was visited one day at his house during the consultation hour by a marquis renowned for his closeness. Velpeau informed the marquis that an operation was urgent and that the fee would amount to 4,000 francs. At this the marquis made a wry face and left. A fortnight later Dr. Velpeau, while making his rounds in the Hopital de la Charite, had his attention attracted by a face that seemed familiar to him. In answer to his inquiry it was stated that the patient was a footman of a nobleman in the Faubourg St. Germain. The surgeon found that his case resembled in every particular the somewhat unusual one for which the marquis had consulted him a fortnight previously. He refrained, however, from making any comments. Three weeks after the operation, when the patient was about to be discharged, Dr. Velpeau called him aside and exclaimed: "Monsieur, I am extremely flattered and pleased to have been able to cure you. There is, however, a small formality with which you will have to comply before I can sign your exeat—that is, you will have to sign a check for 10,000 francs in behalf of the public charity bureau of your metropolitan district." The patient's face became livid. "You can do what you like about it," continued the doctor, "but if you refuse all Paris will know tomorrow that the Marquis de D. adopted the disguise of a footman in order to secure free treatment at this hospital and to usurp the place which belongs by right to a pauper." Of course the marquis paid.—Argonaut.

The Storm Nose at Sea.

The picturesque name of storm nose (Gewitternase) is given in Germany to the wave of high barometric pressure which often precedes a storm or a heavy squall. The barometer rises suddenly and then falls more gradually. It is believed that this phenomenon is responsible for sudden changes in the level of the sea. Observations on the seas surrounding Denmark have led to the conclusion that the change of level thus produced sometimes amounts to no less than three feet.—Youth's Companion.

The Devil's Knell.

Among the famous bells of Dewsbury, Yorkshire, England, is one known as "Black Tom of Soothill," which was presented to the church in expiation of a murder. "Black Tom" is always rung on Christmas eve. Its solemn tolling as it strikes the first tap at exactly midnight is known all over Yorkshire as the "devil's knell," it being the notion that when Christ was born the devil died.—London Standard.

Shut Him Up.

Baldheaded Gentleman (having his boots polished in a hotel)—Confound it, you take an abominably long time about it. Shoeblack—Yes, sir. It ain't done so quick as when you 'as your 'air cut!—London Tit-Bits.

Do you wish to find out the really sublime? Repeat the Lord's Prayer.—Napoleon.

At His Expense.

She—Jack told me that that hospital was built entirely at his expense. Is it possible? He—Well, Jack's uncle cut him off with a hundred dollars and left the rest of his money to build the hospital.

How many think to atone for the evil they have done by the good they intend to do and are only virtuous in prospective!—Eliot.

HIS ALIBI.

It Cleared the Accused, but Furnished an Odd Sequel.

A highly respectable gentleman arrived at York one evening with luggage and dined well, went to bed early, rose in good time and had a substantial breakfast. After this meal he casually asked the landlord if there was anything of special interest in York. "The assizes are on, but I do not know if there is anything particularly interesting in the list," was the response.

"Thanks," drawled the stranger. "I'll look in if I happen to pass the court and see."

He did look in and heard a follower of Dick Turpin in the dock, charged with highway robbery, pleading his innocence vehemently to a stolid judge and jury, who, with firm faces, did not look as if they placed much credence in the prisoner's profession of innocence. Suddenly the prisoner caught sight of the stranger, who had strolled in from the hotel out of curiosity.

"Here, thank God, is some one who can prove my innocence!" cried the prisoner, pointing to the stranger, who was aghast at becoming the center of interest so unexpectedly.

He seemed astonished and shook his head.

"Oh, yes," cried the accused; "just think! You were at Dover—a long way from here. You came out of the Ship hotel, and I took your luggage in a wheelbarrow to the Calais packet at the pier. That was the day I am supposed to have committed the crime up here."

The stranger seemed bewildered. The judge, struck with the tragic earnestness of the prisoner, questioned the stranger, but the latter could not assist him much.

"Have you any notebooks," asked the judge—"any memorandum of your movements on that day?"

"I am a merchant," replied the stranger, "connected with an old established firm of bankers in London. I travel a lot and of course enter everything in my books. Here are my keys if the court cares to send to my hotel and bring here the books out of my case. I can easily settle the point."

The books were fetched. The gentleman had been in Dover that day and had left by the Calais packet. This was sufficient for the judge and jury. The prisoner was acquitted.

Comic sequel: Both the "banker from London" and the highwayman were placed in the same dock shortly afterward charged with daring burglaries in the neighborhood.—Harry Furniss in London Standard.

The Usher Woke Up.

At a certain county court the judge is in his private capacity a kind hearted man. The usher of the court is aged—very aged—but as he had been a faithful servant for many years he was retained in that capacity. One morning he fell asleep in court and began to snore. The noise he made naturally disturbed court proceedings, but the judge displayed great tact in dealing with the matter.

"Usher Jones," he called out loudly, "some one is snoring."

The usher woke up. He jumped to his feet and glared ferociously round.

"Silence!" he roared. "There must be no snoring in court!"—Exchange.

Without Imagination.

There is a certain New York business man of a rather waggish disposition who contends that his wife has no imagination.

At dinner one night he chanced to mention a tragic circumstance he had read in the evening paper on his way home. A passenger on a transatlantic steamer had fallen overboard in midocean and had never been seen again.

"Was he drowned?" asked the wife.

"Of course not," answered the irrepressible hubby, "but he sprained his ankle, I believe."—Lippincott's.

Heartless Gamblers.

The rage for gambling at White's and Almack's clubs in London in other days led to most outrageous betting, as to which Walpole tells what he calls a good tale: A man dropped down in a fit before the door and was carried inside. The club instantly made bets as to whether he would die or not, and when a doctor was called in to attend him his ministrations were interfered with by the members because, they said, these would affect the fairness of the bets.

Pitiful Sales.

Kits of sailors lost at sea are sold regularly at auction at the Albert docks in London. The sale provides many a pitiful sight. Most of the lots are contained in the regular sailor's sea chest, all marked with the name of the ship from which they come. It is not unusual for those who have lost friends or relatives at sea to attend these auctions, and there are times when the first news of such a loss comes through the recognition of familiar objects.

Stops Hair Falling

Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, will certainly stop falling of the hair. Indeed, we believe it will always do this unless there is some disturbance of the general health. Then, a constitutional medicine may be necessary. Consult your physician about this.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's

Formula with each bottle
Show it to your doctor
Ask him about it, then do as he say

The reason why Ayer's Hair Vigor stops falling hair is because it first destroys the germs which cause this trouble. After this is done, nature soon brings about a full recovery, restoring the hair and scalp to a perfectly healthy condition.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

OLD SCHOOL DOCTORS

Ignorance of Physicians of the Eighteenth Century.

TORTURE FOR THE PATIENTS.

Every Ailment Beyond Diagnosis Was Classed as a Fever, and Pills, Plasters, Burning and Bleeding Were the Regulation Remedies.

The proverb "The remedy is worse than the disease" must have been coined in the eighteenth century, when physicians treated their patients with a violence that bordered on assault and battery. It was held that sickness was some kind of a demon that must be overcome by pills, plasters, bleeding and burning, and if the patient incidentally got the full effects of the torture and died, so much the worse for him. Air and water were considered the most dangerous things for a sick person to have, and his misguided demand for them was interpreted as a sign that he should have still less. The windows were shut and the curtains of the four poster tightly drawn around the recumbent unfortunate gasping for breath. If he burned with fever the blankets were piled on him. A desire for water meant that he could have none, while a lack of appetite proved that he ought to be stuffed with food. A bath was positively unthinkable.

The deadly results of breathing "night air" were accentuated by medical writers, says S. G. Tallentyre in the Cornhill Magazine. All air was bad, but the night quality often proved fatal to "young ladies of beauty, fortune and great merit" and to "young gentlemen of parts and breeding." One bold medico recommended that a bedchamber should be ventilated—in the daytime. Another dared to suggest that consumptives might benefit from sleeping in a pure atmosphere. The rule for ablutions was "hands often, feet seldom, head never," but a physician far in advance of his age surmised that invalids might bathe their feet in warm water once a week and under extraordinary circumstances take a warm bath once a month.

Overeating and drinking caused many of the diseases of the upper classes. Montesquieu said that dinner killed one half of the Parisians and supper the other half. Everywhere it was the custom to pile the table with roast beef, mutton, capons, boars' heads, pasties, creams, stuffings and mincemeats. A fearful repast of twelve indigestible courses was brought on all together, so that the diners knew what was expected of them. A large breakfast of small beer and meats preceded the gigantic midday meal, when people enjoyed a Gargantuan gorge for three hours and spent two more in Falstaffian potations. After this the gentlemen joined the women for a dish of tea in the drawing room, and it was not long before the whole party of human anacondas returned to the dining room for a supper on the cold remnants of the dinner. Amid this orgy of gluttony Walpole and Voltaire were distinguished for an abstinence that prolonged their lives.

Heavy drinking was universal and rarely reprimanded by medical men, as by Dr. Tronchin. One Dr. Cheyne advised women not to take a whole bottle a day. Another authority wrote a popular treatise in which the best means of attaining longevity was stated to be a bottle of wine at dinner and three glasses after. Those who followed such advice were in danger of being dubbed temperance cranks. A story is told of the celebrated and convivial Dr. Garth, who was tipping bumpers at the Kit-Kat club when reminded that his patients needed attention. "'Tis no matter," said Garth, already half seas over, "if I see them or not. Nine have such bad constitutions that all the doctors in the world can't save them, and the other six have such good that all the doctors in the world can't kill them."

A physician named Brown became the pet of fashionable women by always prescribing pleasant remedies, "a glass of wine in the forenoon from time to time," "several glasses of port or punch after dinner till some enlivening effect is perceived from them." Together with inordinate quantities of liquor and food, Dr. Brown recommended to his male patients the company of "delightful young women." One of the natural consequences of such an agreeable regimen was the gout, for which eighteenth century high livers took seas of liquid medicines, mountains of pills and bins of powders.

Any disease beyond diagnosis was put down as "a fever." Whether typhus or typhoid, scarlet or gastric, noncontagious or violently infectious, anything which caused a rise in temperature was sufficiently described by the term fever. Smallpox, scurvy, spotted and jail fever were maladies distinctive of the age. Disinfection and first aid to natures were never dreamed of, while the patient was dosed with horrible drafts and nauseating compounds and bled on every possible occasion. Louis XIV. was bled nine times for scarlet fever. Bleeding killed the Duchess of Tremouille and her husband. When a mob attacked the Duke of Bedford's house in 1765 the doctors remedied the outrage by bleeding the duchess next morning. A young man who fell against a marble table and cut his head open was treated by having a few pints of extra blood drawn from his veins by an expert surgeon. Blistering was esteemed next to bleeding. A fashionable remedy for consumption was a mash of raw snails, shells and all, taken from a spoon.

In Different Sets.

It is but seldom, one imagines, that a good joke is made about an oyster. Edmund Yates, however, in his "Recollections and Experiences," relates one. "I was walking with Thackeray one evening from the club," writes Yates, "and, passing a fish shop in New street, he noticed two different tubs of oysters, one marked '1 shilling a dozen' and the other '1s. 3d. a dozen.'

"'How they must hate each other!' said Thackeray."

DIKES IN GERMANY.

They Are Built With Great Care and Exactness.

When a dike is to be built—and they are still in places making dikes—it is first mapped out by the neatly sharpened stakes, a long straight causeway leading out from shore and widening into a rounded head which abuts on the red line of the channel. Then a ground sill or foundation mattress of willows is woven and sunk at this head and pinned down and held in place by the sharpened pegs. Then wattles are woven and sand filled in, and in places rock, and then, rounding up neatly out of the water and forming a tight covering to the whole, the hand squared blocks of stone are laid, as closely as a city pavement, all over the head and back along the neck to the old shore. It is as permanent and stable as the Harvard stadium, the dike so built, and the river, abandoning the space back of the tip to slack water or to be filled in with sand, flows on with entire grace in the restricted channel beyond the tip.

The care and exactness with which these dikes are made would be laughable if it were not so successful. In a land where hand labor is very cheap days are devoted to doing what in America would be roughly cast by machinery in a couple of hours. But the result is so admirable that one remembers regretfully the ugly pile dikes, the horrid fringes of the improved "off channel" banks of the Mississippi.

Where the dikes have accomplished their purpose and generally on the banks opposite to them the river is revetted above middle water. This, too, is done with the hand squared stones, and as a result the Elbe where completely finished resembles a broad canal between stone lined banks, the stone rising a few feet above the water, and above it the green slope of the fields or a fringe of willows. It is all peaceful, complete and generally beautiful, with at least the beauty of utility where it lacks that of ruggedness and wildness.—Boston Transcript.

GILA MONSTER'S BITE.

The Reptile Turns Over to Get Venom Into Its Victim.

It was his turning over habit that led me to the discovery as to the bite of the Gila monster. This creature, more like a short, stocky snake with legs on than anything else, has no poison fangs, like the rattlesnake, yet his bite may be just as dangerous. His poison teeth are in his lower jaw, and the poison comes from a gland under the tongue. If he bites without turning over the wound is not serious, but if he turns over there is great danger.

Dr. Snow of the University of Kansas wrote me some time ago of an experience he had with the bite of a Gila monster.

The reptile was caught and put in a bucket, the top of which was covered with paper. The bucket was then put in the wagon in which the doctor was driving. As the road was somewhat rough, the bucket was bounced up and down, and in order to steady it Dr. Snow put his hand behind him and took hold of the bucket, thrusting his fingers through the newspaper cover on its top so that he could hold it secure. Suddenly he felt the monster's grip on his fingers. Startled and somewhat alarmed, he carefully pried the jaws of the reptile open and released himself. The wounds were such as any ordinary bite would have made, and he suffered no more inconvenience than might have been expected.

There are many stories current in Arizona and Sonora as to deaths that have occurred from Gila monsters' bites, but it is hard to get at the facts. Careful experiments made with animals show that when the reptile bites and turns over, so that the poison flows down the tooth grooves into the wound, the bitten creatures die in a short time.—Suburban Life.

A Dead Bird.

Samuel Butler, the witty but eccentric author of "Erewhon," which means "Nowhere," and of many other remarkable and suggestive books, is now more read than during his lifetime. He died in 1902. In one of his notebooks he tells this incident, which must have amused the great Charles Darwin:

"Frank Darwin told me his father was once standing near the hippopotamus cage when a little boy and girl, aged four and five, came up. The hippopotamus shut his eyes for a minute.

"'That bird's dead,' said the little girl. 'Come along.'"

Her Lucky Number.

The byways as well as the highways of church life furnish much in the way of wit and humor. What, for instance, could be more mirth provoking than the naive confession of the cook of a London vicar who, being allowed to choose a hymn for the family prayers, was complimented on her choice by the vicar's wife?

"What a nice hymn you chose!" said the latter to the cook.

"Yes, mum; it's the number of my policeman."

Taking an Advantage.

"Your family seem to enjoy going to Europe."

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Mother and the girls have observed that I am weak on getting the value of foreign money. Things are ordered and paid for before I have time to make any intelligent inquiries as to the expense."—Washington Star.

Truthful.

"I hadn't been talking with him three minutes before he called me an ass. What sort of a person is he?"

"Well, I never knew him to tell a lie."

Compensation.

Friend—If your washerwoman charges by the piece, it must be rather expensive. Young Housekeeper—Oh, no! She loses so many things that her bills are never high!

Source of His Money.

"How did he lost his money?"

"His father-in-law failed."—London Illustrated Bits.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, DEC. 18, 1908.

ANTILICENSE HERE TO STAY.

It has been our belief for some time past that a majority of the voters are opposed to granting licenses to sell intoxicating liquors in this city; that, on a square, toe-to-toe fight "Nolicense" would come out on top. Generally speaking, at our city elections, the question of license has been so mixed up with and involved in other matters that to get a true expression of the sentiments of the voters was impossible until last year, when the balloting was based more nearly on the merits of the issue than ever before. The contention of some people that the majority against license last year should be credited to the Mayoralty candidacy of Mr. Blodgett, although denied by numerous antilicense advocates, could not be disproved; but the vote on Dec. 8 this year furnished a strong argument with which to refute such a claim The difference between the Blodgett and Nolicense vote last year, and the difference between the Bond and Nolicense vote this year, seems to indicate very clearly, if it does not actually prove it, that the Mayoralty in neither case had very much, if anything, to do in influencing the temperance vote.

Accepting this as a true view of the matter, then the conclusion is inevitable that the question of legal liquor selling in this city was decided solely on its merits last week, and that the real sentiment of the people was honestly expressed in the vote that day.

Taking this for granted, it cannot be seen how the statement that the Nolicense policy, with its 499 majority last week, has come to Woburn to stay can be successfully controverted.

☞ A few evenings ago the Democratic Ward Bosses held a jubilee meeting at the Central House to congratulate themselves on the partial success of their party on Dec. 8, and to parcel out the City Hall offices. The Democratic leaders in this city are keen witted, and never at a loss to determine on which side their bread is buttered. They are always right after the loaves and fishes. On election day they directed their energies and put in their best work to gain a majority of the Aldermen, fully realizing that the accomplishment of this design would be far more profitable to them than to elect a Mayor, and a License victory was out of the question. If they could get a majority of the Aldermen, all the plums and fat pickings at City Hall would be theirs; so that was what they fought for, and won. That was what the Republicans should have fought for, but didn't, and will lose the good things at City Hall. At the meeting Edward E. Lynch was selected for President of the Council; Dennis L Sullivan for Treasurer; John J. Costello for Clerk of Committees; Charles Porter et al, for Auditor; Bernard J. Golden for Tax Collector. Some of these, perhaps all of them, will be changed for others before the elections take place.

☞ Mr. Samuel S. Miles, the oldest newspaper man in Boston and one of the oldest in the State, died at the Home for Aged Men in that city which he entered about five years ago on retiring from active work, on Thursday, Dec. 10, instant. He was born in Boston on June 19, 1824, and during the last 20 of his working years had been art critic and book reviewer on the Boston *Globe*, where he was held in the highest esteem by everybody connected with that great paper. He reported the Webster-Parkman murder trial nearly 60 years ago, and made drawings for his story of that event. Mr. Miles was a member of Mt. Horeb Lodge, A. F. A. M., of Woburn 53 years, having been one of its charter members in 1855; Col. W. T. Grammer is the only surviving charter member of Mt. Horeb Lodge Mr. Miles often visited Woburn with his friend, Mr. Arthur A. Fowle, Managing Editor of the *Globe*, with whom the veteran newspaper writer was a favorite.

☞ Mr. Mendum's article in another column of this paper is worth reading and thinking about. If he and the JOURNAL would agree on a definition of the word Party, or Partisan, there might not be found any difference of opinion between them as to the position the question of License should occupy in a campaign. Our idea is that it ought to be treated independently of Party Politics; while it is freely admitted that the Mayoralty candidate of the opposition should be an avowed Antilicense man, as according to Mr. Mendum's notion.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

Edison Co.—Light.
A. J. Foster—Probate.
F. C. S. Bank—Notice.
Advertiser—Painted China.
Smith & Varney—Holidays.
T. Howard Lewis—Insurance.

— The schools are to have a nice holiday vacation.

— Already a real, genuine Christmas atmosphere pervades this city.

— Mrs. John C. Andrews is to entertain the Gabalotte Club this evening.

—The S. of V. Baseball team are to give a Minstrel Show and Ball on Dec. 30.

— Only one week more remains in which to buy your Christmas presents, so, hurry up, and go in the forenoon, and thus avoid the rush

— Sunny Circle of Kings Daughters of the Congregational church are to meet with Miss Bertha Cutler, 11 Plympton street, at 7.30 o'clock this evening.

— One week from today will be Christmas, and two weeks, New Year's Day. A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to the readers of the JOURNAL and everybody else.

— At the annual meeting of the Woburn Medical Association held last week the following officers were elected: President, Dr. W H. Keleher; Secretary, Dr. Thomas E. Caulfield; Treasurer, Dr. J. P. Bixby. It was voted to hold their annual concert and ball in Lyceum Hall on Jan. 20.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— Exhibition and Sale of Hand Painted China by Mrs. L. L. Gerry Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 19, 21, 22, cor. Main and Gerry streets, Stoneham, Mass.

— The order for widening Union street passed its second reading at a regular meeting of the Council last Monday evening, and the same went to the Mayor for his action.

— There was a heavy rain here from Monday evening to Tuesday morning. There need be no more worry about a short water supply this winter. Horn Pond and the springs are full.

— Fat Christmas geese at Linnell's popular market. Boil well before roasting and your otherwise tough goose will be as tender as a chicken. Linnell has a fine lot of fat ducks, too, and turkeys galore.

— Mr. Clarence Stetson has accepted a call from the First Congregational church of Woburn to work among the young people of that church, and will enter on his duties on Jan. 1, 1909 He will, also, aid in Sunday School work.

— As fine a substitute for the punkin pie with which to wind up the Christmas dinner before the nuts, grapes and apples come to the table, is a thick, goldenhued squash one, for which George Durward can furnish the squash with neatness and despatch.

— The St. Charles church Holy Name Society, of which Mr. Thomas J. Feeney is President, are to give a whist party on Jan. 4, the proceeds to be donated to Rev. Fr. Russell for church purposes. At a meeting held last Sunday arrangements were made for a series of smoketalks during the Winter.

— It is pleasant to be informed that Mr. Charles W. Fitz, late of the grocery firm of Fitz & Stanley, is to continue to reside here where his home has been for the last 28 years. He is the sort of a man that Woburn can't have too many of, if she would thrive and hold her head as high as the best of them.

— Mr. Alva A. Persons of Bow street tells a JOURNAL representative that the sweetest melody that has assailed his ears this season was the ringing of the bells and the factory whistles on election night. He said he enjoyed it immensely. Mr. Persons is a staunch temperance and antilicense man, and may he live long and prosper.

—There is one officer at City Hall who goes serenely on under all sorts of administrations, and he is Mr. John Connolly, the faithful caretaker of the building. Neither the Council, Mayor or anybody else, ever thinks of disturbing him in his office, the permanency of which is a good thing for the city, for it would be hard to fill his place.

— A boiled dinner of the New England type, which consists of a beeve's brisket ("streak of fat and streak of lean"), mealy potatoes, rutabaga turnips, onions, squash, a carrot (if one likes it), and cabbage, isn't bad to take on a Merry Christmas Day, and as good a place as we know of to get these articles of food is at Linnell's market.

— McLaughlin & Dennison's drugstore on thh corner never fails to put on a brave and attractive front at the Christmastide. Many people go to their store to buy Christmas presents, and never thereafter regret it. Mc and D. are enterprising young men with modern ideas, and when the winter holidays come they are ready for them with fine stocks of goods for presents.

— The Woburn Mechanic Phalanx (Co. G, 5th Mass. Reg't) are preparing to put a team into some of the rifle and pistol shootingmatches at the Sportsmen's Show in Mechanics Building, Boston. Col. John M. Portal is training the team, which, we have no doubt, will give a good account of themselves, and capture more of the Show prizes for superior marksmanship than any other team that enters the lists.

— Are the unmarried women aware of the fact that only 13 days more remain of Leap Year? Do they fully appreciate their privileges and duly sense their duty? Only 13 days more for the women to propose marriage to the men! Reliable authorities on the subject inform us that matrimonial engagements entered into during Leap Year may be legally executed after its close, a fact which all hands should remember.

— It won't make any difference now who is appointed License Commissioner, for there isn't likely to be any more work for a Board of that kind to attend to in this city for many years to come, if ever. Liquor selling is played out in Woburn—that is to say, signs squint strongly in that direction—and the general belief seems to be that opposition to that system has come here to stay. A majority of 499 certainly looks like it.

— "Woburn eggs," meaning eggs laid by hens in Woburn, or close thereto, are 60 cents a dozen, and in some of the Boston suburbs they are as high as 80 cents, a price never before reached in this State. One reason given for this extraordinary figure for fresh eggs is that the hens are not laying at all well this winter; another reason given is the high price of grain. Five to 7 cents apiece for eggs prohibits the consumption of them by Country Editors.

— If Mr. Eli Cooper were still on the stage of life here below, in view of the snowstorm this week, he would urgently remind the people of this city of their duty to feed the birds. He was a dear lover of the feathered tribes, and did more for their safety and comfort than any other of our citizens He not only insisted that the birds should be liberally fed with crumbs from the tables, but had small birdhouses made and nailed up among the branches of the trees along the streets, thus providing safe and warm shelter for the sparrows during the winter season. But the little houses have disappeared since their friend passed away, which makes it all the more obligatory on soft hearted people to "feed the birds."

WE WISH YOU
A SAFE
MERRY CHRISTMAS

Why risk Accidents, Injury, Fire and Danger of possible Death with a Christmas Tree lighted by Candles!

TELEPHONE US TODAY

About Electrically-Lighted Christmas Tree Sets.
Pretty, Little Colored Lights in Each Set.
The Cost is as low as $5.00—a small price to pay for Safety.

EDISON ELECTRIC ILLUMINATING CO.
TELEPHONE OXFORD 3300 39 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

SEE OTHER ELECTRIC GIFTS IN OUR EXHIBITION ROOM

We want to convince you that this store is the ideal place to shop in for CHRISTMAS.

Long JEWELER. Wholesale and Retail.

Here are 3 reasons—there are many more.

BECAUSE—38 years' experience stands behind every purchase and guarantees satisfaction.

BECAUSE—the goods are new—smartest styles from the best shops in the country.

BECAUSE—the prices are honest—for honest goods.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER, COMBS, OPERA GLASSES, FOUNTAIN PENS, PHOTO FRAMES, CUT GLASS, FRENCH CHINA, CHAFING DISHES, CARVING SETS, LEATHER GOODS, BRIC-A-BRAC, UMBRELLAS, LIBRARY LAMPS AND DESK GOODS.

SPECIAL XMAS TABLES—25c., 50c., $1.00, $2.00, $3.00, $5.00.

41 SUMMER ST., NEXT DOOR HOVEY'S

This store is worth knowing INTIMATELY.

WHY NOT OPEN A CHARGE ACCOUNT WITH US?

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

Winchester Electrical Co.
ELECTRICAL CONSTRUCTION
Repairiug and Supplies

ROOMS 8 and 9 WATERFIELD BUILDINC
WINCHESTER

TELEHHONE 298-1 RESIDENCE 'PHONE—READING

— Of course, the women must have spices to make the Christmas dinner what it ought to be. Also, raisins for the pies and puddings. Appetising sauces for the goose, too. Cheese and choice pickles are indispensible. Likewise peas and corn in cans. These, and many other articles necessary for a complete Christmas dinner, are to be found at the Boston Branch, of which Mr. Fred Stanley is the proprietor, and prices so low that everybody will be able to buy.

— Next Monday, Dec. 21, is Forefathers Day, the 388th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. It is annually celebrated, in a proper spirit, by New Englanders at home and abroad, and is to be duly observed in Boston and elsewhere next Monday. Owing to an error in changing the date from the old style to the new, the anniversary was formerly celebrated on Dec. 22 We venture to predict that proper notice will be taken of the anniversary in this city.

— It is whispered in political circles that Ald. Sam Highley aspires to the honorable office of President of the City Council. The report is open to doubt; the Alderman from Ward 6 is too shrewd a politician, and too ambitious for political promotion, for anybody of commonsense to harbor the belief that he is pipelaying for an election to the Presidential Chair of the Board. Highley wants to be Mayor some day, and the Presidency of the Council can hardly be considered as a logical steppingstone to that office.

—Mistress C. H. Taylor of 23 Pleasant street, this city, attended a "dime tea" at Mrs. Hurd's in North Berwick early this week. To gather in money for church and missionary purposes "Dime teas" are all the rage in the delightful village above named, and no person there gets up finer, or more inviting ones than Mrs. Hurd, who is active and prominent in church circles The teas are always well patronized, and choice and fragrant Bohea is "poured" al a mode by committees of nice appearing and handsomely dressed ladies.

— The first snowstorm of the present season at all worthy of the name—and it didn't amount to much, either—began on last Friday, held up during the night, resumed business on Saturday morning, and cleared off at noon that day. About two inches of light snow fell during the period mentioned above, which failed to provide good sleighing, although some rigs were out, and the music of the sleighbells was heard on the streets for the first time this Fall and Winter. As, for many years, has almost always been the case, Mr. Fred A. Hartwell's was the first sleighing outfit to put in an appearance Friday, an achievement in which he usually takes considerable pride. He is not a man who brags of his exploits, but the jaunty air he puts on when leading in a first sleighride of the season has a meaning, the source of which admits of no doubt. The weather was mild after the storm.

— The Christmas Goose occupies a prominent place in George Durward's provision market, as is perfectly proper it should; but turkeys and chickens; fat roasts and juicy steaks; pork tenderloins and spareribs (what can possibly be more toothsome than cold spareribs?), mutton chops and veal cutlets; and just the right kinds of fresh vegetables to go with the choice meats, are all ready and waiting for the Christmas dinner at his market.

— Ald. Ben H. Nichols should, by good rights, have been reelected, and we are totally unable to figure out the reason for his defeat at the polls on Dec. 8. He is a good business man, has an excellent Aldermanic record, is progressive, sound on the license and similar questions; and the wonder was why he was not reelected. As his official services were open to no adverse criticism, his conduct as member of the City Council being generally approved by his constituents, it must have been that Mr. Nichols's defeat was due to personal considerations—to somebody's personal animosity.

— Next Tuesday, Dec. 21, the Winter Solstice of the present year will occur, and soon thereafter the days will begin to lengthen, they having already reached their minimum number of hours. The old saying is that "as the days begin to lengthen the cold begins to strengthen," which, it is hoped, will not be the case this Winter, although it would not be safe to bet the other way. There has, as yet, been no real oldfashioned New England Winter weather this month; but there yet remains time enough for some Arctic waves to visit here before next planting season begins.

— The firm of Fitz & Stanley, for the last 28 years the leading grocers in this city, has been dissolved by the retirement of Mr. Charles W. Fitz, who, last week, sold his interest to his partner, Mr. Fred Stanley, who is to continue the business at the old stand. Fitz & Stanley opened their store here, under the name of the Boston Branch, in the summer of 1880, since which date they have enjoyed a large and lucrative trade, the result of fair play and square dealing. Mr Stanley is a popular merchant, and the business of the old, reliable mercantile house will keep right on serving the public, as in the last 28 years.

— Some curiosity is felt as to what changes, if any, will be made in City Hall official circles when the new administration takes the helm of the Ship of State on Jan. 1, 1909 The Democrats will have a majority of the Council, and it is safe to conclude that they will make some changes, but just where the axe will fall one cannot predict with any degree of certainty The offices are at present well filled; capable and honest men occupy them; and it may be that the Council will refrain from decapitating any of the few incumbents over which they have control, especially, as it is quite evident that the service would not be improved by any changes that could be made.

— In order that the Christmas dinner may be perfectly satisfactory and enjoyed to the limit, it must be topped off with, by way of dessert, a plenty of good fruit, nuts and confectionery. There should be dishfuls of grapes, piles of oranges, lemons, a plenty of apples, figs, a variety of nuts, candies, and other nice things of like character; and to procure all these in abundance and of the best quality the store to visit and patronize is Angelo Crovo's. He keeps all kinds of seasonable fruit; his Florida oranges are delicious; nuts excellent; and confections pure; therefore, buy the dessert for your Christmas dinner at Crovo's.

—For many years Copeland & Bowser have been leaders in holiday trade, and especially at Christmas have they always been in the van. This year is no exception to the rule. The showcases, counters and shelves of their store are piled high with goods, wares and merchandise designed for Christmas presents, useful and ornamental, and the man or woman who cannot find there what is wanted must be very hard to please. Buyers should take time; examine the Christmas goods leisurly; don't rush; the salespeople will be glad to wait on and for you; and you cannot fail to find just what you have been searching for, and at prices that will suit you.

— The residents of Winchester were thankful that the over enthusiastic prohibitionist of Woburn did not decide to blow that whistle all of Tuesday night. As it was, it was almost enough to drive a person to drink — *Winchester Star*. Didn't ye also, hear the joyous peals of the church bells that kept company with the whistles, and set the echoes down the Mystic Valley to dancing? The JOURNAL reporter wrote something about those bells and whistles and echoes for last week; but the Boss of the composing-room refused utterly to allow it to be printed because there was no room for it in the paper; hence its silence on the subject. It was a merry jubilee while it lasted.

— Every day and all day in this "Merry Christmas" time people who are looking for gift goods are finding their way to the jewelry store of Smith & Varney, and buying things there. Strong inducements are held out at their store for purchasing Christmas presents instead of going to Boston for them, and many men and women are improving the rare opportunity for getting beautiful and useful goods at prices that defy competition. The exhibition of gold and silver articles, diamonds and other precious stones, cutglass, fine leather goods, etc., is attracting a great deal of attention and many purchasers. Our readers will do well to call on Smith & Varney before buying their Christmas presents.

— The principal stores and shops in this city are nearly all appropriately decked out in holly and mistletoe, in pine and fir trees from Maine, rosettes, streamers and knots of red ribbons, and garlands and wreathes of green leaves, all done in anticipation of and to celebrate the "Merry Christmas," and do honor to the yuletide season. Where the decorations are completed the showwindows and stores look fine, and were it not that the JOURNAL might be justly accused of instituting unwarranted comparisons, it would mention by name some of the more prominent ones. Instead of that, however, we advise our readers to go and look for themselves, and after looking, step up to the counters and buy their Christmas presents.

LOWNEY'S
Chocolate Bonbons

are the most delicious and the most wholesome of confections and have the largest sale of any in the world.

They are sold in sealed packages, are always of the same superfine quality and always the best.

The Walter M. Lowney Co.
Boston, Mass.
Cocoa, Chocolate, Chocolate Bonbons

"NAME ON EVERY PIECE"

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

Local News.

— M. A. Burnes's store is handsomely decorated for Christmas.

— Handsme books, booklets and Christmas cards at Copeland & Bowser's.

— The recount of votes for Mayor and on the license question failed to change results.

— Rev. A. H. Herrick will preach a sermon appropriate to Christmas, next Sunday morning, at the Methodist Episcopal church.

— The lecture by Mrs. M. B. Booth in the Burbeen Course last Wednesday evening, was excellent, and attended by a large number of people.

— Mr. Frederic A. Flint never fails to lay in a stock of fancy and useful Christmas goods when the holiday comes around, nor has he forgotten to do so this year. Purchasers will find some nice things for presents at Gage & Co's.

— Fred Stanley, successor of Fitz & Stanley of the Boston Branch grocery, unloaded a big invoice of fresh nuts at his store early this week for Christmas. They came just in season for the big dinners to be served on that holiday.

— The meeting of the Woburn Woman's Club for the afternoon of Dec. 18, is in the department of History and Travel. Mrs. John K. Murdock of Winchester, ex-President of the Club, will give a paper on her recent trip to Europe.—G. M. B.

— In years past Whitcher's drugstore has been a favorite place at which to buy holiday presents, for the proprietor, a gentlemanly fellow, by the way, has always made it a point to supply the popular demand—to keep for sale what the people want in this line. It can be safely affirmed that Whitcher is all ready for the Christmas trade.

— A fine display of Christmas goods is to be seen at Mr. F. P. Brooks's drugstore, as has been the case in years past. They are staple, are what those who make Christmas presents want, and sell readily. Customers are taking advantage, this early, of the opportunity that Mr. Brooks gives for buying appropriate goods for holiday presents at reasonable prices.

— A week or two ago a snide concern in Boston got up a "tag day" in a neighboring town and sent some girls out there to "tag" and rob the inhabitants. The police of that town soon smelt a rat, found out what the girls were doing, and who for, and drove them back to Boston, not, however, until they had euchered the people out of nearly $200, of which they received $100 as commissions. The safest way is to let "tag day" severely alone.

— There isn't much need of printing this item in the JOURNAL, for the boys and girls learned some time ago that H. B. Blye & Co., 359 Main street, have the fastest sleds, single and double runners, and neatest skates that are to be found for sale at any other store in this city, and said boys and girls feel very sure that their parents, or friends, could make them no better, or more acceptable, Christmas present than a fast steelshod sled, or a fine pair of skates, especially as the coasting and skating season is about to begin.

— The weather is a favorite theme for newspaper comment, all over the world, and one that seldom fails to interest the general reader. As a theme it is always fresh, and allows for a wide range of discussion, let alone the satisfaction which most people derive from blowing up the Government Weather Bureau at Washington. But this useful and much abused branch of the Federal Government has furnished no excuses for adverse criticisms by chronic kickers lately, for the weather has been of the mildest and most delightful character all the past Fall and present Winter. This week it has been simply charming.

— The JOURNAL hereby acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of an invitation to attend a New Year's party, to be given on January 1, 1909, by the Geneseo Illinois, Country Club, and, also, to express regrets over its inability to respond to the same in person. The party is to be held in the new Armory Hall, and intended, no doubt, to be a highly fashionable social event; but we are willing to wager that those who attend it will enjoy the advent of the New Year no more keenly than did the men and women of that fine Illinois town fifty years ago, when January 1 was always spent in making New Year's calls by the former, and receiving the callers, with cake and wine, by the latter. Those were halcyon times.

Best of Its Kind.

There's an excellent opportunity every day of the ten beginning with the 24th instant and ending on Jan 5, of the new year, for him, who sick of bricks and mortar, and smoky chimneys and stuffy atmospheres, "longs for liberty withal as large a charter as the mind," to find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything," if he will but pay a visit, short or long, to the great Sportsman's Show in Mechanics Building on Huntington Avenue, Boston. This is the third exhibition of its kind given under the direction of the New England Forest, Fish and Game Association and all concerned are doing everything in their power to make it the best of the series.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—Christmas Service. At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Subject: "Immanuel."
Sunday School Christmas Concert at 12 M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—4th Sunday in Advent.
Holy Communion at 7.30 A. M.
10.30 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
Rev. W. H. Osmond, Rector.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street.
Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Is the Universe, including Man Evolved by Atomic Force?"
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4.30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 10, Mary P. McDonough, aged 26 years, 4 months, 10 days.
In this city, Dec. 14, Sarah Jane Beel, aged 66 years.
In this city, Dec. 14, Ellen Mahon, aged 43 years.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

INCORPORATED 1854.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank in the City of Woburn, will be held at the Banking Rooms, on

Friday, January 1st, 1909,

at 7.30 o'clock, P. M., to transact such business as may legally come before them.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., December 18th, 1908.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, January 2d, 1909, will draw interest from that date.

The January dividend of interest will be due and payable on and after Saturday, Jan. 16th, 1909, in accordance with the provisions of the By-Laws.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

Woburn National Bank

WOBURN, MASS.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Woburn National Bank for the election of a Board of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting, will be held at the Banking Rooms 397 Main street, on **Tuesday, January 12, 1909,** at 5 o'clock, P. M.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.
Woburn, Dec. 11, 1908.

Room and Board
at Mrs. Bean's, Hammond Square, Woburn.

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

Telephone Talks

A "prompt" answer turneth away wrath. You know how you feel when you are kept waiting at the telephone Remember: Example is better than precept.

"No One on the Line"

It has been pointed out that there are three parties to a telephone conversation, namely, the person calling, the operator, and, last but not least, the person called.

The operator has no authority to compel an answer to her summons. She simply forwards to your telephone a mechanical signal. Interpreted, this means "Some one desires to speak to you." It remains for you, the person called, to recognize this request.

There are two strong reasons why you should answer promptly, and both vitally concern you:

☞ 1. If you are slow in answering, the caller may hang up the telephone and assume that you are not accessible. Later, if you answer at your leisure, the operator can vouchsafe no information save that "there is no one on the line." Who called you? The operator probably does not know. Any operator in your exchange may have called you, rather than the operator specially assigned to answer your calls.

☞ 2. From the moment the operator calling you "plugs in" on your line until she ceases her effort to attract your attention, your line is "busy" to all other callers.

If you are dilatory, therefore, you are obstructing you own service. You are also causing disappointment to your caller and annoyance to yourself.

New England Telephone & Telegraph Co.

DON'T MISS OUR
HOLIDAY DISPLAY.

Come in and see how satisfactory Christmas Shopping can be made, how well we can fill your wants, and how far we can make your money go.

DIAMONDS.

Even after every one has had his say about Diamonds, the quality of our gems still remains unsurpassed. For purity, brilliancy and reasonableness of price we cannot be outdistanced.

Neckchains
— AND —
Lockets.

If you are contemplating a gift in this line for a relative or friend, do not fail to inspect our generous offerings before you buy.

We have got the styles, guarantee the quality, and name you prices that will make the purchase a bargain.

INK PENCILS—Can Be Carried in the Vest Pocket.

Plenty of the Best

Is here waiting for your inspection. To find a suitable selection is a pastime, to price it is a pleasure, to possess it is a privilege. A visit to our store is a Guarantee of Popular Presents at Popular Prices.

Smith & Varney,
No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN
☞ A Jewelry Store since 1871.

1908 Wall Papers 1908

Picture Framing a Specialty
Agent for the Oliver Typewriter

Repairs on Estates, and Collection of Rents. Houses For Sale and To Let.
Established in 1879.

C. E. SMITH. 439 Main St.
HOME OFFICE: 11 Bennett Street.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM.
Attorney-at-Law,

announces a change in his Woburn office hours. Hereafter he will be at his Woburn office in the Johnson Block, 349 Main Street, mornings from 8 to 8.50, and Saturday evenings from 7.30 to 9. Boston Office, 10 Tremont Street. Telephones: Woburn 272-1, and Main 3998 3.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

BUY YOUR
Christmas
Supplies
— AT THE —
Boston Branch.

A full line of New Goods for the Holiday Cooking at right prices.
New Nuts, Figs and Dates.
Fancy Table Raisins, 1 lb. clusters.
Pure Honey in the comb and bottles.
Colored Candles for Christmas Trees, 15c. box.
Christmas Candy, 2lb. boxes, 25c. box.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 109-1.

CRACKS
IN SKIN
CHAPS
ON HAND AND FACE.
Rose Clycerine Lotion
CURES. 25c. a Bottle
Whitcher's PILL BOX
28th year in use.
U. S. Food and Drug Act, No. 17722.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To Alice M. Grammer, Matilda Johnson and Frederick A. Bonin of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and said Commonwealth; Albert F. Converse, Executor under the will of Lucy E. B. Converse, late of said Woburn, deceased; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Samuel E. Jones of Malden, in said County of Middlesex, to register and confirm his title in the following described land:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn, bounded as follows:—Easterly by Court street sixty-five and 63-100 feet; northerly by land of Alice M. Grammer eighty-nine and 20-100 feet; westerly by land of Matilda Johnson sixty-six and 60-100 feet, and southerly by land of Frederick A. Bonin ninety and 05-100 feet; containing 5915 square feet.

The above described land is shown on a plan filed with said petition, and all boundary lines are claimed to be located on the ground as shown on said plan.

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on the twenty-eighth day of December, A. D., 1908, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition, or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, LEONARD A. JONES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this first day of December, in the year nineteen hundred and eight.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL] CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of James Murray, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

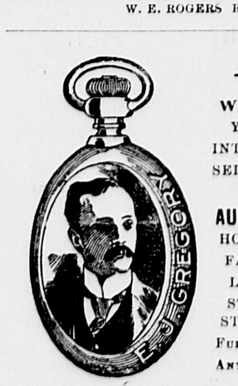
WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by John G. Maguire, who prays that letters of administration with the will annexed may be issued to him without requiring sureties on his bond, or to some other suitable person, the executor named in said will having declined to accept the trust.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-ninth day of December, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS Register.



WATCH
YOUR
INTEREST
SELL OUT
AT
AUCTION
HOUSES
FARMS
LAND
STOCK
STORES
FURNITURE
ANYTHING

E. J. GREGORY,
35 Court Street - BOSTON

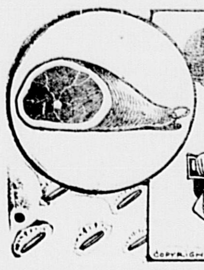
REAL ESTATE

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

Suits and Overcoats
For Christmas should be ordered now to insure prompt delivery.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Fine Tailors,
395 Main Street. - - - - - - - Wobur

Dainty Stationery
Stylish Pocketbooks
Choice Perfumes
Fine Confectionery
Comprise part of our
HOLIDAY LINE
We shall be pleased to show these goods.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main Street,
WOBURN



YOU CAN SAVE
by buying your meat of us. Fact is, our market is so reasonable that after shopping with us you carry away about as much money as you brought. Just think too of what
DELICIOUS ROASTS,
chops, etc, can be had from us. It's useless to expatiate on the good qualities of our meats as every housewife knows about them. For meats, buy ours. They're the best.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone. 314-1

Town of Wilmington.

WILMINGTON, Dec. 7, 1908.

We, the undersigned citizens of the Town of Wilmington, hereby petition the Honorable County Commissioners of Middlesex County to view Lowell street, in said Wilmington, between the Reading town line and West street, for the purpose of making an alteration in the line thereof.

JOHN W. HATHAWAY
EDWARD K. EAMES
A. T. BOND
Selectmen of Wilmington.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Lowell, in said County, on the first Tuesday of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eight, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge, on the eighth day of December A.D. 1908

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the office of said County Commissioners in the Court House in Cambridge in said County, on Tuesday, the twelfth day of January, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon by serving the Clerk of the town of Wilmington, in said County, with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at said Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in said town of Wilmington, fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

ROGER H. HURD, Ass't Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon

Attest, ROGER H. HURD, Ass't Clerk.

A true copy. Attest:

JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

Add Several Hundred Dollars a Year to Your Salary

You can do it easily.

It won't take time from your regular business either; just an hour or so in the evening at your convenience.

And you can do it if you are a bank president, without loss of dignity.

Become an agent for *The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.*

Sell a few policies a year with our assistance. With the help of our experience and knowledge of the business you can easily add several hundred dollars a year to your salary.

Many of our local agents do more than this; several have become successful Special Agents devoting their entire time to the business with increasing income each year.

Write today for full information. Don't put it off, for as soon as we get satisfactory representation in any territory we can't appoint another local agent, and we are receiving many inquiries.

T. HOWARD LEWIS, MANAGER
THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK
95 MILK STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Musical.
MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Season opens Sept. 29.

Artistic and Scientific
MUSICAL INSTRUCTION
Mrs Annie M. S. LEWIS Pianoforte
Mr. F. Percyval LEWIS Theory, Organ
Private and Class Lessons in Woburn
Address Winchester; or consult in Woburn Unitarian Vestry, Sat 10-12, 2-4.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
Woburn, Mass.

BOSTON THEATRES.

THE BOSTON.

For Christmas week at the Boston Theatre Mr. Keith will provide a class of entertainment at popular prices, which he has introduced in a number of his houses in different parts of the country with tremendous success. For several weeks on Friday afternoon and Sunday evening these entertainments have drawn audiences that have completely filled the greatest auditorium in the Hub and the entertainments have been received with marked approval. The entertainments at the Boston Theatre will be longer and more varied than ever, and for Christmas week the entertainment will be designed especially for ladies and children. The performances will run continuous from noon until 10 30 in the evening.

KEITH'S.

A bill that is in many respects seasonable and at the same time abounds in those big acts that have been making the shows at Keith's Theatre talked about this season, has been provided for Christmas week. As usual the wellfare of the children has been taken into consideration and on Chistmas morning there will be a special holiday entertainment, beginning at ten o'clock and lasting until one, in which most of the important acts of the week will appear. These morning performances have been growing in popularity since they were introduced by Mr Keith more than a year ago.

THE GAIETY.

For the Christmas week attraction at the new Gaiety Theatre on Washington street, near Boylston street, Manager Batcheller offers that big company of merry makers and vaudeville stars known as The Casino Girls, one of the topnotchers on the current stage, presenting a show, which, while full of fun and novelty never falls to the level of vulgarity. Business men and ladies make up the larger part of the audiences nowadays at the Gaiety for in this latest of Boston's playhouses they find the kind of light, jovial entertainment of which they are in search to permit them to pass a few pleasant hours in the forgetfulness of business cares.

CASTLE SQUARE.

As the coming week is Christmas week, John Craig will have something special and novel to offer at the Castle Square Theatre. On Monday will come a revival of "The D vil," of which little need be said except that it ran for three solid weeks last September to packed houses at this theatre, and that there have been so many inquiries for its return that Mr Craig has decided to give it a few more performances "The Devel" will therefore be played on the afternoons and evenings of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and on Thursday afternoon, with a cast including Mr Craig in the title role, Mary Young as the heroine, and Mr Friebus, Mr Hassell, Mr Meek and Miss Cleveland in the other characters.

HOLLIS STREET

It was to be expected that Charles Klein's new play "The Third Degree" would meet with more or less favor on the occasion of its first metropolitan presentation at the Hollis Street Theatre in Boston, but that it should have proved such an enormous success that other attractions should be cancelled in its favor was more than even the most sanguine manager could hope for. This however has been the case and instead of remaining but two weeks at the Hollis Street as was the original plan, the time has been extended to five weeks in all, the engagement to end on January 2nd when the piece will leave Boston to fulfill its contracts in several other cities before the beginning of its run in New York City.

Good for Woburn.

Amid the din of steam whistles and bells Tuesday night the inhabitants of Woburn and surrounding towns were informed of the fact that Woburn had voted for another "dry" year. It was a hard fought battle in which the supporters of law and order won. It will probably be some years before Woburn again enrolls itself in the ranks of license cities, and it is well that it should be so. The majority of voters of that city are fast finding out that open saloons are a great drawback to its advancement and prosperity, and that people will not locate there under such conditions, and this may also be said of manufacturing industries —*Winchester Star*

Literary Notices.

The efforts of the publishers to make the Christmas AMERICAN BOY worthy of its readers have certainly proven successful. The picture (in colors) of the pleased and smiling boy laden with Christmas presents and his no less delighted four-footed friend, which adorns the front cover page, is a happy index to the fine timely matter the magazine contains. The interesting serials by Houston and Tomlinson are concluded this month, as is also The Deer Trailers, while That Dillingham Boy is continued. Christmas, of course, is the theme of most of the short stories. In addition there are over 90 illustrations $1 00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Co, Detroit, Mich.

The January number of TECHNICAL WORLD MAGAZINE, published at Chicago, is an uncommonly good one. The following is a partial list of its leading articles for next month, which are accompanied by a profusion of illustrations; Who Owns the Earth? Keeping Paris Gowned in Green, Microbes to Fight Rats, When Reason Sleeps, Search for a Car Fender, The Pecan—King of Nuts, Pigeons as Picture Makers, Yawning Craters of the Moon, Hard Times Force Millennium, Torpedoes That Carry Guns.

About the License Question.

EDITOR WOBURN JOURNAL:

In looking over a file of your paper, I came across an issue of just a year ago in which appeared the result of the municipal election and the following reference to the license question. "It is a moral question and should be treated as such—handled in a nonpartisan way. Take it out of politics and anti-license will win in this city every time."

Now when it comes to debating practical politics with the Editor of the WOBURN JOURNAL, I confess I am outclassed. I therefore shall content myself with presenting a few facts and asking the Editor's opinion as to what thse facts teach.

First, however, it ought to be said that, in the strictest sense of the term, the license question is and always will be a political issue—that is, a question submitted to the citizens—so long as the statute compelling the electorate to vote annually upon the question remains in force. Thus inevitably the voters each year are divided into two political camps, the "yes" camp and the "no" camp. But how about the question of nonpartisanship? If a candidate for Mayor of one party declares himself in favor of nolicense, and pledges his word to the people to enforce it, if elected, while the candidate of the other party declares in favor of license, does it not then become a partisan question? And is it not a fact that when No-license has won in this city in the last ten years it has been when the candidates for Mayor have declared themselves on the question? In 1900 Hon. Wm. F. Davis won his election and made Nolicense the dominant issue, the plurality for Nolicense being 351. In 1903 the candidate of the Republican party made his campaign on the Nolicense issue and Nolicense won by 205. In 1907 Mayor Blodgett declared publicly and emphatically for nolicense while his opponent publicly declared his adherence to license. Here again nolicense or license was a partisan question—a part of the platforms of the respective party candidates—and Nolicense won by 116 votes. In 1908 our Mayor-elect boldly declared himself for Nolicense, while his opponent stood on license platform. Nolicense has won by 499 plurality.

Will it be said that these are mere coincidents; that other causes happened concurrent with the declarations of the party candidates and that these other causes brought about Nolicense? Hardly. The strongest argument heard against Nolicense in the street is that Nolicense is folly without a magistrate in sympathy with its enforcement.

Now let us look at the figures when the candidates were silent on the question; when Nolicense was not a "political issue" or a "partisan question." In 1901, 1902, 1905 and 1906 the candidates for Mayor on the Republican ticket thought it wise to ignore the question of license altogether. It was not of the party platform, but was left to the activities of nonpartisanship. Here are the figures by which Nolicense was defeated;

1901	39
1902	19
1905	113
1906	92

I ask you Mr. Editor, and the political historians of Woburn, to recall the last nine municipal campaigns in Woburn and say in which years the most vigorous work for Nolicense was done; in those years when the mayoralty candidates were silent on the question, or in those years when the candidates took their stands boldly for Nolicense?

If the figures prove anything, they prove this, that even when the mayoralty candidates are silent, the Nolicense vote is so strong that yes wins by but a few votes; and that there is needed but the assurance on the part of the mayoralty candidate that he believes in Nolicense and will enforce it to make the city of Woburn go handsomely for Nolicense.

And, after all, Mr. Editor, is there much justification for saying that the question of Nolicense becomes a partisan question simply because the candidate who is labelled Republican declares for Nolicense? would'nt it be more correct to say that the candidate of one municipal faction declaring for Nolicense is making it a municipal issue, a question of what is best for Woburn? And it is a municipal question—to my mind most vital—and I think the people of Woburn each year are not only glad to know how the candidate stands on that question but are greatly encouraged to vote Nolicense when he declares for it. History seems to prove it.

SAMUEL W. MENDUM.

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Selling "Carlyle."

Here is Whistler's story of how he sold his famous picture of Carlyle to the Glasgow corporation:

I received them, well, you know, charmingly, of course, and one who spoke for the rest asked me if I did not think I was putting a large price on the picture—1,000 guineas—and I said, "Yes, perhaps, if you will have it so!"

And he said that it seemed to the council excessive. "Why, the figure was not even life size."

And I agreed.

"But, you know," I said, "few men are life size."

And that was all. It was an official occasion, and I respected it. Then they asked me to think over the matter until the next day, and they would come again. And they came. And they said, "Have you thought of the thousand guineas and what we said about it, Mr. Whistler?"

And I said, "Why, gentlemen, why—well, you know, how could I think of anything but the pleasure of seeing you again?"

And naturally, being gentlemen, they understood, and they gave me a check for the thousand guineas.

The Southern Art of Conversation.

The north may think it knows something of conversation, but the north, as compared with the south, may be said never to have enjoyed a conversation. About the village courthouse, within the hospitable doors of some central store, in the office of the local daily or weekly paper or, above all, in the leisurely and genial intercourse around the fireside or on the inviting porch in summer of friend with friends there will be heard a conversation which in wit, in the charm and force of its illustrations and in the directness and freedom of its criticism is not surpassed in American life today.

It is the product of leisure, of a world without haste, without ruthless preoccupations, without those resources of expression and interest which belong to the crowded and overweighted existence of the commercial city. It is, moreover, part of the tradition of the cavalier. It is part of the genius of climate and soil and social habit.—E. G. Murphy in "The Present South."

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of David E. Condon, sometimes called David Condon, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

NORA T. CONDON, Admx.
122 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

October 29th, 1908.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Jairus H. Foster, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ALVAH J. FOSTER, Adm.
No. 4 Church Ave., Woburn.

December 14th, 1908.

Porter Always a Sailor.

During Grant's first term his secretary of the navy, Borie, for a time turned the actual administration over to Admiral Porter. Admiral Porter was a sailor in the strict etymological sense of the term in that he believed there was nothing like sails. As soon as he was in authority he caused the four bladed propellers of the vessels to be removed and replaced by two bladed ones in order that the ships might maneuver better under sail. The inefficiency thereby brought about is, of course, apparent to any engineer, as the size of the propeller opening was fixed and the two bladed screw could not be made large enough. A few years later in a report to the department he actually claimed that the vessels were faster under steam with the mutilated screws. The facts, of course, were just the reverse, and when his influence became less proper propellers were again fitted. This was when he was still in his prime and his judgment was, at least, not impaired by age. About twenty years later, when the Roach cruisers were being built, the dear old man, then over seventy, went before the naval committee and said that the plans of these vessels were wrong because they had only auxiliary sail power. In his judgment they should have been given full sail power with steam as an auxiliary. He was still a sailor! The world had not moved for him.—Engineering Magazine.

The Desert Tortoise.

One of the most interesting reptiles of California's great desert is the desert tortoise. A writer in Suburban Life says: "I have found as many as twenty of these hard shelled fellows that we usually associate in our minds with the thought of water in the very heart of the desert, where the water was exceedingly scarce. Yet when you pick them up they generally void two or three large spoonfuls of liquid. Dissection shows that they each have two large water sacks on the back, and these afford them their water supply. They are great travelers and can walk faster than we should imagine. They are also good climbers. I have watched one for hours climbing up and down the rocky sides of a desert mountain. He could wriggle himself up to a rock almost as high as he was long. Raising himself on his tail end, he would use his head as a hook, then claw with his right leg until it had secured a good hold, then, with what seemed to me extraordinary strength, he would lift himself up and wiggle his body into a secure position."

The Wise Eskimos.

Everything in the Eskimo dress has a reason for its existence, writes Captain Roald Amundsen in "The Northwest Passage." The members of Captain Amundsen's expeditions had become accustomed to the Eskimo dress and had adopted it, but many of them thought it ridiculous for grown up men to go about wearing fringe to their clothes, so they cut it off. I had my scruples about this, says the author, as I had already learned that most things in the Eskimo's clothing and other arrangements had their distinct meaning and purpose, so I kept my fringe and put up with the ridicule. He laughs best who laughs last. One fine day the anovaks, a sort of tunic reaching below the knee, made of deerskin, from which the fringes had been cut off, commenced to curl up, and if the fringe had not been put on again quickly they would soon have looked like neckties.

Waterproofing Matches.

Perhaps some of your readers would be interested to know that I have found a simple, inexpensive way to waterproof matches. Into some melted paraffin, care being taken that it was as cool as possible, I dipped a few ordinary parlor matches. After withdrawing them and allowing them to cool it was found that they scratched almost as easily as before being coated with the wax. Several were held under water for six or seven hours, and all of them lighted as easily as before immersion. When the match is scratched the paraffin is first rubbed off and the match lights in the usual way. Matches treated as above would be very useful on camping or canoeing trips, as they do not absorb moisture. Since more rubbing is required to light them than the ordinary match, it would be practically impossible to set them on fire by accidental dropping.—Scientific American.

Tom, Dick and Harry.

"Some folks have a hard time to find odd enough names for their children," said a man in an uptown club the other evening. "They will search through all kinds of books on the subject, consult all their friends and relatives and finally burden the youngster with something never heard of before.

"I know one man, however—he is a banker and lives on West End avenue—who, while he did not spend much time in search of names, adopted a scheme which is very novel. It took five years to carry out the scheme, now complete. The first boy he named Tom, the second Dick and the third Harry. This particular trio is about as much talked about in the neighborhood as the noted Tom, Dick and Harry of whom nearly every one has heard."—New York Times.

In Vain!

"In vain, in vain!" cried the young man distractedly. His hair fell in long wisps about his brows, and his countenance was deathly white.

The crowd pressed close.

"In vain, in vain!" he cried again, with wringing of hands and gnashing of teeth.

"What?" cried the crowd. "What is in vain?"

"The letter 'v!'" cried the young man as he escaped.

Dignity of the English Waiter.

The English hotel waiter belongs to a race which is slowly but surely becoming extinct and carries about him the melancholy aura of the doomed. Every head waiter at a British inn has in him at least the making of a duke's butler. No glimpse of avarice mars the perfection of his monumental manner, and if at the last he condescends to accept your vail it is with something of the air of a discrowned king.—London Sketch.

Microbes.

"Speaking of the ark," he said, "I saw a little boy at play with his Noah's ark the other day. I watched him put aboard all the people, all the painted animals, and then I saw him place carefully in a sheltered spot two tiny splinters of wood.

"'What are they, my son?' I asked.

"'Them's microbes,' said he.

"It had never occurred to me before, but there must of course have been a pair of microbes in the ark."—Harper's Weekly.

"Pangwangling."

A little dubious as to the exact shade of significance, but certainly alluring to the ear, is "pangwangle." It expresses—well, what does it express?—a cheeriness under minor discomforts, a humorous optimism under small misfortunes, though indeed these seem dignified definitions for so informal a word. "I just pangwangled home in the rain," says a friend of mine, and I know he got there drenched, but good tempered. "We went pangwangling off to the theater last night," says my nearest neighbor, and I feel pretty certain they had been blue over something and felt the need of some small gayety. It would do us all good if we pangwangled a bit more, I think.

A very meaning word is the southerner's "honing." "My, honey, I've just been honing to see you!" It is not so stilted as "I've been longing," and it is much more emphatic than "I've been wanting." It's a warm, affectionate, intimate word—honing. Let me put it into the addendum, well toward the front, for I love the sound of it.

These words are not slang. They are not exactly—as one high brow friend informed me—"low colloquialisms." They have a place in language, and they add considerably to its color.—Atlantic.

An Outside Vegetarian.

"If you are not an outside vegetarian you are not really a vegetarian at all." The speaker was a member of Philadelphia's little vegetarian church uptown. An odd figure in his gray health shirt, gray ventilated suit, gray knit gloves, gray aerated hat, gray cloth boots, he continued: "An inside vegetarian is one who puts in his interior nothing that has been procured by the slaughter of animals. An outside vegetarian puts on his exterior nothing that has been procured by the slaughter of animals.

"See my gloves—vegetable gloves of cotton, not made of the skins of murdered kids. See my boots—woven, owing nothing to some poor murdered calf. See my buttons—wooden, not made of grisly bones. Inside and outside," so the quaint faddist concluded, "I am a vegetarian, and inside and outside I get along without the murder of any creature—fish, flesh or fowl. There are many like me."—New York Press.

"Slipper Allum Tea."

The sidewalk stand, a soap box, was littered with rolls of brown bark, tobacco twists and withered switches tied with twine. The proprietor, a brown and shriveled old colored woman, sat on another box. A passing woman lingered to ask the old aunty the meaning of her wares.

"Dese t'bacca twisses is for moffs, an' de red oak bark is good for cuts, an' de slipper allum chips is a cure for ole maids."

"You ought to make a fortune out of that, aunty. How does it work?"

"Huh, huh, chile, das as easy as a possum clim'in' a tree. You see, ole maid ladies is most in ginral lean an' lonesome lookin, an' slipper allum tea makes 'em fat. When dey gets fat dey gets chipperish, an' some genmun gwine come along an' take a 'miration to 'em unless dey takes to drinkin' de tea too late—huh, huh!"—New York Post.

Who Said Gunpowder?

"I don't want you to get scared at this story," began the baldheaded man, "but I hope you've all got good nerves."

The listeners eagerly drew together.

"Well," began the narrator, "people lose their lives sometimes in the strangest ways. I know an Irishman—poor fellow—who a few months ago sat down on what he supposed was a keg of black sand to have a smoke. After finishing the first pipe he knocked the live ashes into the keg. There happened to be a crowd of workmen standing by at the time, and"—

"Many killed?" exclaimed a breathless listener.

"Many what?"

"Killed—blown up?"

"Why? Nothing explosive about black sand, is there?"—London Scraps.

His Conceit.

The Abbe Pradt, a rushlight of Napoleon's time, was a most conceited man. The Duke of Wellington met him in Paris at a dinner given in honor of himself. The abbe made a long oration, chiefly on the state of political affairs, and concluded with the words, "We owe the salvation of Europe to one man alone." "Before he gave me time to blush," said the duke, "he put his hand on his heart and continued, 'To me!'"

An Oath of Silence.

In certain districts of Western Australia there are women who take an oath to remain silent after the death of their husbands. In some cases they will remain mute for two years after the funeral, and very often the oath is kept also by the mother and mother-in-law of the deceased.—Paris Revue Medicale.

The Poets.

"Poets are born and not made."

"But they ain't born tagged," opined a rural philosopher. "Their fathers consequently hafter go ahead and eddicate 'em, jest as if they was going to be good fer something."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Defined.

"Pa, what is a knocker?"

"A knocker, my boy, is a man who usually finds fault with another man who is doing something better than he could do it himself."—Detroit Free Press.

When men are friends there is no need of justice.—Aristotle.

Cost of Big Game Shooting.

In the German possessions in Africa a permit to shoot costs $200. Special permission is required to kill more than two giraffes, four rhinoceroses and six zebras. In the case of elephant shooting the authorities must be given one tusk from each animal killed. The hunter receives a small payment if he shoots a lion, panther, wild boar or hyena. A permit to kill gazelles, antelopes and monkeys costs only $10.

A Cruel Dig.

Dolly—No, dear, I can't go any place with Molly. I hate her, the cat! Polly—But, darling, you used to be chummy with her. What did she do? Dolly—She told me a lot of the nasty things you said about me, dear.—Cleveland Leader.

Higher Power.

Hardly any power is so exalted that it does not bend the knees to a higher one. Where there's a czar there's usually a czarina.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

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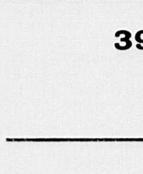

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EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

Fate and Mrs. Bayard.

By LULU JOHNSON.

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"You may come in," called Ethel, eying approvingly the tall, well proportioned figure in the doorway. "I'm hiding," she explained as Chisholm came forward. "I'm hiding from a man."

"Remarkable!" was Chisholm's quiet comment as he dropped into a chair opposite the settee on which Miss Sprague sat. "I have come here to hide from a woman—a woman I never met."

Ethel clapped her hands. "Wouldn't it be funny if it happened that you were running away from me and I were running away from you and we both should be hiding here together—from each other?"

"More than likely we are the victims of Mrs. Bayard's well intentioned efforts," asserted Chisholm. "It is odd that after dodging Mrs. Bayard we should find ourselves in the same retreat with the common aim of avoiding each other."

"If you should tell me your name," suggested Ethel, "we could find out if we really are the only two victims of Mrs. Bayard's matchmaking craze."

"And rob the situation of its piquancy!" objected Chisholm. "No, Miss—Miss—er—Miss Dimples. I think we will enjoy a chat far more, because we are not absolutely certain that presently we will emerge from our retreat only to be pounced upon by the energetic Mrs. Bayard, thereupon to be introduced to each other while the world—our little world—looks on and smiles its commiseration."

"Mrs. Bayard means well," declared Ethel, "but it is dreadful the way she goes around introducing people with a look that says, 'Now I have introduced you young people I shall expect you to be married immediately, because you are perfectly suited to each other.' Every one finds such amusement in Mrs. Bayard's matchmaking that her victims are marked persons, so they come to hate each other."

"If she were content with mere hints it would not be so bad," continued Chisholm comfortably, "but she had me over here this morning to tell me that tonight I should meet my fate."

"And she wrote me," explained Ethel. "It seems that she has three sets of victims here tonight, so as soon as I came I made straight for this flirtation nook. Mrs. Bayard believes in flirtation booths to further her amiable ends, and it seemed a clever bit of satire to take refuge in one of her matrimonial traps."

"I felt much the same way," assented Chisholm. "Of course some time in the course of the evening I shall have to undergo the ordeal, but I am trying to defer her introduction until the last moment.

"This is the first time that I ever have been warned that I must marry, whether or no, and—well, I don't suppose that it would sound right to say that I am bashful, but I don't seem to fancy the idea."

"Which is ungrateful when Mrs. Bayard goes to such trouble on our account," reminded Ethel. "She gives three or four balls a year just to 'bring people together,' as she expresses it."

"Just as though the people would not find each other if let alone!" commented Chisholm, with a laugh. "Now, I can imagine that in happier circumstances I might"—

"What?" demanded Ethel as Chisholm paused.

"I was going to say," he concluded, "that left to myself I might perhaps have carried out Mrs. Bayard's wishes through natural impulse and not through a sense of duty."

Ethel colored softly at the remark, for the meaning was not to be mistaken. Moreover, she suddenly regretted the matchmaking propensities of her hostess, which had resulted in prejudicing the mind of this new found acquaintance against her.

"I remember when I was a youngster in short trousers," reminisced Chisholm, "that one day my father mixed a pail of whitewash, placed a brush beside it and gave me strict orders not to whitewash the chicken coops because I did not have the requisite skill. Then he went downtown, and I took chances on a thrashing to prove that I could do it."

"We always want to do the forbidden things," assented Ethel. "I suppose we inherit the trait from our first parents."

"It's human nature," agreed Chisholm. "Now, if Mrs. Bayard had said, 'Above all things, keep away from Miss—er—Dimples,' I should have hunted up the introduction the very first thing instead of running off to hide."

"And then you make my acquaintance the very first thing, just the same."

"But we are not certain, you know," pleaded Chisholm eagerly. "You said yourself that there were four other victims."

"But of course we are one of the pairs," insisted Ethel.

"Perhaps not of the same pair. It may be that through some happy chance fate has been permitted to take a hand and do things right."

"If you would tell me who you are," suggested Ethel, "we could settle the matter."

"And spoil it all," reminded Chisholm.

"Then I shall tell you my name," declared Ethel firmly. "I am"—

"You are Miss Dimples—for just a little while," pleaded the man. "All too soon the awakening will come. Let us enjoy these few minutes without the thought that fate and Mrs. Bayard are contriving to make us hateful to each other."

"If I am hateful"— suggested Ethel, rising.

"Don't go," pleaded Chisholm. "I didn't mean it that way. You are not hateful. You are a most adorable and charming young woman. It is only as an inevitable thing that you could become—not hateful, but"—

"Irritating," suggested Ethel, resuming her seat. "I suppose that when we are introduced I shall feel the same way about you."

"Then you do not feel that way now?" he pressed.

"You are not hateful—yet," she conceded. "I think that I should like you if I were not certain that Mrs. Bayard is looking everywhere for us to give the detested introduction."

"Then don't let us be introduced," pleaded Chisholm. "I mean not by our hostess. We can get some one else to introduce us, and when Mrs. Bayard sees us talking together she will leave us alone."

"Perhaps that might be done," agreed Ethel thoughtfully. "The only trouble is that so few here know me. It would be running a risk to go in search of an introducer."

"Then we might go and look for—the devil," he completed unexpectedly as the palms which screened the entrance parted and Mrs. Bayard swept in.

"There you are," she cried, shaking a plump, roguish forefinger at the pair. Mrs. Bayard would insist on being kittenish in spite of 200 pounds of all too solid flesh. "I have been looking everywhere for you two," she added, and Chisholm groaned. Evidently they were one of Mrs. Bayard's "pairs."

"I think it's a shame," continued the good lady. "There are Mr. Wynne and Miss Maurer flirting desperately, and all the time I've been looking for you two to introduce you to them."

A gleam of interest shone in Chisholm's eyes.

"Dear Mrs. Bayard," he suggested, "don't you think that perhaps it would be well to let that infatuated couple alone and rest content with introducing us to each other?"

"Miss Sprague—Mr. Chisholm," repeated the hostess, adding, "I am sure that you will like Miss Maurer when you meet her, Mr. Chisholm."

"I am quite convinced of that," assented Chisholm calmly. "I am already very grateful to Miss Maurer for occupying Mr. Wynne's attentions."

There was no mistaking the meaning and the mastery in Chisholm's tones. Mrs. Bayard turned and fled. Chisholm faced the blushing girl.

"Since it was fate and not Mrs. Bayard who took an interest in our affairs," he said significantly, "I—that is—there is a good half hour before the supper dance. Let's spend the time in getting better acquainted." And he sat down again, this time on the bench beside her.

His Lady's Tresses.

Sarah, the first Duchess of Marlborough, whose tempestuous character lacked many of the ordinary graces of womanliness, was yet sincerely loved by the two persons who knew her best—her husband, the Duke of Marlborough, and the "good" Queen Anne. Among the many pictures which Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, the biographer of the duchess, incorporated in his "Life" is one which is not only lively, but charming:

On the death of the duke the duchess found in a cabinet where he kept all that he most valued a mass of her hair. Years before when he had thwarted her in something she resolved to mortify him, and, knowing that her beautiful and abundant hair was a source of pride and delight to him, she had it cut off.

The shorn tresses were left in a room through which the duke must pass and in a place where he must see them, for whatever Marlborough's lady did she did thoroughly. But he came and went, saw and spoke to her and showed neither anger, sorrow nor surprise.

When he next quitted the house she ran to see her tresses, but they had disappeared, and on consulting her looking glass she saw how foolish a thing she had done. But she said nothing about her shorn locks, nor did the duke. She never knew what had become of them until after the death of the duke she found them among those things which he had held most precious.

How Oysters Drop Pearls.

"The pearl oyster gives its pearl to you as a pretty girl gives you her white hand," said a jeweler. "Did you think that, like an oyster opener in an eating bar, the fisher pried open the shell with a knife and went jabbing about in the soft flesh? Oh, no—nothing so unpoetical. The oyster opens its lips and silently lets drop its pearl.

"The oysters," he explained, "are brought in to port and are laid on sloping boards, mouths downward. A few inches below their mouths is water. In two or three days the oysters become dreadfully dry and thirsty. The water tantalizes them. It increases their thirst. At last they open their shells, and if there are pearls within they roll forth and drop into the pans of water. That is how pearls are obtained. To open the oysters and search them is a useless task that is never thought of at the fisheries."

Too Much Equality.

"Why are you so vexed, Irma?"

"I am so exasperated! I attended the meeting of the Social Equality league, and my parlor maid presided and had the audacity to call me to order three times!"—Fliegende Blatter.

Philadelphia Flier of 1737.

In these days of fast trains we can hardly conceive how the newspaper announcement made March 10, 1737, that a "flier would begin flying on 3d April to perform the journey between New York and Philadelphia in one day" could have created a great sensation—even in Philadelphia. Eighty miles in fourteen hours does not seem to us such breathless speed, but when we read in the same paper that in order to accomplish this feat "John Butler, with his waggon, must needs set out from the sign of the Death of the Fox at daybreak and drive at top speed (the horses being changed at each stage ere the coach stops rocking) to meet the ferry of Rubin Fitzrandolph, which delivers passengers in New York by night."

We can understand that for those leisurely times this was indeed "going some." This, at least, was the opinion of a traveler who performed this journey in 1737, for he writes home, "And if any one wishes to travel more quickly let him go to Kentucky and charter a streak of lightning."

The Dazzling Searchlight.

On a dark night no warship would be safe from torpedo attack but for the searchlight. The full moon lights up a torpedo boat so that it can be fired at when nearly a mile away. To produce the same illumination with the most powerful artificial light an electric arc of 100,000 candle power placed three-quarters of a mile high would be needed if the aid of mirrors were not available. But with this light and an ingenious arrangement of mirrors it is possible to surpass the moon. Searchlights are now made which throw light a distance of sixty-three miles, but objects can be seen only a few miles from the source of the light. The effect on the enemy is most demoralizing. When the bright beam is suddenly thrown on the eye the pupil contracts violently; when the beam is removed the eye can see nothing. If this be repeated a few times it takes all the nerve out of a man, so that only the best trained and most courageous can continue the attack.—London Answers.

THE THIEVES OF JAPAN

Ingenious Rascals, Among the Cleverest In the World.

ONE OF THEIR FOXY TRICKS.

The Method by Which They Steal the Shoes Off the Women's Feet In the Public Streets—How a Miser's Money Chest Was Bared and Looted.

An Englishman entered a first class car of one of the railroad trains that run between Tokyo and Yokohama. He was a little red in the face and apparently ruffled in temper. He had just discovered that his pocket had been picked in the station, and he exclaimed bitterly against thieves in general and Japanese thieves in particular.

An American who had been engaged in Yokohama for a number of years noticed the Englishman's quandary. Turning round to me, he said: "Our English friend seems a bit excited. If he growls at having his pocket picked, what would he say if he had the shoes stolen off his feet?"

"That is clearly an impossibility," I laughed.

"I don't know about that," he returned. "It may not happen with our western style of shoes, button and lace; but, all the same, I have heard and I know it to be a fact that the sandals of Japanese have been stolen off their feet."

"Well, how is it done?" I asked.

"Very simply," he answered. "Suppose a Japanese woman who has a particularly fine pair of lacquered clogs is one of a great crowd that is watching a passing procession or a religious celebration of priests in front of a temple. Along comes an expert pickpocket—or pickfoot, I don't know which you want to call him. His keen eyes, fastened on the ground, discover those desirable clogs. Thereupon he makes up his mind that he wants them.

"The first thing she knows the owner of the clogs feels an unpleasant sensation in her left foot. Naturally she wants to stop it, and quite mechanically and almost absently she slips her right foot out of its clog and begins to scratch that uncomfortable spot in her left foot with her toes. She feels relieved. Forgetting all about the incident, she becomes absorbed in the spectacle again. Soon the irritation crosses over to a similar spot in her right foot. Absently, once more, she slides her left foot out of its clog and begins to soothe the troublesome spot with her toes."

"The thief was responsible for the irritation and walked off with the clogs," I said.

"Certainly. The rascal caused the trouble with a bit of straw or wire," he returned.

"But one would think that the moment the foot of the victim touched the ground its clog would be missed and the thief would run the chance of being caught before the second could be stolen."

"Oh, that is one of the cleverest parts of the trick," explained my friend. "The thief comes supplied with a pair of cheap wooden clogs costing but a few sen, and the owner of the lacquered footgear goes away with them and never notices the difference, at least not until it is too late to profit from the knowledge."

"Are Japanese thieves so very clever, then?" I asked.

"Oh, very!" he returned. "Some time ago I heard of one of them who used to carry a handful of watch rings to fit into the stems of all sorts of watches that he might come by dishonestly. Once he lifted a watch in a train, and the owner, missing it, but not knowing who the thief was, set up a shout and had a policeman summoned. The police, to satisfy the victim, insisted that every one in the train show his watch. When the turn of the thief came he drew out of his pocket the stolen timepiece, and its original possessor, not recognizing it on account of the changed ring, missed an easy chance to regain his property.

"It was the same fellow, I believe," he continued, "who managed by the expenditure of a little money to have himself enrolled under different names in the various lists of different towns. When arrested he gave one of these various names to the authorities. The police, on looking up the record of the name given, were unable to find any black marks against it. Thus he always managed to escape with a light punishment for his first offense, committed I don't know how many times.

"But I don't know that any of these fellows were as clever as another thief I heard about. You know many of the Japanese sleep on a sort of bed made up on the floor, called a feuton. Well, an old Japanese miser kept his money in the house, concealed in a small chest of drawers. In the daytime he never took his eyes off his treasure, and at night he had his feuton pushed tightly against it, so no robber could get at his money without awakening him.

"For a long time a gang of thieves had been puzzling their brains to find a way of stealing the hoard without being detected. Well, on a certain night one of them entered the house and gently, little by little, pulled the bed on which the miser lay away from the chest of drawers. Then he quickly emptied the drawers of their currency, shoved the bed back to its original position and made his escape.

"Several days passed before the unfortunate miser detected his loss."—Chicago News.

A wise skepticism is the first attribute of a good critic.—Shakespeare.

A Fair Offer.

Small boy (who has been watching amateur gunner's failures for an hour or more)—Say, mister.

Sportsman—Well, what is it, boy?

"Gimme a nickel an' a start as far as the fence an' you kin have one at me."—Life.

Reformed.

"I hear your son is something of an aviator, Mrs. Comeup."

"Well, to tell the truth, he was a bit that way, but he's taken the pledge."—Baltimore American.

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.—Beecher.

Light and Hope.

Even in evil, that dark cloud which hangs over the creation, we discern rays of light and hope and gradually come to see in suffering and temptation proofs and instruments of the sublimest purposes of wisdom and love.—Channing.

Slim Women of Hungary.

The women of Hungary regard a small waist as the greatest possible beauty, and they will endure anything in order to put on an appearance of being small waisted. Tight lacing is carried on to an extraordinary extent, and the waist is compressed by force until one would think that the owner could hardly breathe. Yet in this confined state the women will plunge into the wildest of Hungarian dances, known as the czardas, and prance frantically like ballet dancers until at the end they sink, gasping, exhausted and well nigh suffocated, on a sofa. As they grow older most of these slim beauties become enormously stout, and then they are regarded as quite old. The Hungarians, though they resemble the Turks in many ways, have not the Turkish admiration for fat women or the English admiration for elderly made up belles. Hungary is a land of slim young women, and when they lose their figure they lose their attractiveness and their power.—Modern Society.

"Times Is Changed."

"Yes, siree, Bill; times is changed since you an' me was doin' our courtin'," said Adoniram Clover, with a note of sadness in his voice, to old Andy Clover, who had come over to "set a spell."

"When we was doin' our courtin', Andy, a gal thought she was bein' treated right harnsom if a feller bought her 10 cents' wuth o' pep'mints once in awhile, an' if he tuk her to any doin's in town she didn't expect him to go down into his jeans to the tune of a dollar or two for ice cream an' soda water an' candy at fo'ty cents a paound. My son Si tuk his ducksydaddle to the band concert in town yistiday, an' there wa'n't a quarter left of a dollar bill he struck me fer time he got home. Beats all the way young folks throw the money away nowadays. I tell ye times is changed mightily since we was boys, an' the Lawd only knows what the end will be with a feller layin' out 75 cents on a gal in one day!"—St. Louis Republic.

The Innocent Young Thing.

The manufacturer of a moving picture machine was explaining to a group of acquaintances how he had obtained a series of pictures showing a celebrated massacre that had once taken place at a western army post in the days when Indian warfare was a horrible reality instead of an exhibit on a Broadway stage.

"The commander of the post," he said, "had a detachment of soldiers and another of Indians re-enact the scene for us, dressed exactly as in the old days, so our machines could secure every detail—the onslaught of the Indians, the defense by the white soldiers, their massacre and the destruction of the fort."

"It may be very interesting," said the kindly citizen, "but I should not care to see it in even a picture."

The sweet young thing listened with wide eyes.

"And did they really kill the white soldiers for you?" she asked, breathless.—New York Press.

Two Arctic Enemies.

Since the beginning of time there probably has been enmity between the polar bear and the walrus. Except for the walrus, bruin's reign over the arctic regions has been almost unchallenged since the race of mammoths passed. All the hardy flesh eaters that inhabit the bleak, unfertile northland are his natural prey. But most of all he depends upon the seals and sea lions for his food. There is only one animal that is powerful enough to defend itself and offspring against the polar bear's attack, the huge and cumbrous walrus, but its movements are so slow and awkward when out of the water that often it is impossible for the bulky animal to retard the swift attack and retreat of its smaller opponent.—Frank Stick in St. Nicholas.

Three of Them Knew.

According to the Philadelphia Record, a boy of eight said to his mother:

"Well, there were only three boys in school today who could answer one question that the teacher asked us."

"And I hope my boy was one of the three," said the proud mother.

"You bet I was," answered the young hopeful, "and Sam Harris and Harry Stone were the other two."

"I am very glad you proved yourself so good a scholar, my son; it makes your mother proud of you. What question did the teacher ask, Johnny?"

"'Who broke that glass in the back window?'"

Not That Color.

Willie lost his pet dog and was much distressed. He spent his time searching for it, and so often did he run into the house crying, "Come, quick; there's Fido; I saw him!" the family grew somewhat dubious.

One day Willie rushed in more excited than usual. "Mamma, mamma!" he cried. "I've seen Fido! I've seen Fido!"

"Oh, no; I guess not," replied the patient mother. "It must have been your imagination."

Willie looked at her much aggrieved. "Well," he said indignantly, "I guess my 'magination isn't white behind."—Delineator.

Too Suggestive.

Wimbleton—Hello, Simpelton! How did you enjoy your visit to the insane asylum the other day? Simpelton—Oh, so-so. It was all right enough, I guess. Wimbleton—Well, you don't talk as though you were impressed with it. Did you give the superintendent my note of introduction? Simpelton—Yes, I gave it to him. Wimbleton—Well, what did he say? Simpelton—Oh, he just looked at me and said, "Make yourself at home."—Lippincott's.

Wedding Present Problem.

What people ought to do when they send out invitations to a wedding is to add after the R. S. V. P. the letters P. S. L., which stand for "Please send list." The would be donor would then send a selection of, say, four articles from 1 shilling to £1,000 in value, and the bride would pick out what she wished—London World.

"Smart" Manners.

A well dressed crowd is always the worst behaved crowd. If any one doubts this truism let him ask any London policeman who has had to grapple with a crowd of fashionable ladies.—Nottingham Guardian.

Cured Him.

Mrs. Naggs—My husband used to find fault with the coffee, but he doesn't any more. Mrs. Howells—How did you break him of the habit? Mrs. Naggs—I induced him to make it himself one morning.

Gordon's Last Chance.

By TAYLOR WHITE.

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"Jimmie, do you speak slang?" demanded Maud Tolliver suddenly as her small brother came into the room.

"Do I walk on my feet?" demanded Jimmie in surprise. "Pipe your lay, angel face. I'll get you somehow, even if your speaks are all to the muddle. Throw it off your chest."

"It's this way," explained Maud. "You know Mr. Gordon?"

"I've seen him once or twice," admitted Jimmie, with a grin. Gordon was a regular visitor at the Tolliver home.

"Papa wants me to marry him," explained Maud. "He's so strict and proper that I hate him. I thought that if I were to talk slang and 'act up' perhaps he would leave me in peace. He hates a slangy girl. He said so last night."

Jimmie grinned appreciatively. He had no great liking for the eminently staid and correct Gordon. He hated men whose suits always looked as though it was the first time they had been worn.

His own preference was for Barry Spaulding, who occasionally offered him a cigarette and who talked to him precisely as though he was a grownup.

Gordon never seemed to see him, never laughed and joked, and Jimmie entered into the conspiracy with his whole heart after being assured that Maud would never disclose the source of her education in slang.

Before the week was out Gordon looked troubled. He was very much in love with Maud after his own fashion. There was no want of real affection, but Gordon was no gallant wooer. He had been accepted by the family, and in his quiet, patient fashion he was laying siege to Maud's heart.

He had fancied he had been making headway until she developed a trick of interlarding her speech with slang expressions.

At first he was shocked, but as Maud acquired proficiency and grew more and more slangy Gordon withdrew from his campaign. Though he loved the girl as much as ever, he assured himself that a wife who used slang was utterly impossible.

In secret Maud gloated over the fact, but bore herself demurely when her father sharply questioned her concerning her treatment of Gordon, for the latter's visits had fallen off, and, though Gordon had pleaded business as an excuse, Mr. Tolliver had an idea that there was something else that might explain the lover's sudden lack of interest.

Then fate took a hand, and so it happened that Jimmie Tolliver, crossing the avenue, slipped on the muddy paving and fell directly in front of a rapidly advancing automobile.

There was a cry of horror from the spectators, but one man sprang forward and with an easy movement grasped the boy's arm and carried him to safety.

For a moment Jimmie was too dazed to comprehend; then he slowly came to realize that Gordon, unmoved as ever, stood beside him, answering the questions of the crowd, but refusing to give his name.

"All right, old man?" he asked as he saw that Jimmie was pulling himself together. "Suppose we move on. This crowd is a little too eager."

He signaled a passing taxicab and directed the driver to go to a tailor's where Jimmie's muddied garments might be made presentable. The rush of cold air drove the last of the cobwebs from Jimmie's brain, and, gazing admiringly at Gordon, he decided that Maud was wrong in her estimate of the man. There was fire under the ice, red blood beneath the waxenly, immobile expression, and Jimmie's heart warmed to his rescuer.

"Say, Bo," he demanded suddenly, "are you still dead nuts on Maud?"

"I esteem your sister very highly," admitted Gordon.

"You're all right," declared Jimmie admiringly. "If you want to win cast your port ear over this way and make a noise like a listen."

The noise of a listener was continued long after the visit to the tailor's was concluded. Gordon's face was as expressionless as ever, but there was a twinkle in his eye.

Some evenings later Maud, coming downstairs, reached the lower hall just as Gordon was admitted by the butler. Jimmie had been cautioned under pain of losing his promised reward to say nothing of his rescue, so it was merely "that tiresome Kenneth Gordon" whom Maud greeted with perfunctory cordiality.

"I butted in to tear off a piece of talk with the boss bloomer wearer. Is he in?" asked Gordon.

"If you mean my father"— began Maud icily.

"That's the guy," interrupted Gordon. "Will you tell the delegate from the wax works to ask him to grease his heels and slide down here?"

"I will go myself," offered Maud nervously. Gordon was as coldly correct in appearance as ever, but perhaps he was drunk.

"Nix on the scamper," declared Gordon, raising a detaining hand. "Use the butler for the wireless, and we'll call out some conversation while he makes a home run."

"I must go," explained Maud. "I forgot something upstairs, and I must see about it at once."

"Tell it to wait," commanded Gordon. "I'm the head of the procession just now. Don't you bother about the water carriers."

"But"— began Maud. And Gordon interrupted again.

"Don't be a goat and butt in," he urged. "Hit the plush."

He pointed to a chair, and timidly Maud seated herself. As she had led the way into the parlor the butler had disappeared, supposing that he would not be required further. To ring for him now would only make a scandal among the servants. Perhaps her father would come down in a few minutes.

He usually spent the evening in the library when he did not go to the club, and in either event he must pass the open door. If the worst came she could call for the butler, but meanwhile perhaps she could induce Gordon to leave quietly. She took the chair indicated, sitting nervously on the edge, ready to spring up and run should occasion demand.

"It doesn't cost any more to have a whole chair," reminded Gordon as he sank into a seat between her and the door. "I want you to put me wise to some things. What's your grouch against me?"

"I have no grouch," protested Maud eagerly. "Indeed, I like you very much."

"I never saw you on the front steps waiting for me," said Gordon grimly. "Let it come out with a rush. I'm in wrong. How can I square myself?"

"There is nothing to be squared," insisted Maud. "I don't see how you can imagine such a thing."

"Naughty, naughty!" reproved Gordon, shaking his forefinger at her admonishingly. "Look here, kiddo, put me next! You don't like me, and I like you. I can't help it if I've got a frozen face. It was wished on me, and it's none of my doings. Tell me how I can loosen up so you'll have a yin for me."

"A yin?" repeated Maud uncertainly. This was a word not in Jimmie's vocabulary.

"A yin—a yearning," explained Gordon. "I want you to think that I'm the whole works, and you won't even let me be the second hand. Fix me up so I can come into the big tent and be a part of the program. I'm the 'what is it' out in the freak tent, and I don't like the job. I may not be quite your style, but I can learn. I'm the star pupil in the little red schoolhouse, and I'll always be at the head of the class if you'll be the teacher. I love to love my teacher."

Maud sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing.

"Mr. Gordon," she said coldly, "I will not prolong this interview. I do not know what is the matter. I do not want to know, but you must go, please. I cannot listen to you when you talk this way."

Gordon had sprung to his feet when Maud rose, and now he smiled down into the flushed, angry face.

"It seems," he said a little sadly, "that my latest effort is no more successful than the earlier attempts. They say that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and yet you are not pleased."

"What do you mean?" gasped Maud in astonishment.

"You learned slang for my benefit," he reminded. "When I do the same thing you object. Of course my slang is more pronounced than your own, but then you have only Jimmie, while I have the valuable assistance of several elevator boys, my office boy and the janitor's son, who qualifies as an expert. You use slang to disgust me—with yourself. I am using it to disgust you—with slang."

"And you know?" gasped Maud. "Jimmie has told?"

"Be it said to his credit that the temptation was great," said Gordon gently. "Do not blame the lad. He meant well in giving me my last chance to win you. He saw beneath the surface and was sorry for his part. I foolishly imagined that if I could excel you in the use of slang I might startle you into an interest that I see now you never can feel. It was a foolish experiment, Miss Tolliver, and I ask your pardon for having bored and then frightened you. It was my last chance, and I hoped that it might succeed.

"I gather from Jimmie's remarks that you fear paternal pressure will be brought to bear on you. I beg to assure you that I will so contrive the situation as not to involve you. I am—sorry that—the last chance—failed."

The little pauses in his speech were Gordon's only evidences of emotion. They were only little halts in the evenness of his soft, even voice, but they showed the strength of feeling, and it touched Maud with a sudden emotion.

"Don't go," she said softly, laying a detaining hand upon his arm. "Perhaps the last chance has not—I mean"— But she could say no more. Gordon's arms were outstretched, and in his face, no longer expressionless, there was a look of such appeal that she suffered herself to be drawn within their protecting circle. The last chance had won.

Accounts For It.

Belle—I don't like that man you introduced to me yesterday. He has such a flyaway manner.

Nell—He can't help that. His business is making balloon ascensions.—Baltimore American.

Like the Smoke.

Gunner—He had a fancy cigarette named after him.

Guyer—And how did he stand the fame?

Gunner—Oh, he is all puffed up!—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Abstract ideas and great conceit are ever on the road to produce terrible catastrophes.—Goethe.

London's Bridges.

Few people are aware of the extent to which the city of London is bridged over. In all, it seems, there are no fewer than seventy-five bridges. Of these nineteen are railway bridges, three are bridges over roads (such as Holborn viaduct), and fifty-three are bridges which connect private premises.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Placing Him.

"May I ask you what your profession is?"

"Certainly. I cure people of the blues by hypnotic power."

"Oh, I see. You're what you might call a cheerupodist."

Mean.

Maud (before the laughing hyena's cage)—How provoking! Here we've been twenty minutes, and the hyena hasn't laughed once. Ella—Strange, and he's been eying your new hat too!

His Great Love.

She—Darling, do you love me? He (kissing her rapturously and repeatedly)—Do I? I wish you were a two headed girl. That's all I can say.—London Tit-Bits.

Sour Milk Cow.

The woman was new to the country, and her host took great pains to explain to her whatever she didn't understand about the farm. He had little regard for the truth, this farmer; he delighted to test her gullibility to the utmost.

The cows seemed to interest her more than any other domestic animal. One of the cows had lost her tail somehow, and this fact led the woman to ask why it was.

"That's the sour milk cow," the farmer explained, with a straight face. "We always cut the tail off one cow in the herd so as to get sour milk fresh every day."

The woman looked her doubt.

"It's perfectly true," the farmer insisted. "You see, when the cow's tail is gone the sun shines continually on the cow's udder, and the constant heat sours the milk."

But the woman still doubted.—New York Sun.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change ot time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m., 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Young People and older People too can secure FREE, handsome and valuable Premiums, such as Phonographs, Watches, Stereoscopes, Sewing Machines, Printing Presses, Call Bell Outfits, Learner's Telegraph Instruments, Etc., Etc., By securing new members for the American Book Buyers' Alliance, Limited, an association which saves to its members a substantial percentage on books, newspapers, magazines, music, maps, etc., by obtaining publishers' discounts, through buying for a large number of members. It is no trouble to get members. They join for the asking—all your friends relatives and acquaintances should gladly join—for whoever buys books, magazines, music and the like, saves money by becoming a member. The membership cost is only ten cents a year, and each member receives a handsome certificate showing his or her right to the benefits of the Alliance. WE TRUST OUR AGENTS. NO DEPOSIT IS ASKED. We want YOU to become one of our agents and earn your choice of handsome and valuable premiums. Just write us a letter like this: "The American Book Buyers' Alliance, Limited, 1713 Tribune Bldg., New York. Gentlemen:—Please send me a book of twenty-five membership certificates which I will sell for you at ten cents for each certificate and remit you the proceeds. Also please send me premium sheet to the end that I may select the premiums I desire." Just write us a letter like this and sign your full name and town or post-office address. We will send the certificates and premium list by return mail, postpaid, and also free instructions and advices for your best success. Do not delay and let some one else get ahead of you. Write to-day and start right in. Address **The American Book Buyers' Alliance, Limited, 1713 Tribune Bldg., New York, N. Y.**

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Only the Truth.

A virtue carried to excess may become ridiculous. To such action one may well preach, "Be temperate in all things," even in virtue. Amelia Opie, the English authoress, was not content with any half measures, as is shown in a letter from her quoted in "Quaker Pictures," by Wilfred Whitten. Mrs. Opie's course of conduct is to be respected as proceeding from her conscientious nature, but fiction readers may congratulate themselves that her opinions are not universal.

Before she became a Quaker she wrote fiction. After her conversion she was asked to contribute a story to a magazine. Her answer to the editor ran as follows:

"Thou knowest or ought to know that since I became a Friend I am not free to what is called to make a story. I will write a fact for thy perusal or any little matter of history or truth or a poem if thou wishest, but I must not lie and say such and such a thing took place when it did not. Dost thou understand?"

A Famous Story.

Every section has its famous story. A famous story that is being retold in Oregon is about a very rich banker who got his start by doing work for the government. His bill was $5,000, and it had to be submitted to congress. Congress has a habit of cutting its bills in two. To make allowance for this he jumped his bill to $10,000. He sent the bill to the governor for his approval. The governor, having also heard that congress generally appropriated only half as much as was asked, jumped it to $20,000. The bill was then sent to one of the congressmen. Being friendly to the contractor, he jumped it to $40,000 and sent it to another Oregon congressman for his approval. The second congressman jumped it to $80,000. Congress allowed the whole $80,000, although the contractor was entitled to only $5,000. This is told as a fact in Oregon. The man who got the $80,000 got his start on it and is now a millionaire.—Atchison Globe.

A "Lady" In Pepys' Time.

There were worse terrors than the matinee hat for the man who sat behind a lady in the seventeenth century theater, as recalled by the London Chronicle. At least, we may suppose so from Mr. Pepys' experience on Jan. 28, 1661, when he saw "The Lost Lady" for the second time. Nine days earlier that play had not pleased him much, partly perhaps because he was "troubled to be seen by four of our office clerks, which sat in the half crown box and I in the 1s. 6d." But on the second occasion the play did "please me better than before, and here, I sitting behind in a dark place, a lady spit backward upon me by a mistake, not seeing me." However, it was all right, for, "after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled at it at all."

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Leave Melrose Highland for Stoneham and Woburn at 5 00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 7 30 A. M., then every hour until 1.30 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.30, P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn for Melrose Highlands at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11 15 P. M.

Leave Melrose Highlands for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6 00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Sept. 14, 1908

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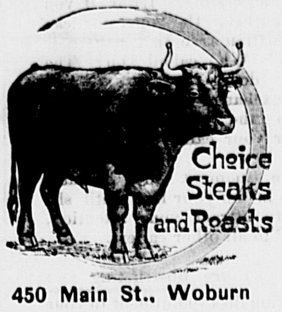

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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Sup.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf

Boston & Maine R. R.

In effect October 5, 1908

Trains Leave Woburn for:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — †5.55, †6.14, †6.44, †7.13, †7.37, †c8.13, †8.21, †8.55, §9.23, †10.21, §11.01, †11.17 a. m., §12.05, †12.50, §2.00, †2.04, §3.02, †3.11, §3.25, †4.22, †5.02, †5.35, §5.46, †6.59, §9.05, †9.26, †10.26, p. m.

LOWELL — †8.20, §9.27 a. m., †2.26, †4.42, §5.28, †6.42, §9.27, †10.59, §11.02, †11.46 p. m.

NASHUA — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D6.42, †11.46 p. m.

MANCHESTER and CONCORD, N. H. — †D8.20, §9.27 a. m., †D2.26, †D4.42, §5.28, †D6.42, p. m.

† Daily, except Sunday. § Sunday only. c Does not stop at Winchester. D Change cars at Lowell. H Saturdays only.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket office.

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WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m., via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p. m.

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Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, [illegible] a. m., throughout the city.

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13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
321	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. [illegible] Factory (Pri.)

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The Crystal Ball.

By Philip Kean.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"The trouble with me," Antoinette announced, "is that I am too commonplace."

Charmian laughed. "You funny little thing!"

"I haven't any individuality," Antoinette insisted. "I dance pretty well and sing a little. I have a fairly good complexion. I know how to do my hair, but when other girls scintillate I'm in the shadow. What I need is to be different."

"What you need is to be your own dear self," Charmian stated. "Everybody loves you."

"Everybody doesn't," Antoinette contradicted. "At least"— She stopped suddenly.

"Well, Dickie does," Charmian teased. "You know you are the only girl in the world to Dickie Beveridge, and Dickie's the salt of the earth."

"Oh, Dickie!" Antoinette flared. "Dickie's as insignificant as I am. He has a nice little figure and a nice little way of saying things, but there isn't anything great or grand about him."

"Who wants to be great or grand?" Charmian questioned.

"I do." Antoinette sat up among the pink couch cushions. "I want to be distinctive, Charmian."

"In what way?" Charmian's eyes were smiling as she lounged in the big chair by the open fire, for the October days were cool.

"Well, like you, for example," Antoinette said—"your red-gold hair and your gray eyes and your black lashes and your way of wearing things. Now, what would I look like in that black kimono you have on? With its gold figures it gives you an atmosphere of mystery—like a seeress or something."

Charmian laughed again. "Dear girl," she said, "it's much better to be a woman than a seeress."

"That's all very well for you to say," Antoinette grumbled. "You have a voice like a siren."

"Oh, Toinette," Charmian protested, "a seeress and a siren! I'd so much rather be just a woman and lovable and precious like you."

Antoinette dimpled and then sighed "But I'm not lovable to everybody."

Charmian reached over and took one of the small, plump hands in hers. "Now, who is that sigh for, baby?" she demanded. "And who doesn't love you?"

"Otis Singleton," said Antoinette unexpectedly.

Charmian's eyes returned to the fire with an unfathomable expression.

"So it is Otis Singleton?" she said softly.

"Yes," Antoinette nodded. "I think he is perfectly fine, Charmian. But he doesn't pay a particle of attention to me. And I am positively tongued tied when I try to talk to him. Do you feel that way?"

Charmian smiled inscrutably. "Not exactly," she murmured.

"Of course you don't," Antoinette went on. "You're not commonplace, and I am not going to be any more. I am going to create an atmosphere. Otis is interested in occult things, and there's that crystal ball that father brought from India."

She rose, crossed to a table and brought back the translucent sphere which gave out opal flashes as it caught the autumn sunlight.

"Father says the queer men over there used to gaze in it," Antoinette explained, "and tell what had been and what would be."

"How strange!" said Charmian, handling it curiously.

"I am going to fit up the den," Antoinette recited as she flung herself once more among the cushions, "with dark, mysterious hangings, with a dado of peacock feathers, and a bust of Pallas over the door, and a black cat on the hearth, and I'm going to dress myself in a smoke colored gown, with a snake bracelet, and I'm going to put the crystal ball in the middle of my teakwood table and tell fortunes. And after awhile everybody will say, 'How interesting!' and then I won't feel so insignificant, and perhaps Otis will come, and—now, Charmian, what's the matter?"

For the other girl was laughing uncontrollably.

"Oh, you funny child!" she gasped.

"It's not a laughing matter," Antoinette reproved her. She reached over and took the crystal ball from her friend and gazed into it. "It shows me a great singer crowned with laurels," she said.

Charmian snatched the ball from her. "Don't," she cried; "don't prophesy fame for me! Tell me of a future of love and marriage and home. I've been so lonely all my life."

The young girl laid her cheek against that of her friend. "But you know I love her, Charmian," she said.

"You precious child!" was the grateful response, and after that there was a long silence.

Then Antoinette said, "But I'm going to fix up the den, and I'm going to invite Otis Singleton."

"Better invite Dickie," Charmian urged.

"I shall never invite Dickie again," Antoinette stated. "He always asks me to marry him."

"And are you sure you don't love him—sure?" The older girl's gaze was compelling.

"Well," Antoinette hesitated, "I do like Dickie, Charmian, but when I think what a commonplace couple we would make"—

"You would make a dear couple," Charmian stated, "and your laughter and brightness are not for such men as Otis Singleton."

"Why not?"

"Otis needs a woman who has suffered as he has suffered. He has had a hard life and a lonely one—a life like mine, Antoinette." She caught herself up quickly and glanced at her friend. But Antoinette was absorbed in her plans.

"Anyhow, I'm going to invite him and read his fortune in the crystal ball. Who knows but he will find his fate?" And she flew up to her own room to dress.

All the week that followed Antoinette was busy transforming the den into an abode of black art. Charmian, watching somewhat wistfully, made invaluable suggestions.

"I shall never fit into it as you would," Antoinette said one morning despairingly. "I'm too chubby. I hate that word, Charmian, but it fits me. And it fits Dickie Beveridge. He proposed again last night, and he looked like a little fat Cupid, oh, dear!" And she smiled ruefully.

"Marry him," was Charmian's prompt suggestion, "and don't think any more of Otis Singleton."

"But Otis is so fine and splendid," Antoinette protested.

"Yes, he is fine and splendid," Charmian repeated, and something in her tone made Antoinette stare.

"Oh, my goodness!" she said to herself later as she fed the black cat on the hearth to get her accustomed to her new environment. "Goodness, I came near making an awful mistake. And, after all, I simply couldn't live without Dickie."

So she sent for him that very afternoon, and he came, beaming.

"Do you really mean what you said over the telephone," he demanded—"that you'll marry me, Antoinette?"

Antoinette nodded. "I've been a little goose, Dickie," she said briefly as she let him hold the tips of her fingers, "and now I want to talk about Charmian."

Two heads being better than one, Antoinette emerged from the interview radiant.

"Your brains aren't chubby if your body is," was the praise she bestowed upon Dickie, "and I never should have thought of that way of bringing them together."

"He loves her desperately," Dickie said, "but he thinks she is wedded to her career. He told me once that he wouldn't dare ask such a woman to share his moderate income."

"And she is longing to share it, only, of course, a woman has to wait until a man asks her. Oh, well"—and Antoinette smiled on her chubby squire ecstatically—"oh, well, Dickie, we shall see what we shall see!"

Two nights later Otis Singleton, coming into the transformed den, with an amused smile curving his lips, found a small, plump seeress in smoke colored crape, with jade ornaments at her neck and on her wrists, presiding over the crystal ball, which was mounted on a silver dragon.

"So this is the new fad," he said as he seated himself.

Antoinette shook her head at him. "It's not a fad," she said. "This crystal ball has told me some things lately that have almost made me shiver, and the role of prophetess has been forced upon me."

Otis threw his head back and laughed heartily. "Antoinette, you are a glorious little fraud," he said, "but that ball is wonderful." And he reached out his hand to take it.

But Antoinette's white hands waved him back.

"Let me read what it says," she murmured softly, "and you will think it still more wonderful."

Otis lounged in his big chair lazily.

"Proceed," he said, then teasingly, "Have you told Dickie's fortune?"

Antoinette nodded. "Dickie is to marry a plump blond on the 14th of December, and he is to live happy ever after."

Otis sat up and stared.

"By Jove, you don't mean that you've really said 'Yes' at last?" he gasped.

Antoinette smiled. "I see that you recognize the small, plump blond," she murmured.

Then for a time she was silent, gazing into the depths of the crystal ball. At last her voice came faintly. "I see a woman in white"—

"Blond or brunette?" skeptically.

"She is neither fair nor dark," went on the voice. "Her hair is a crown of red gold, and she is very tall. At her feet is a wreath of laurel."

All the indifference had left Singleton's face. "Charmian," he breathed.

"Now the crystal is clouded," the voice went on, "but in the dimness I can still see the shadowy figure in white. She tramples on the laurel wreath, but her hand is on her heart. She seems to say, 'I want not fame, but love.'"

Otis' hand came down heavily over the ball. "You are making it up," he accused.

The little lady's eyes met his steadily.

"I am not making it up."

"You mean that it is true?"

"As true as that Dickie and I are going to be married, Otis."

So seriously did she say it that Singleton stood up with a quick laugh of resolution. "Where is she?" he demanded.

"In the library," said Antoinette. "But, oh, Otis, if she should ever guess how I told your fortune!"

"She shan't guess," he said. "I'll tell her you saw money bags and a rich widow"—

And with that he was gone, while the seeress in smoke color flew down the hall to hunt up her chubby cherub.

"And, oh, Dickie," she said as they took refuge in the breakfast room, "I expect she's saying 'Yes' this very minute!"

"And all because of the crystal ball," was Dickie's comment as he folded her in his fond embrace.

"The Light That Failed."

A wealthy Riverina squatter, now departed, as he used to phrase it, "to the great muster," was noted almost as much for his Attic wit as for his parsimony. He also stuttered very badly and helped along his halting utterance with a frequent ejaculation of "D'ye see? D'ye see?" His niggardly traits gained him widespread local unpopularity and the bitter enmity of sundowners, who were always vigorously refused rations at his stations.

Smarting under this unusual inhospitality, some disappointed swaggerers once set fire to one of the squatter's wool sheds and then wrote upon a gate: "We've well burnt down your wool shed. D'ye see? D'ye see?"

Of course it caught the big man's eye when next he passed through. For a moment he contemplated the announcement and then with a sardonic grin took the stump of a blue pencil from his pocket and scribbled underneath: "It was well insured. D'ye see? D'ye see?"—London Standard.

IT WAS A FINE COD.

A Little Story of William M. Chase, the Portrait Painter.

Several years ago I had a studio at Hammersmith and was hurrying into London one morning to transact some business. Just as I swung around a corner occupied by a fishmonger's market my eye was attracted to a magnificent cod stretched out for exhibition on a clean slab of white marble. Whatever my mood for color was that morning, that fish completely fitted and filled it. I must paint it, I decided.

I called out the proprietor and told him what I wanted. I was a bachelor, I explained, and did not want to buy the big fish. I only wished the use of it as a model. Could I rent it?

"Ow, now, sir," he said, with true British stolidity, "Hi never rents my fish. You see, it's Saturday, too, sir. Hi must sell him today, sir."

However, I explained that I needed the fish for only a few hours, and directly we struck a bargain. If after two hours I still wished to keep the fish I should buy it. At the end of the stipulated time the boy came. I was not quite finished. "In a few minutes," I said, and when I looked up he was gone.

Shortly afterward the proprietor came, tiptoeing in and peeping over my shoulder. I could hear him softly sighing, and I said nervously, "In a few minutes now, in a few minutes."

"Don't 'urry, sir; don't 'urry," he urged. "She's gettin' on! Hi'll take my chances, sir!"

When the painting was finished he refused at first to accept any remuneration, but at length, with a muttered apology, he charged—a shilling! The painting was hung and shortly afterward purchased by the Corcoran Art gallery for a very substantial sum.

On my next trip to London I determined to call up my fishmonger, tell him of the good fortune that had attended the painting and tender him some fitting reward. To my great surprise he not only refused again any sort of fee, but evinced no surprise whatever at the figure the painting had brought, though the price paid represented several times over the investment of his shop.

"Ah, but it was a fine cod, sir!" he said, and his eyes glowed with pride. "Now, wasn't it?"—William M. Chase in Delineator.

ORIENTAL RUGS.

Made to Resemble the Antiques by Chemical Washings.

The United States buys annually many thousand dollars' worth of what are known to the profession as washed rugs. Brightly colored oriental rugs sometimes are washed with a solution of chloride of lime, a treatment which partly bleaches the colors and imparts a soft appearance to the rug.

This chemical treatment is a process of washing which produces the effect of age and a peculiar sheen to the surface, which is pointed out by the unscrupulous dealer as a proof of superior quality. The fact is that the process of washing as described invariably weakens and in some instances destroys the materials of the rug.

The progressive effect of the chemicals on the materials in the rug is this: The chlorine gas contained in the chloride of lime attracts oxygen and moisture from the air, by which muriatic acid is formed. This eats away the vitals of the rug. Sooner or later the wool and cotton in the rug become brittle and thus weaken the warp and deteriorate the wool.

When this deterioration is complete the pile of the rug may be swept away by the ordinary process of sweeping, and the warp, which is the foundation of the rug, becomes so weak that holes appear here and there, and soon the rug is worthless.

It not seldom happens that a Persian rug is too staring in some bright hue, perhaps red, and is not salable. The unscrupulous dealer will subject the rug to a series of washings in chemically prepared water. In this way he turns out a rug possessing a soft antique sheen that is truly captivating and finds a ready purchaser at an advanced price.—Chicago Tribune.

Partners In Debts.

"My tooth is just killing me," she complained.

"Why don't you go to the dentist about it?" asked he.

"Because," said she, "I owe him money."

"You and I seem to be in hard luck," said he. "Now, look at me. Every time I go out in my automobile it breaks down right in front of some store where I owe a lot of money."—New York Press.

Honeyed Words.

"How are you getting along at home? The last time I called your wife was giving you the dickens."

"Quite true. I had been a bad boy. But she relaxed. Last night she came very near calling me honey."

"You don't mean it! How was that?"

"She called me old beeswax."—New York Press.

No Hurry.

"Of course, Tommy," said the Sunday school teacher, "you'd like to be an angel, wouldn't you?"

"Well—er—yes'm," replied Tommy, "but I'd like to wait till I can be a full grown angel with gray whiskers."—Philadelphia Press.

Didn't Agree With Him.

"You should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," the physician told him.

"If I'd always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "where would you be?"—London Express.

An Eye Closer.

Griggs—I say, old man, what's good for insomnia? I haven't closed my eyes for five nights. Colonel—You want to have a boxing match. The first time I tried it, I remember, my eyes were closed for a fortnight.

The Flight of Time.

"When did you move into the suburbs?"

"Three cooks ago."—Puck.

NEW YORK'S BOWERY.

Why the Upper Part of It Was Named Fourth Avenue.

In the early forties of the last century there lived in Brooklyn a Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Mr. Smith was a rising civil engineer, and most of his work was in New York. It was necessary that he be nearer his place of business than Brooklyn, for in those days ferries were slow and infrequent, no bridges spanned the river, and horse cars were the speediest means of transit. Being a man of moderate means, Mr. Smith went house hunting through the streets of New York, seeking a modest but respectable abode. Near the upper end of the Bowery he found a small house. Elated with his success, he rushed home with the news to his wife. But when he mentioned the name of the street in which this house stood his wife's face fell.

"How could you think of it?" she asked. Smith was in despair.

Even as far back as 1840 the Bowery had acquired an unenviable reputation. Mr. Smith tried to explain that the upper part of the Bowery was still untarnished; that many very respectable people lived in that part of town; that it would be many long years before crime and sin would spread that far north.

It was all wasted energy. The fact that she would be living on the Bowery was sufficient for Mrs. Smith.

As a civil engineer it was Mr. Smith's custom to overcome obstacles. The following day he hired a conveyance, and he and Mrs. Smith went house hunting together. Mrs. Smith knew her Brooklyn thoroughly, but had only a slight acquaintance with New York. After driving through many streets without finding a suitable house the husband quietly turned into the Bowery at Union square and slowly walked the horse in the direction of the house he had found the previous day.

Suddenly Mrs. Smith exclaimed, "Why, there's a pretty place to let, dear!"

"Where?" listlessly questioned her husband, purposely looking in the opposite direction. Had Mrs. Smith not been so intent upon the house in question she might have noticed the merry twinkle in her husband's eyes and suspected something.

"Right over there," she replied, pointing to the house with the "To Let" sign.

An examination of the premises convinced Mrs. Smith that she must have the place, and when she learned that her neighbors were old friends of hers she had her husband close the bargain at once.

All this time no mention was made of the street. How Smith managed to move into the house and keep Mrs. Smith in the dark as to the name of the street is a mystery. But there came a day, and there was a storm. The tear fall was something heretofore unknown in the Smith household.

Once again Mr. Smith's habit of overcoming obstacles stood him in good stead. His wife would not live on the Bowery. Her home was ideal, her neighbors were good people, but they lived on the Bowery. So Smith and one of his neighbors went before the board of aldermen. The neighbor had influence. The street signs from Union square down to Fourth street were changed. Instead of "Bowery" the words "Fourth avenue" were substituted.

And Mrs. Smith was happy ever after.—New York World.

A Curious Spanish Custom.

Ellen Maury Slayden in the Century in an account of her own and her husband's lavish entertainment in a Spanish household says:

"No custom of the house was so unaccountable as that of having people come 'to see you eat.' Enjoying a square meal while our guests inhaled cigarette smoke seemed so inhospitable that I sometimes playfully insisted upon their having something with us. It was always laughingly declined, except once when a particularly lively youth took a piece of ham and ate it with all sorts of self conscious little antics, as if he were acting a pantomime."

Shortening of the Day.

It has long been known theoretically that the tides act as a brake on the rotating earth and tend to lengthen the day. The effect, however, is so slight that it cannot be measured in any length of time at man's disposal. It may be estimated with the aid of certain assumptions, and, using the data available, W. D. MacMillan made the necessary computation by the formulas used by engineers. He finds for the increase of the length of the day one second in 460,000 years.

Waiting.

"Where are you lunching now?"

"Over here at one of these places where you wait on yourself. Where are you eating?"

"Oh, I'm still over there where you wait on the waiter."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Cough Medicine

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a regular cough medicine, a strong medicine, a doctor's medicine. Good for easy coughs, hard coughs, desperate coughs. If your doctor endorses it for your case, take it. If not, don't take it. Never go contrary to his advice.

Ayer's We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.

The dose of Ayer's Pills is small, only one at bedtime. As a rule, laxative doses are better than cathartic doses. For constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick-headaches, they cannot be excelled. Ask your doctor about this.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

THE GAMING PASSION

Incidents In Actual Life That Outstrip Fiction.

A COLD BLOODED MONARCH.

Louis XV. and the Dead Man at the Card Table—A Woman Who Gambled on Her Deathbed—Lord Denison's Play While His Bride Waited at the Altar.

If the full story of the card table could be written it would surely be the most startling revelation of human cupidity ever published, and almost every page of it would be marked by some incident which would outstrip fiction.

When Louis XV. was at the card table the fascination of the game made him absolutely dead to all externals and even to decency and humanity. On one occasion when he was playing for heavy stakes one of his opponents, overcome by excitement, collapsed in his chair in a fit of apoplexy. His majesty affected to ignore the incident until some one exclaimed, "M. de Chauvelin is ill!" "Ill?" retorted the king, casting a careless glance at the stricken man; "he is dead. Take him away. Spades are trumps, gentlemen!"

Equally weird is a story Goldsmith tells. When the clergyman arrived to prepare a lady parishioner who had a passion for gambling for her approaching death the lady after listening for a short time to his exhortation exclaimed: "That's enough! Now let us have a game of cards." To humor her the parson consented to play. The dying woman won all his money and had just suggested playing for her funeral fee when she fell back and expired.

In the early years of last century a whist club composed largely of clergymen used to meet in the back room of a barber's shop in a Somersetshire town. On one occasion, so the story runs, when four of the club members were acting as pallbearers at the funeral of a reverend brother, some delay occurred, and the coffin was set down in the chancel. One of them produced a pack of cards and suggested a rubber. The coffin served the purpose of a table, and the players were deeply immersed in the game when the sexton arrived to announce that everything was at last ready.

Mazarin's passion for gambling was so strong even in death that he played cards to the very end, when he was so weak that they had to be held for him, and the "merry monarch" spent his last Sunday on earth playing at basset round a large table with his great courtiers and other dissolute persons and with a bank of at least £2,000 before him.

The curious fascination cards possess for their devotees is illustrated by the following story of Lord Granville, at the time ambassador to France. One afternoon when he was about to return to Paris he repaired to Graham's to have a farewell game of whist, ordering his carriage to be at the door at 4. When it arrived he was much too deep in the game to be disturbed. At 10 o'clock he sent out to say that he was not ready and that the horses had better be changed. Six hours later the same message was sent out, and twice more the waiting horses were changed before he consented to leave the table after losing £10,000.

An equally remarkable story is told of George Payne, the great turf plunger of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last flung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

One of the most romantic of gambling stories is told by Mr. Thiselton-Dyer of a plainly dressed stranger who once took his seat at a faro table and after an extraordinary run of luck succeeded in breaking the bank. "Heavens," exclaimed an old, infirm Austrian officer who had sat next to the stranger, "the twentieth part of your gains would make me the happiest man in the world!" "You shall have it, then," answered the stranger as he left the room.

A servant speedily returned and presented the officer with the twentieth part of the bank, adding, "My master, sir, requires no answer." The successful stranger was soon discovered to be the king of Prussia in disguise.

The most costly game of cards on record was probably that in which the late George McCulloch, chairman of the Broken Hill Proprietary company, once took part. A syndicate of seven had been formed to finance the famous Broken Hill silver mine, and Mr. McCulloch was one of the seven. One day, while sitting in a shanty at the foot of the hill, McCulloch offered a fourteenth share in the mine to a young man named Cox for £200.

Cox would only offer £120, and after much haggling it was decided to settle the dispute by a game of euchre. If Cox proved the winner he was to have the share for £120. If he lost he was to pay £180 for it. He won and for the absurd sum of £120 became owner of the share which a few years later was valued at £1,250,000.—London Tit-Bits.

The beginning of excellence is to be free from error.—Quintilian.

Siege of Crete.

Crete can claim to have been the scene of one of the longest sieges on record, longer than the siege of Troy, for in the seventeenth century it took the Turks more than twenty years to capture its capital city. The island, in fact, is famous for protracted military operations, for, though the revolution of 1821 was speedily successful in the open country, the fortified towns were still uncaptured when the powers intervened in 1830.

THE WHEATFIELD.

Where the Billowing Golden Waves Stretch From Sky to Sky.

Take a look at the wheatfield that has been brought up to perfection as it stands, yellow as gold, with the sheen of the sea, billowing from sky line to sky line like an ocean of gold, where the wind touches the rippling wave crests with the tread of invisible feet. In California, in Oregon, in Washington, in Dakota, in the Canadian northwest, you may ride all day on horseback through the wheatfields without a break in the flow of yellow heavy headed grain—no fence lines, no meadow lands, no shade trees, no knobs and knolls and hills and hollows of grass or black earth through. From dawn till dark, from sunrise, in a burst of fiery splendor over the prairie horizon, to sundown, when the crimson thing hangs like a huge shield of blood in the haze of a heat twilight, you may ride with naught to break the view between you and the horizon but wheat—wheat. It is like the gold fields. It goes to your head. You grow dizzy looking at it. You rub your eyes. Is it a mirage? The billowing yellow waves seem to be breasting the very sky. You look up. The sky is there all right with the black mote of a meadow lark sailing the azure sea. He drops liquid notes of sheer mellow music down on your head, does that meadow lark, and that gives you back your perspective, your sense of amazing reality. You are literally, absolutely, really, in the midst of a sea of living gold. It is you and not the lark that is the mote. You begin to feel as if your special mote might be a beam that would get lost in infinity if you stayed there long, and so you ride on and on, and some more on, and by and by come out of the league long, fenceless fields with an odor in your nostrils that isn't exactly like incense—it's too fugitive, too fine, too subliminal of earth. It is aromatic, a sort of attar of roses, the imprisoned fragrance of the billions upon billions of wheat flowers shut up in the glumes of the heavy headed grain there. And that's the odor of the wheat.—Agnes C. Laut in Outing Magazine.

A CHINESE STORY.

The Way a Mandarin's Wise Wife Decided a Baby Case.

Two women came before a mandarin in China, each of them protesting that she was the mother of a little child they had brought with them. They were so eager and so positive that the mandarin was sorely puzzled. He retired to consult with his wife, who was a wise and clever woman, whose opinion was held in great repute in the neighborhood. She requested five minutes in which to deliberate. At the end of that time she spoke, "Let the servants catch me a large fish in the river, and let it be brought here alive." This was done. "Bring me now the infant," she said, "but leave the two women in the outer chamber." This was done too. Then the mandarin's wife caused the baby to be undressed and its clothes to be put on the fish. "Carry the creature outside now and throw it into the river in the sight of the two women." The servant obeyed her orders, flinging the fish into the water, where it rolled about and struggled, disgusted no doubt by the wrappings in which it was swaddled. Without a moment's pause one of the women threw herself into the river with a shriek. She must save her drowning child. "Without doubt she is the true mother," she declared, and the mandarin's wife commanded that she should be rescued and the child given to her. And the mandarin nodded his head and thought his wife the wisest woman in the Flowery Kingdom. Meanwhile the false woman crept away. She was found out in her imposture, and the mandarian's wife forgot all about her in the occupation of donning the little baby in the best silk she could find in her wardrobe.—Bystander.

White and Red Wines.

White and red wines owe their difference to the fact that, while the former is permitted to ferment without the grape skins, these are allowed to remain in the case of the latter. The color of the grapes makes no difference whatever to the color of the wine which they produce, for the juice of all grapes is as nearly as possible colorless. For instance, the grape which yields champagne is almost black in outward appearance.

Over the Telephone.

"Is this Dr. Smith?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is Mrs. Jones. I wish you would come over as soon as convenient. My cuckoo clock has a little throat trouble."—Harper's Weekly.

His Mentor.

From the time a boy sits under a street corner electric light playing with toads until he is blind and toothless he has to account to some woman why he didn't come home earlier.—Atchison Globe.

Awkward For the Aeronaut.

An element of humor characterized one of Mr. Spencer's Indian experiences. One day, after making a parachute descent, his balloon, traveling on, came down among some fisher folk, who promptly unpicked the net to use for fishing lines and cut up the balloon to make waterproof clothing!—London Captain.

Humility and Vanity.

It is the humble man that advances. He recognizes his imperfections and strives to improve. His progress is the result of his knowledge of self. The vain, conceited, arrogant man stands still.

A Rule of Auto Etiquette.

No gentleman will take another man's automobile out in the country and blow it into such small pieces that it cannot be removed to a repair shop.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Quite Obvious.

A needle has only one eye, but it looks sharp just the same.—London Family Herald.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, DEC. 25, 1908.

CHRISTMAS.

Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men.—*Luke ii. 14.*

I will honor Christmas in my heart. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons which they teach.—*Dickens.*

Then pealed the bells,
More loud and deep,
God is not dead,
Nor doth He sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With "Peace on Earth,
Good will to Men."—*Longfellow*

HOLIDAY GREETING.

We bespeak for the patrons of the WOBURN JOURNAL, for all of its numerous readers, and for everybody else, "A Merry Christmas" today; and "A Happy New Year" in a week from today.

We bespeak for each of them an abundance of good things for their Christmas dinner; that all may be blessed with health and appetites to enjoy the Christmas Goose, or chicken, or "corned beef and cabbage," as the case may be; and that the holiday meal, of whatever it may consist, shall be partaken of with grateful hearts by all of those people, old and young, who gather around the Christmas tables at noon today.

☞ At a hearing given by the Railroad Commissioners last Monday on the petition of the Merchants' Association and the Boston Chamber of Commerce for the reopening of the hearing on their protest against rates charged by the American and the National Express Companies the question of charges for small parcels in the so-called Boston 50 mile zone was especially discussed. Toward the close of the hearing Mr. Jackson submitted a schedule which had been drafted by E. G. Preston of Woburn at the request of the business men. In this schedule a minimum charge of 20 cents is fixed for the carriage of parcels in the zone referred to. Counsel for the Company showed a disposition to favor the Preston schedule. Further time was desired, however, and the Board continued the hearing till Monday next.

☞ On account of poor health Moth Commissioner Kirkland has resigned the office, which leaves a "fat take" for some good man. The salary paid by the State is $5,000 a year, but Professor K was forced to give it up, regretfully, no doubt, as almost any body would.

☞ It may be that Mr. Fred J. Brown will be elected President of the City Council of 1909. If the majority party of the incoming Board consult the best interests of the city, they will reelect Mr. Brown, for by so doing they would not only secure a good presiding officer, but the hearty approval of the public.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR.

His better you will have to seek
  Beyond my ken;
He saves the country once a week
  With virile pen.
Wrong in its very bud he nips
  In fearless way,
Hews to the line, and lets the chips
  Fall where they may.

He boosts his county and his town;
  For right he stands.
He calls the haughty tyrants down
  Of foreign lands
And for it all he taketh greens,
  Potatoes, squash,
Cordwood, horseradish, cider, beans,
  And even cash.

—*Farm Journal.*

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

Edison Co.—Light.
Arthur Black—Plaintiff's Notice.

— A Boys' Choir has been organized at St. Charles church.

— Mr. Julian Dow has returned to his home at Birmingham, Ala.

— Woburn H S., Class '01 Association are to hold their annual reunion on Jan. 9.

— There has been some more of that fine, soft imitation Indian Summer weather this week.

— Miss Florence Eaton is to entertain the Gabalotte Club at her home on Friday evening, Jan. 1.

— There are to be Christmas services at First church at 9 30 this morning, Dec. 25.

— Council 77, K C., are to give their annual concert and ball on Wednesday evening next, Dec. 30.

— Capt. John P. Crane has gone South to spend the winter, as has been his habit for several years past.

— The machinery for the leather factory of Boyle & Co. has arrived in town, and the establishment will soon be in operation.

— The Foster Family Trio—Irene, Thad and Carl—have an engagement to appear in a Stoneham entertainment on New Year's evening.

— Smith & Wallace of Montvale are building an addition to their factory. This enterprising firm of manufacturers are flourishing.

— The Lord make you to increase and abound in love one toward another, and toward all men—1 Thess. iii, 12, is a good Christmas sentiment.

— It is time now to commence writing "1909" by way of getting used to it by next Friday, and to prevent mistakes in dating letters and bills.

— The rifle teams of the Mechanic Phalanx and Phalanx Associates are to have another shootingmatch at Brookside Range this Christmas forenoon, Dec. 25.

— Mrs. Jennie Greenleaf of North Berwick was a guest of Mrs Hortense Taylor last Friday and Saturday when enroute for New Jersey to visit relatives and friends.

— Woburn High school Class '01 are to hold their annual reunion in Odd Fellows Hall on Saturday evening, Jan 9. A fine entertainment has been prepared for it.

— A successful sale of second-hand Christmas decorations was held at First Church last Sunday afternoon after the S. S. Christmas concert, at which they had done duty.

— The North Congregational church gave a splendid Christmas concert on last Sunday evening. Almost everybody in Ward 6, and numerous Center people attended it.

— E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— It is quite safe to conclude that it was considerably warmer down at Plymouth last Monday than it was the day the Pilgrims landed there on Dec. 21, 288 years ago.

— Last Monday was the shortest day of the year 1908. The increase of daylight, which began on Tuesday, will hardly be noticed before the beginning of the New Year.

— Some old weather prophet somewhere says that Boston and vicinity are to have 35 snowstorms this winter, which people are at liberty to believe, or not, just as they please.

— Mr. Alvah J. Foster of Church avenue is administrator of the estate of his father, Mr. J. H. Foster, lately deceased. The notice of his appointment appears in this paper.

— Unless there occurs a radical change in the weather between now and next April the ice crop hereabouts will be a total failure. But Mr Frank Nichols is not worrying any yet.

— Mr. Phil M. Brown, the new American Minister at Honduras, C. A., enroute from Constantinople, Turkey, to Washington, is spending the Christmas holidays with his parents in this city.

— That goose is, of course, being got ready for the Christmas dinner today. Are any "Ministers' Faces" and English plumpuddings to appear on the well laden Christmas tables to cheer hearts this noontime?

— A cold wave was promised for the three days preceeding Christmas and a thaw on that holiday. The people can judge for themselves how much reliance can be placed on the predictions of weather cranks.

— The first 1909 calendar received at the JOURNAL office came from the press roller establishment of Wild & Stevens in Boston, for which we tender our thanks. We do not expect to be favored with a better one this season.

— Kenneth S. Johnson, son of Judge Edward F. Johnson, represented Harvard University in the annual intercollegiate chess tourney between Harvard, Yale and Princeton colleges held in New York on Dec. 21, 22, 23, instant.

— If we mistake not, the annual Week of Prayer, to be conducted by the churches, comes in the first week in January. We have seen no announcement of when the next one will begin, but, perhaps, on Sunday evening, Jan. 3, 1909.

— Many college boys and girls are at home here today spending their Christmas and New Year's vacation. Their homecoming is equally agreeable to the students and parents. May they all enjoy the Christmas Goose today.

— The Harvard College Scholarship for 1908 and 1909 has been awarded to Sidney Beggs of the Harvard Junior Class; and the Price Greenleaf Fund Scholarship to Thomas J. Brown; both students being residents of Woburn.

— The public schools of this city shut down for the Christmas and New Year holidays last Wednesday evening, Dec. 23, and will open up again on Monday, Jan. 4. That will give the teachers and scholars nearly two weeks to have a good time in.

— At 7.30 this Christmas morning a communion service will be held at Trinity Episcopal church, and at 10 30 a. m. there will be a sermon and communion. At these regular Christmas meetings old English carols are to be sung by the choir and congregation.

— Will Lynch, a 20 years old lad of Court street, who won a fine position as stenographer in a government Bureau at Washington not many months ago, on a Civil Service competitive examination, is at home here for a week's holiday vacation with his mother and family.

— It is given out that George Blake, Robert Portal, George Wyer, Walter Fowle and Roy Brown will make up the High School team to take part in the rifle shootingmatch at the Sportsmen's Show at Mechanics Building, Boston, next week. The Show opened yesterday, and is expected to be the largest and best ever given.

— No surprise should be felt if today should turn out to be a dull one so far as amusements and things of that sort are concerned, for holidays are always dull, so far as streets and outward manifestations are concerned. But there are to be some dancing and other parties this evening; considerable going to theatres; and everybody will try to enjoy the holiday.

— Smith's Real Estate Agency has rented No. 7 Bennett street to Wm. Rupp, No. 4 Ingalls street to C Erickson, No. 16 Court street to J Hardcastle, the above are employees of T. F. Boyle Co. formerly of Milford, N H. Also rented 21 Mt. Pleasant street, upper flat to M McPhee, lower flat to J. P. Sudbury and No. 55 Salem street to Joseph Muse.

— Within a few weeks Capt E F Wyer has attended the funerals of four or five of his old Army Comrades, all of whom were cherished personal friends. Among them were two of his Warren avenue neighbors—Hon Edward D. Hayden and Col. W. T Grammer—with both of whom he was intimate, who he greatly esteemed, and whose loss must be keenly felt by him.

— The evening school, of which Mr A R Linscott of N. W has been the Principal, closed last Friday for the season. It has been better attended and more satisfactory than heretofore, Supt. Clapp says, and he was gratified at the progress the pupils made in their studies during the term. Money spent on our evening school is well spent, and should be continued. Mr. Linscott made an efficient Principal.

WE WISH YOU
A SAFE
MERRY CHRISTMAS

Why risk Accidents, Injury, Fire and Danger of possible Death with a Christmas Tree lighted by Candles!

TELEPHONE US TODAY

About Electrically-Lighted Christmas Tree Sets.
Pretty, Little Colored Lights in Each Set.
The Cost is as low as $5.00—a small price to pay for Safety.

EDISON ELECTRIC ILLUMINATING CO.
TELEPHONE OXFORD 3300   39 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

SEE OTHER ELECTRIC GIFTS IN OUR EXHIBITION ROOM

— "A Merry Christmas" to one and all.

— The "tag day" affair didn't pan out very strong last Saturday.

— Postoffice people are being worked this Christmas harder than ever before.

— The Knights of Columbus of this city are to hold their annual ball on Dec. 30.

— The Samuel C. Lawrence W. R. C. of Medford are to entertain the Middlesex County W. R. C. on Dec 30, at which Woburn Corps will be represented.

— Pledges of reform, turning over of new leaves, abandonment of bad habits, and resolves to lead better lives, will be in order one week from today, the same being Jan. 1, 1909, or New Year's Day, and we are looking for great resolutions on that date, although there isn't a very large field for such changes here, because Woburn is about as good as a city can be, anyhow.

— The Boston & Maine Railroad Company have inaugurated a new system of advertising, and after Jan 1, 1909, their timetables are to be withdrawn from country papers, where they have appeared for many years, and display advertising substituted for them. The public have always appreciated the timetables, and will probably regret their discontinuance in the papers.

— At the meeting of the Maternal Association, Thursday, Dec 31, at 3 o'clock in the First Church parlor, Miss Frances Stern is to speak on "Food in its Relation to the Homemaker" Miss Stern is a private Secretary to Miss Ellen H Richards of the Mass. Inst. of Technology. She has a charming personality, is an agreeable speaker and is well qualified to talk on the subject she has chosen. All ladies are cordially invited to attend.

— A large share of the Sunday Schools in this place held their Christmas concerts and exhibitions on last Sunday, Dec 20, almost a week before the holiday, which gave rise to the feeling that the Schools were crowding the season somewhat. However, the display of Christmas greens and the carols and recitations, andsoforths, were generally good enough to attract a fair kind of attendance on each celebration, with which everybody seemed to be well satisfied.

— Mr. William W. Crosby was the Director of the Christmas Sunday School services in First church at 4 o'clock last Lord's Day afternoon, and everybody said he filled the office to perfection. By the way, it may not be generally known, but a fact, all the same, that Mr. Crosby is one of the best musical critics in this part of the State. He used to write excellent reports of high class concerts; but not much in that line has been seen or heard from him of late years.

— There has been considerable fairish sort of sleighing here in the last fortnight—nothing to brag of, but quite good slipping about on runners. It, as some people contend, it is healthier when the ground is covered with snow in the Winter season than when it is bare, then the present state of things is quite conducive to good health. Of course, on this question, as on all others, opinions differ; but what's the odds? People will live their allotted time, snow, or no snow.

— Some anxiety, and not a small amount of curiosity, is felt by the JOURNAL as to the character that the Inaugural ceremonies of the new city administration will assume; whether the function is to be a quiet, modest, unassuming affair, or the other kind; whether there is going to be a good deal of fuss and feathers, or just a plain stepping out of one administration, and stepping in of its successor. It is an important subject to think about; but our time is limited, hence the brevity of this item.

— It was rumored a few weeks ago that Mayor Blodgett was then engaged of evenings and other spare hours in writing out a Farewell Address to the Citizens of Woburn, something after the style of Washington's to the American Army at the close of the Revolutionary War; but whether it was true, or not, was something we failed to find out. Calling to mind his propensity for issuing public Addresses in the past it wouldn't be at all surprising if this story is true, and that he is really going to give out such a document. If so, it will be rich, rare and racy, for the Mayor has the material and is, in Scripture language, a ready writer.

— Never before have there been seen here such brilliant and glorious sunrises and sunsets as this present month of December has brought forth Italy's, that American travelers profess to go wild over, are not a priming to those that Woburn has been favored with every morning and evening almost since Thanksgiving Day. Take, for example, last Monday's sunset—it was simply glorious—brilliant beyond the power of pen to describe. Nothing in "Sunny Italy," no Alpine show ever seen, could hold a candle, for a single moment, to the Woburn display. And, yet, we haven't heard of any particular notice being taken of it—it was too common for that.

— It was a tolerably cold wave tha struck this section of country last Wednesday.

— The marketmen tell us that the Christmas turkeys arrived in town in fine shape early this week.

— No business of much importance was transacted at the meeting of the City Council last Monday evening, nor is there likely to be much in the brief interval between Christmas and New Year's.

— Hon Edward Everett Thompson, ex Mayor of this city, and member of one of the oldest and most highly esteemed families of Woburn, was 82 years old last Friday, having been born here on Dec. 18, 1826. The anniversary was quietly observed by Mr Thomson and family, and passed off pleasantly. Mr. Thompson has been prominent in town, city, church and county affairs for many years, having filled numerous positions of honor and trust in each of them, and is at present Associate County Commissioner, an office to which he has been reelected many times in succession, and fills with credit. We congratulate him on his good health and spirits at 82.

— Some of the churches in this city are to begin special work among young men on Jan 1, 1909, the same to be carried on by Christians accustomed to it, duly employed, and paid for their services. It is a good move. Get the boys and girls started right and their future good conduct and decent living is assured, for "just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined," a wise old saw that invariably, or nearly always, turns out to be true. Young men, who were boys not so very long ago, are to be employed to do this important work, which, nobody can doubt, will bring forth good fruit in great abundance. It may be that all of our local churches are attending to this branch of their Christian duties—we hope so, at any rate.

— According to the reports of our real estate dealers a considerable number of the empty tenements in this city have become occupied by families lately, and more immigrants are expected to arrive and take up their abode among us before the snow goes off the ground next Spring. What this city needs by way of accommodating newcomers with homes are single houses that would rent for from $14 to $18 a month, with modern improvements and handy to steam and electric roads, and to the stores and markets. Agents say that a great many of such houses would be rented readily to prompt paying tenants, and in default of such accommodations the population of our city remains but little better than at a standstill from year to year.

— Mr. Abijah Thompson of Court street has been the first person to pay for the JOURNAL in advance at the beginning of each New Year, for a longer time than can now be remembered, and has felt a commendable pride in being in the lead to cheer the heart of the Editor at the commencement of another new twelvemonth. But Mrs. W. R Putnam of Union street has got ahead of our esteemed friend this time and worsted him. She made up her mind to shear Mr. Thompson of some of his honors, and handing Miss Belle Hovey nine shillings last Monday with which to pay for the JOURNAL another year in advance, before nightfall the Editor was made that much richer, to his unbounded joy, and Mr T., the Civil War Veteran, was fairly distanced by the good Union street lady.

— Irene, Carl and Thad Foster, children of Mr. and Mrs. Alvah J Foster of Church avenue, executed musical numbers at an entertainment in Stoneham one evening last week, and their work was highly appreciated. They are three bright and gifted juvenile musicians—Miss Irene, a pianist; Carl, a violinist; and Thad, cornetist; and constitute a trio of instrumental performers that would be difficult to match by any others of their age. They frequently take part in concerts at home and elsewhere and never fail to reap abundant commendation and applause. The pianist and violinist of the trio have been for some time pupils of Miss Maud Hortense Littlefield, the widely known and successful teacher of this city, and the "Foster children" do her abilities as an instructor credit. She is about organizing an orchestra here from her students.

— If current rumors are to be relied on, the Democratic majority of next year's City Council are determined to make nearly a clean sweep in the City Hall official incumbents. They do not pretend that any fault can fairly be found with the way business has been done there for some time past; but the Democratic doctrine is, "to the victor belong the spoils," and the Democratic Aldermen on the new Board propose to live up to it. They are hungry for the spoils, for it has been a long time since they were forced away from the public crib, and the present opportunity to get back again must be improved to the fullest extent. At meetings and consultations recently held the Democratic leaders have declared, and strenuously insisted on it, that the new comers must "turn the rascals out" and the subjects for speedy official decapitation have already been labelled, and their successors named. That is what the rumors say.

— The First Baptist Sunday School had a Christmas Tree at the church yesterday afternoon, Dec. 24.

— A Christmas entertainment for the children is to be given at Trinity parishhouse next Monday evening.

— The alarm from box 38 at 4 20 Thursday morning was for a fire in a small house on Winn street owned by M. Collins.

— Delay of homebound passengers at Wedgemere last Tuesday evening, caused by a disabled engine, caused angry passions to rise all through the cars.

— The First Baptist Sunday School will hold their Christmas Concert on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 27, at four o'clock. An excellent program has been prepared for the occasion.

— Mr. Fred T. Hovey, son of Mr and Mrs. Stillman S. Hovey, and brother of Mrs. John C. N Parker, of Moore & Parker, and Mrs David S Gifford, of this city, died at the home of the Hoveys on Tuesday morning, Dec. 22, after a short period of heart illness. He was born at Somerville on March 21, 1874; a graduate of the W. H S in Class '91; member of Towanda and Innitou Canoe Clubs, and of Mt. Horeb Lodge, A. F. & A M He had many friends who deeply regret his sudden death.

— The best musical organization that we know anything about is the Imperial Saxophone Quartet of Hingham. The members are James M Kimball of Woburn, leader; George W. and J H. Kimball of Hingham; and G. W. Stetson of Woburn, the last three being nephews of James M Kimball, who is the musical genius who organized the Quartet. In the late 30s and early 40s the Kimballs, father and uncles of James M., ten in number, were the finest and best known singers in York county, Maine, Israel, the oldest of them, having, 70 years ago, worked his way through Bowdoin College at Brunswick, Maine, principally by teaching village singing schools. Later he entered the Government service at Washington, and was the "Father of the Internal Revenue System," which was adopted as a means of securing money to carry on the Civil War. George W., father of James M., and his brother William were highly respected residents and business men of Woburn for many years. The Imperial possess the taste and genius for music which distinguished their forebears, and produce melody on the saxophone which charms all ears and hearts attuned to the proper appreciation of sweet sounds.

When You Put On Stockings

Of the heavier sort, do your shoes pinch, and your feet swell and perspire? If you sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in your shoes, it will give you rest and comfort, and instant relief from any annoyance. Sold Everywhere, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.*

BOSTON THEATRES.

KEITH'S.

A newcomer in vaudeville has been announced for Keith's Theatre the week of December 28th, in Claude Gillingwater, one of the most important standbys of the legitimate stage, who has succumbed to the inducements of vaudeville. Mr Gillingwater created widespread attention through his performances of "Hiram Bent," the American millionaire in "Mlle Modiste, with Fritzi Scheff,—a victory that seems all the more noteworthy from the fact that it occurred in such a popular production. Mr Gillingwater in vaudeville, however, will have a one act comedy written by himself, in which he assumes the part of an actor manager, willing to take the task of training ambitious amateurs.

THE GAIETY.

"A Night in New York," that much talked about musical sensation, will be the offering of the "Transatlantic Burlesquers" at the new Gaiety Theatre, Washington street, near Boylston street, for the week beginning December 28. It is said there are fifty in the company including clever and original comedians, a dashing group of principals and a girl chorus of great charm, youth and grace. Charles Howard, one of the ablest character comedians of the day, is to carry the major portion of the comedy and with the assistance of several other funmakers of established reputation, should keep the audiences in constant roars of laughter from beginning to the end.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 10,000 testimonials. *They never fail.* At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Lincoln's Centennial.

A Committee of the Grand Army have organized for the purpose of celebrating the 100th anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, Feb. 12, 1909. They desire to have the cooperation of patriotic citizens, that the day may be properly observed. They know of no better way than to give this notice to the Press, that it may be widespread and create a patriotic sentiment among our people. If they will meet us at our next meeting, Saturday evening, Dec. 26, in Post 161 hall, we can more fully organize and formulate our program.

Capt. E. F. WYER, Chairman.
W. P. WARREN, Sec.

Col. Grammer.

In the issue of the JOURNAL of December 18, 1908, commenting on the death of "Sam" Miles, the old Boston newspaper writer, it was said that Colonel WILLIAM T. GRAMMER of this city was the only survivor of the charter members of Mt. Horeb Lodge of Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons organized in 1855: At 9.45 o'clock on Friday evening, Dec. 18, he passed away at his home on Warren avenue. Although his health had been giving out for some time, his death was unexpected, and, consequently, a shock to his family and many friends when it was reported on the streets soon after. The illness which resulted in his passing away was of short duration, but proved to be more severe than a weakened constitution could successfully resist.

Col. W. T. Grammer was one of Woburn's oldest and most widely known citizens. No man was held in higher respect by those who knew him, and no one deserved the esteem in which he was held, and always had been, more than he. His long and honorable connection with military, Masonic, and public affairs gave him prominence in the county and State, as well as in his own town.

William T. Grammer was born at the North End, Boston, Jan. 12, 1822, but while he was a small boy his parents moved to that part of Woburn which since 1850 has been Winchester. For nearly forty years he served as Moderator in the Town Meetings, becoming an expert in parliamentary procedure. Under the old town government he acted as a member of the Board of Selectmen and of the Board of Assessors.

For a time he represented the town in the Legislature, and four years served on the State Harbor Commission. Under President Arthur, Colonel Grammer was Postmaster in Woburn, and had been a Director in the First National Bank, and Trustee for the Woburn Five-Cents Savings Bank.

His military inclinations were shown when he joined the Militia at an early age, as a member of that ancient military organization, the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, which became Company G of the Fifth Regiment at the time of the Civil War. When the War broke out he served as First Lieutenant, returning with the rank of Major; he later became Colonel. He was a member and Past Commander of Post 33, G. A. R., and belonged to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and was at the time of his death an Honorary Member.

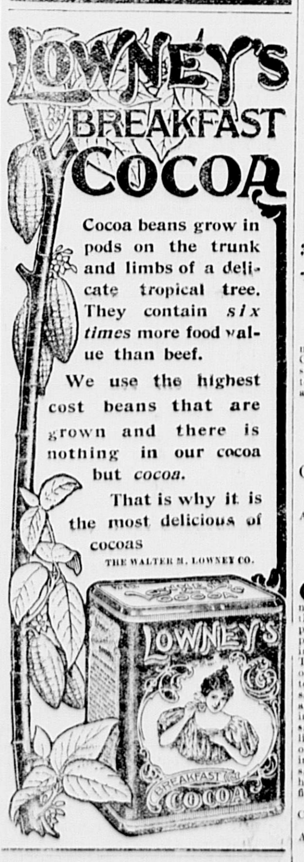
In Masonic circles Colonel Grammer was one of the most prominent figures in Eastern Massachusetts. He was a charter member and Past Master of the Mount Horeb Lodge; charter member and Past High Priest of the Woburn Royal Arch Chapter, and a member of Hugh de Payens Commandery. In the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts he held high positions at various public ceremonies. He was also a Past Grand of the Crystal Fount Lodge of Odd Fellows. He was a member of the Mishawum Club and of the Unitarian Club.

Colonel Grammer acted as Chief Marshal at the laying of the corner stone of the Boston Post Office and Subtreasury, and at the laying of the cornerstone of the Soldiers' Memorial Monument on Boston Common. Three daughters survive him: Mrs. Mary E. Buchanan, Mrs. John Warren Johnson, and Miss Alice M. Grammer, all of Woburn.

Rev. H. C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church in this city, was the minister who conducted the religious services at the funeral, which was held at 16 Warren avenue, the home of the deceased, at 2 o'clock on Monday afternoon, Dec. 21, where, also, W. M. William F. Davis gave a brief eulogistic address. Burbank Post 33, G. A. R., of which Colonel Grammer was a Comrade sent W. T. Kendall and Bernard Fletcher as a Guard of Honor, and the pallbearers were: G. W. Buchanan, C. G. Buchanan, Edward and Ralph Johnson, grandsons, John Warren Johnson, son-in-law, and William D. Grammer, a nephew. The Military Guard of Honor was composed of Lieutenants F. C. Kean and Edward Graham of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx There were present the following Past Masters of Mt. Horeb Lodge A. F. and A. M.: Alvah S. Wood, Charles A. Sweetser, Charlie A. Jones, Thomas White, William F. Davis, Alvah J. Foster, Arthur U. Dickson, Fred W. Shattuck. Woburn Royal Arch Chapter was represented by PHP F. A. Flint, and J. Winslow Richardson and MEHP W. A. Hanson A great many people attended the funeral, for only a few men had so wide a circle of acquaintances as had Col. Grammer, although of late years he had lived a retired life and mixed but little in society. The mourners came from Boston and other places outside of Woburn, in addition to the large home attendance. The interment was in Woodbrook cemetery.

Sportsman's Show.

Thousands of delighted visitors have been in daily attendance at the Sportsman's Show in Mechanics Building on Huntington Avenue, Boston, since the opening on Christmas eve. This great exhibition positively closes on Tuesday evening next, January 5, at 10 30 o'clock so that only a very few days more remain for one to be transported to the fragrant woods, the gently winding streams and the placid lakes of the realistic out-of-doors which has been created within the walls of this vast city brick and mortar structure.



LOWNEY'S BREAKFAST COCOA

Cocoa beans grow in pods on the trunk and limbs of a delicate tropical tree. They contain *six times* more food value than beef.

We use the highest cost beans that are grown and there is nothing in our cocoa but *cocoa*.

That is why it is the most delicious of cocoas

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

INCORPORATED 1854.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank in the City of Woburn, will be held at the Banking Rooms, on

Friday, January 1st, 1909,

at 7.30 o'clock, P. M., to transact such business as may legally come before them.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.
Woburn, Mass., December 18th, 1908.

Money deposited on or before Saturday, January 2d, 1909, will draw interest from that date.

The January dividend of interest will be due and payable on and after Saturday, Jan. 16th, 1909, in accordance with the provisions of the By-Laws.

A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Treasurer.

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

Telephone Talks

A "*prompt*" *answer turneth away wrath. You know how you feel when you are kept waiting at the telephone. Remember: Example is better than precept.*

"No One on the Line"

It has been pointed out that there are three parties to a telephone conversation, namely, the person calling, the operator, and, last but not least, the person called.

The operator has no authority to compel an answer to her summons. She simply forwards to your telephone a mechanical signal. Interpreted, this means "Some one desires to speak to you." It remains for you, the person called, to recognize this request.

There are two strong reasons why you should answer promptly, and both vitally concern you:

☞ 1. If you are slow in answering, the caller may hang up the telephone and assume that you are not accessible. Later, if you answer at your leisure, the operator can vouchsafe no information save that "there is no one on the line." Who called you? The operator probably does not know. Any operator in your exchange may have called you, rather than the operator specially assigned to answer your calls.

☞ 2. From the moment the operator calling you "plugs in" on your line until she ceases her effort to attract your attention, your line is "busy" to all other callers.

If you are dilatory, therefore, you are obstructing your own service. You are also causing disappointment to your caller and annoyance to yourself.

New England Telephone & Telegraph Co.

Firemen's Fund Insurance Co.
OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

C. E. SMITH, Agent, 439 Main Street.

REAL ESTATE A SPECIALTY.

Houses For Sale and To Let.   Tel. 243-1

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.
Telephone connection.

Winchester Electrical Co.
ELECTRICAL CONSTRUCTION
Repairing and Supplies
ROOMS 8 and 9   WATERFIELD BUILDING
WINCHESTER
TELEHHONE 298-1   RESIDENCE 'PHONE—READING

Suits and Overcoats

For Christmas should be ordered now to insure prompt delivery.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Fine Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

Town of Wilmington.

WILMINGTON, Dec. 7, 1908.

We, the undersigned citizens of the Town of Wilmington, hereby petition the Honorable County Commissioners of Middlesex County to view Lowell street, in said Wilmington, between the Reading town line and West street, for the purpose of making an alteration in the line thereof.

JOHN W. HATHAWAY
EDWARD K. EAMES
A. T. BOND
Selectmen of Wilmington.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Lowell, in said County, on the first Tuesday of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eight, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge, on the eighth day of December A.D. 1908.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the office of said County Commissioners in the Court House in Cambridge in said County, on Tuesday, the twelfth day of January, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon by serving the Clerk of the town of Wilmington, in said County, with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at said Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in said town of Wilmington, fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

ROGER H. HURD, Ass't Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon
Attest, ROGER H. HURD, Ass't Clerk.
A true copy. Attest:
JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

Woburn National Bank

WOBURN, MASS.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Woburn National Bank for the election of a Board of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting, will be held at the Banking Rooms 397 Main street, on **Tuesday, January 12, 1909,** at 5 o'clock, P. M.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.
Woburn, Dec. 11, 1908.

YOU CAN SAVE

by buying your meat of us. Fact is, our market is so reasonable that after shopping with us you carry away about as much money as you brought. Just think too of what

DELICIOUS ROASTS,

chops, etc., can be had from us. It's useless to expatiate on the good qualities of our meats as every housewife knows about them. For meats, buy ours. They're the best.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 314-1

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
—DEALERS IN—
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection.

BUY YOUR
Christmas
Supplies
— AT THE —
Boston Branch.

A full line of New Goods for the Holiday Cooking at right prices.
New Nuts, Figs and Dates.
Fancy Table Raisins, 1 lb. clusters.
Pure Honey in the comb and bottles.
Colored Candles for Christmas Trees, 15c. box.
Christmas Candy, 2lb. boxes, 25c. box.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 109-1.

CRACKS
IN SKIN
CHAPS
ON HAND AND FACE.
Rose Clycerine Lotion
CURES. 25c. a Bottle
Whitcher's PILL BOX
28th year in use.
U. S. Food and Drug Act, No. 17722.

Dainty Stationery
Stylish Pocketbooks
Choice Perfumes
Fine Confectionery
Comprise part of our
HOLIDAY LINE
We shall be pleased to show these goods.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main Street,
WOBURN

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of James Murray, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

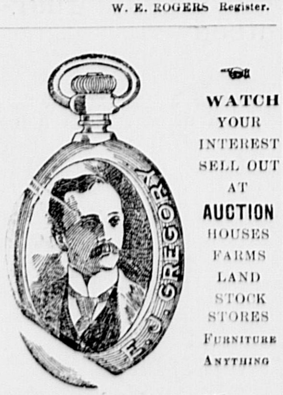
WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by John G. Maguire, who prays that letters of administration with the will annexed may be issued to him without requiring sureties on his bond, or to some other suitable person, the executor named in said will having declined to accept the trust.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-ninth day of December, A. D., 1908, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

W. E. ROGERS Register.



WATCH YOUR INTEREST SELL OUT AT AUCTION
HOUSES
FARMS
LAND
STOCK
STORES
FURNITURE
ANYTHING
E. J. GREGORY.
35 Court Street - BOSTON

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Jairus H. Foster, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

ALVAH J. FOSTER, Adm.
No. 4 Church Ave., Woburn.

December 14th, 1908.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, Jr.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
EVENING OFFICE AT
Woburn, Mass.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

WINCHESTER.

Arthur Cameron has been elected manager of the High school Baseball team.

Calumet Club are to give "The Isle of Bamboo" some time in February, for which rehearsals have begun.

There was fine Christmas music at the churches last Sunday, and more of it is to come next Sunday.

The Children's Christmas party is to be given at Calumet Club tomorrow. The party is a regular annual event.

Our highly esteemed citizen, Samuel J. Elder, Esq., Lawyer, was chosen President of the Boston Yale Club last week. He is a respected alumnus of Yale.

The customary Christmas services are to be held tomorrow at Epiphany church —sermon, communion, and carols. The Parish supper is to be given on Jan. 6, and the annual meeting held on Jan. 13.

Last Sunday James Scanlan was saved from death by drowning by the timely arrival and heroic aid of Bernard Hanley and Thomas Haley at Winn Pond, who are well worthy to wear the silver medal.

Police orders, duly posted, have deprived the youngsters, male and female, of a good deal of fun sliding down hill. They are prohibited from coasting on certain designated streets; but it is all right—saves probable accidents to the boys and girls.

I send my batch of stuff for the JOURNAL the day before Christmas, for tomorrow the great church festival and holiday comes when nobody pretends to do anything but eat big dinners and have great times. Everything here looks favorable for celebrating Christmas tomorrow. The town is gay in mistletoe and holly.

Formally Presented.

Hundreds of friends of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Bennett Holden and their family, of Hotel Somerset attended the reception given Wednesday from half-past four until seven o'clock by Mrs. Holden at the Algonquin Club, in honor of Miss Gwendolyn Moulton Holden, who was formally presented on this occasion. The reception rooms of the Club were attractive because of special floral decorations, chiefly in pink, for a color scheme. Miss Holden received from her friends quantities of flowers. Receiving with Mrs. Holden and the debutante was Miss Gladys Eleanor Holden of Radcliffe, '10, who is President of the English Club of that college. Several of Miss Holden's friends—Miss Wright, Miss Tinkham, Miss Conant and Miss Stearns —were in charge of the table in the tea room. Mr. and Mrs. Holden and their family are spending the winter, as usual, at the Somerset.—*Boston Papers.*

Joseph Walker of Brookline, candidate for Speaker of House of Representative.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
At 12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street. Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.
10.30 A. M., Holy Communion with sermon.
12 M., Sunday School.
7 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
The Vestry and Rector urge the congregation to send in all envelopes and pledges for the year in order that we may close up the financial budget.
Rev. W. H. Osmond, Rector.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M. every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Christian Science."
Wednesday evening Experience and Testimonial Meetings at 7.45.
The Reading Room is open from 2.30 to 4 30 P. M., except Sundays. All are welcome. Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 18, Mary Wing Dalton, aged 83 years, 4 months.

In this city, Dec. 18, Col. Wm. T. Grammer, aged 87 years.

In this city, Dec. 20, Margaret Conway, aged 70 years, 6 months.

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
☞ Season opens Sept. 29.

Artistic and Scientific
MUSICAL INSTRUCTION
Mrs Annie M. S. LEWIS Pianoforte
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Private and Class Lessons in Woburn
Address Winchester; or consult in Woburn Unitarian Vestry, Sat 10-12, 2-4.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

December 17, A. D. 1908.

Fourth District Court of Eastern Middlesex

At a Court begun and holden at Woburn in said [illegible], on the seventeenth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight, Charles [illegible] of Winchester, in said County, plaintiff, P. Fre[illegible] J. Beckley of Garwood, in the State of New Jersey, defendant. This is an action of contract to recover the sum of five hundred dollars, alleged to be due the plaintiff from the defendant, on the twenty-fourth [illegible] of November, A. D. 1908, as set forth by the plaintiff's writ of that date.

And it appearing to the Court by the suggestion of the plaintiff, and on inspection of the officer's return of the plaintiff's writ, that the defendant at the time of service of said writ had no [illegible] and usual place of abode, agent or attorney in this Commonwealth known to the plaintiff or the said officer, [illegible] that no personal service of said writ has been [illegible] upon the defendant, it is ordered by the Court here, that the plaintiff give notice of the pendency of this action by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper printed in said Woburn once a week, three weeks successively, and that this action be continued to the sixteenth day of January next, or until notice shall be given to the defendant, agreeably to this order.

ARTHUR E. GAGE, Clerk.

Arthur Black, 53 State St., Boston, Mass.
Plaintiff's Attorney.

A true copy. Attest,
ARTHUR E. GAGE, Clerk.

THE BLUE MOSQUE.

If Ever Color Calls, It Calls In the Mosque of Ibrahim Aga.

As every one who visits Rome goes to St. Peter's, so every one who visits Cairo goes to the mosque of Mohammed Ali in the citadel, a gorgeous building in a magnificent situation, the interior of which always makes me think of court functions and of the pomp of life rather than of prayer and self denial. More attractive to me is the "blue mosque," to which I returned again and again, enticed almost as by the fascination of the living blue of a summer sky.

This mosque, which is the mosque of Ibrahim Aga, but which is familiarly known to its lovers as the "blue mosque," lies to the left of a ramshackle street and from the outside does not look specially inviting. Even when I passed through its door and stood in the court beyond at first I felt not its charm. All looked old and rough, unkempt and in confusion. The red and white stripes of the walls and the arches of the arcade, the mean little place for ablution—a pipe and a row of brass taps—led the mind from a Neapolitan ice to a second rate school, and for a moment I thought of abruptly retiring and seeking more splendid precincts. And then I looked across the court to the arcade that lay beyond, and I saw the exquisite "love color" of the marvelous tiles that give this mosque its name.

The huge pillars of this arcade are striped and ugly, but between them shone with an ineffable luster a wall of purple and blue, of purple and blue so strong and yet so delicate that it held the eyes and drew the body forward. If ever color calls, it calls in the "blue mosque" of Ibrahim Aga. And when I had crossed the court, when I stood beside the pulpit, with its delicious wooden folding doors, and studied the tiles of which this wonderful wall is composed, I found them as lovely near as they are lovely far off. From a distance they resemble a nature effect, are almost like a bit of southern sea or of sky, a fragment of gleaming Mediterranean seen through the pillars of a loggia or of Sicilian blue watching over Etna in the long summer days.

When one is close to them they are a miracle of art. The background of them is a milky white upon which is an elaborate pattern of purple and blue, generally conventional and representative of no known object, but occasionally showing tall trees somewhat resembling cypresses. But it is impossible in words adequately to describe the effect of these tiles and of the tiles that line to the very roof the tomb house on the right of the court. They are like a cry of ecstasy going up in this otherwise not very beautiful mosque. They make it unforgettable; they draw you back to it again and yet again. On the darkest day of winter they set something of summer there. In the saddest moment they proclaim the fact that there is joy in the world; that there was joy in the hearts of creative artists years upon years ago. If you are ever in Cairo and sink into depression, go to the "blue mosque" and see if it does not have upon you an uplifting moral effect. And then, if you like, go on from it to the Gamia el Movayad, sometimes called El Ahmar (the red), where you will find greater glories, though no greater fascination, for the tiles hold their own among all the wonders of Cairo.—Robert Hichens in Century.

His Mother-in-law Won.

By one of those queer marriage settlements sometimes made in England a young man agreed to pay his wife's mother $100 on the first day of each year. He settled in Canada, and when he came to make the remittance he deducted the amount of the postage and sent her only $99.84. The mother-in-law insisted that she must have the other 16 cents, and after they had quarreled by mail about it for a month or two she had her attorneys bring suit against him in the Ontario courts. She made him pay, too, and stuck him for the cost of the action, though she was obliged to fee her own lawyers. The total expenses of this sixteen cent lawsuit were said to be exactly $612, most of which fell upon the economical son-in-law.

Siam's Weights and Measures.

In Siam the liquid measure used is derived from a coconaut shell which is capable of holding 830 tamarind seeds, and twenty of these units equal the capacity of a wooden bucket. In dry measure 830 tamarind seeds make one "k'anahn," and twenty-five "k'anahn" make one "sat," or bamboo basket; eighty "sat" make one "kwien," or cart. This is an example of the primitive origin of most units of weight and measures.

The First Slow One.

He uttered a joyous cry.

"And I am really and truly the first man you ever kissed?"

"Yes, Clarence," the beautiful girl rejoined, her red lip curling slightly, "The others all took the initiative."—New York Press.

Unkind.

"My dear," exclaimed a young bride, "my husband writes so beautifully! You really ought to see some of his love letters!" "Yes, dear, I know," was the unkind retort. "I have a drawer full of them at home!"—Manchester Guardian.

Genius.

"Is genius really the capacity for taking pains?"

"No," answered the poet. "Genius is the capacity for going without eating."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

There's nothing but that's bearable as long as a man can work.—Eliot.

A Useful Key.

"What is this peculiar key on your typewriter? I never saw it on any before."

"Hist! My own invention. Whenever you can't spell a word you press this key and it makes a blur."—Boston Transcript.

Changed.

Nell — Maud couldn't have thought much of that fellow she married. Belle—Why? Nell—She boasts that she has made another man of him.—Philadelphia Record.

Everybody stumbles, but no man need lie in the mud.—Gentleman.

Civilized Poverty.

Barbarism has no horrors so horrible in bestial squalor and sheer misery as [illegible] civilized poverty. Poverty is a great evil in any state, but the world has not known any poverty so foul, so brutal and so utterly loathsome as the poverty of the city slum, the sweating den, the pawnshop and the gin palace.—Clarion.

A QUEER WOOING.

Whistler's Offhand Wedding and the Bride's Scant Trousseau.

Labouchere's claim that he brought about the marriage of Whistler is thus recorded in the "Life of Whistler:"

I believe I am responsible for Whistler's marriage to the widow of Mr. Godwin, the architect. She was a remarkably pretty woman and very agreeable, and both she and he were thorough bohemians. I was dining with them and some others one evening at Earl's Court. They were obviously greatly attracted to each other, and in a vague sort of way they thought of marrying. So I took the matter in hand to bring things to a practical point.

"Jimmy," I said, "will you marry Mrs. Godwin?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"Mrs. Godwin," I said, "will you marry Jimmy?"

"Certainly," she replied.

"When?" I asked.

"Oh, some day," said Whistler.

"That won't do," I said. "We must have a date."

So they both agreed that I should choose the day, what church to come to for the ceremony, provide the clergyman and give the bride away. I fixed an early date and got the then chaplain of the house of commons, the Rev. Mr. Byng, to perform the ceremony.

It took place a few days later.

After the ceremony was over we adjourned to Whistler's studio, where we had prepared a banquet. The banquet was on the table, but there were no chairs. So we sat on packing cases. The happy pair when I left had not quite decided whether they would go that evening to Paris or remain in the studio.

How unpractical they were was shown when I happened to meet the bride the day before the marriage in the street.

"Don't forget tomorrow," I said.

"No," she replied; "I am just going to get my trousseau."

"A little late for that, is it not?" I asked.

"No," she answered, "for I am only going to buy a new toothbrush and a new sponge, as one ought to have new ones when one marries."

DON'T FIGHT THE WEATHER.

Try the Plan of Being on Friendly Terms With It.

What a great misfortune this is, the habit of considering the weather—of thinking that we must consider the weather! It is largely due, is it not, to clothes? No mention is made of rain in the garden of Eden, but we must not therefore contend that rain was disagreeable and omitted. We must recollect that Adam and Eve did not need to consider rain. Furthermore, in blessed ignorance they did not know that it was anything to be considered.

To mind the rain no more than the May sunshine, but to plunge into it and let the drops pelt as they will, to accept snow without a thought of discomfort, but, rather, to enjoy the thronging presence of it; to pursue one's daily stint regardless of whether the sky be dun or blue—this is a state which we, especially of the cities, long, long have lost.

We regain it, some of us, in the wilderness camp, where we hunt or fish if the day be dark or if the day be bright, and where we find that the dash of the soft rain on one's face is not death, after all; that wetness and dryness are merely relative terms.

All the centuries of fussing and fuming with the weather have not affected the weather one particle. It still rains and snows and sleets and blows, just as dictated by circumstances. Therefore, what's the use? Are your puny diatribes or mine of any greater potency than those of others gone before? Evidently not. Accordingly try the plan of being friendly with the weather, of agreeing with it instead of fighting it, and, 'pon my word, presently it will be agreeing with you.—E. L. Sabin in Lippincott's.

Kinnikinic.

"We ran out of tobacco while fishing in the Canadian wilds," said a clubman. "Our guides put us on to kinnikinic, and we smoked that for ten days. It wasn't bad.

"Kinnikinic is the inner bark of the red willow. You dry it, then you cut it up. It really tastes like tobacco. The Indians always use it when they can't get the real thing, and I understand that there are certain brands of Canadian tobacco that are flavored with kinnikinic."—Washington Times.

Snakes Changed Into Rods.

The Egyptian cobra is not unlike its Asiatic relative except in respect of the absence of the curious spectaclelike mark which distinguishes the latter. Although it is the most poisonous reptile known to inhabit northern Africa, it is the favorite among the snake charmers. These conjurers know how to render this serpent rigidly unconscious by pressing the nape of its neck with a finger. This act appears to throw the reptile into catalepsy, in which it as stiff as an iron rod.

The Horological Revenge.

They were looking over their wedding presents. He pointed to a small bronze clock. "Seems to me," he said, "that I have seen that before."

"You have," she returned serenely. "You gave it to my first husband and me for a wedding present. When we divided the things after the divorce he kept the clock, and now he is sending it back to us."—New York Press.

Sharp and Blunt.

Cora—She has such keen perceptions. Dora—And such a blunt way of conveying them.—Puck.

Happy School Days.

Tommy was about to leave the school where he had spent his first years. He went to the teacher to say goodby and added: "I am awfully sorry to leave this school. I had such good times at recess."—Lippincott's.

Encouraging.

The Suitor—Johnny, your parlor clock is an hour fast. The Kid Brother—I know it, but don't tell sister so. The Suitor—Why not? The Kid Brother—Because she thinks you don't know it. —Cleveland Leader.

"One swallow does not make a summer," it is true, but a banana skin will often make one fall.—Pathfinder.

Dates and Her Birth.

Officer (investigating old age pension claims)—Well, Mrs. Brady, and how old might you be? Mrs. Brady—Sorra wan of me knows, indeed, sor. Officer—Think, now. Don't you know the date of your birth? Mrs. Brady—The date of my birth, is it? Sure, there was no such things as dates when I was born! —London Punch

BATHING AT DIEPPE.

When the Comtesse de Boigne Tried It In the Year 1806.

The Comtesse de Boigne in her memoirs gives an account of a visit she paid in 1806, which is interesting in view of the position Dieppe now holds among French watering places.

"The poverty of the inhabitants," she says, "was frightful. The Englishman, as they called him (and for them he was worse than the devil), was cruising incessantly before their empty harbor. With much difficulty a boat was able to escape from time to time and go fishing, always at the risk of being captured by the foreigner or confiscated upon the return journey if the telescopes of the watchers had seen it approach a vessel.

"As for the comforts arranged for the convenience of bathers which Dieppe has since organized, they were nonexistent at that time. My brother was able to find a little covered cart, and with great trouble and great expense, notwithstanding the universal poverty, a man was hired to lead the horses down to the sea and two women to go into the sea with me.

"These preparations raised the public surprise and curiosity to such a pitch that my first bath was watched by a crowd on the shore. My servants were asked if I had been bitten by a mad dog.

"I aroused extreme pity as I went by, and it was thought that I was being taken down to be drowned. An old gentleman called on my father to point out to him that he was assuming a great responsibility in permitting so rash an act. It can hardly be imagined that the inhabitants of a seashore could be so afraid of the sea.

"But at that time the people of Dieppe were chiefly occupied in keeping out of sight of it and in protecting themselves from the disasters which they feared the sea might bring, so that it was for them nothing more than a means of annoyance and suffering. It is curious to think that ten years later bathers were arriving in hundreds, that special arrangements were made for their convenience and that sea bathing of every kind went on without producing any astonishment in the neighborhood.

"I have thus attempted to point out that the custom of sea bathing, which is now so universal, is comparatively recent in France, for Dieppe was the first place where it began."

TREE DWELLING ANTS.

South American Insect That Acts as Plant Guardian.

Ant defenders of plants and trees are some of nature's pretty marvels. The Cecropia adenopus is a remarkable tree of south Brazil, widely distributed through the tropics. Its slender trunk is crowned with long leaves at the ends of the branches.

A few active ants run continually along the branches and the leaves, but if the tree is shaken slightly an army of ants rushes out by small apertures ready for a savage assault on the intruder. The ant is the terrible guardian that the tree has retained to protect it from its most formidable enemy, the leaf cutter ant.

The defenders rarely leave their retreat, where they live on small whitish egg shaped bodies about one-twelfth of an inch long, known as Mueller's corpuscles. These are formed of delicate tissue, rich in proteids and oil, as rations for the garrison of defender ants to feed upon. The curious arrangement by which entrance is made to the hollow stem has been studied by W. Schimper.

Just above the point of insertion of each leaf extends nearly to the superior node a superficial groove, at whose end is a rounded depression. There the tissue is thin, like a diaphragm in a tube, and it also is soft. The hole by which the ant enters is always pierced at this spot. The ants seem to have made their entrance through the groove originally because it was at the top. In the course of this plant's further development natural selection augmented these natural advantages, so that finally the thin, frail diaphragm as it exists today was developed.—Chicago Tribune.

Married the Day They Met.

Horace Greeley and Mary Young Cheney were married the first day they met. They had corresponded for some time, a common friend who was something of a matchmaker having brought this about. She was all his fancy painted her, but she was much disappointed in his appearance, so much so that when he appeared before her, having proposed and been accepted by letter, she frankly told him that, although she married him, she was not in love with him. Their married life was long and happy, and the loss of his wife was a blow which Greeley did not long survive.

Tommy's Lunch.

Uncle (who left his nephew "refreshing")—Well, Tommy, you see I'm back. Are you ready? What have I to pay, miss? Waitress—Three buns, four sponge cakes, two sandwiches, one jelly, five tarts and— Uncle—Good gracious, boy! Are you not ill? Tommy—No, uncle, but I'm very thirsty.—London Tit-Bits.

British Pride.

British hypocrisy is gradually disappearing. Until a few years ago most Englishmen fancied that to be born in the United Kingdom was to be a paragon of all the virtues.—Brussels Soir.

Envy.

"Don't be covetous," said Uncle Eben. "Envyin' what yoh neighbor has is mighty apt to put de opportunity in yoh neighbor's way foh handin' yoh a gold brick."—Washington Star.

Laying a Ghost.

This "ghost" story was among those omitted from Mr. Stead's famous collection: There was an ordinary cupboard door that always mysteriously creaked open at five minutes before midnight unless it was kept locked, and when it was kept locked it groaned and rattled instead precisely at the same hour. Then came along a spook expert, who discovered that at five minutes before midnight the fast express train passed along the highroad a mile away from the house and set in motion some vibratory wave that acted upon the cupboard and scared a whole household.

Why She Was Absent.

A teacher in one of the girls' schools on the lower east side recently had the following excuse for absence handed her by one of her pupils:

Dear Miss—It gives me much pleasure to write to you, because I have a worryment, and you should please excuse my Annie, who does not come by you because she has to go to the hospital with her sister's sore eyes.

—New York Times.

tears now. His own were moist as he listened, and when the boy struck up the song that had been their favorite his teeth met together through his cigar, and he tossed it over the rail.

This was a simple little southern air, half mournful, wholly musical, and she had always sung it as they had come in sight of the landing.

It had been their good night song, and as they had trudged up from the boat stage to the hotel she had always hummed it softly to herself. He wondered if she was humming it now. She might be. The wind would carry the song away from him.

The boy stopped, and the spell was broken, but another lad broke the silence.

"That last was pretty, Dunc," he called. "Play 'er ag'in."

The willing musician complied, and Behman rose to his feet. He could not sit still under that music, and he took a few nervous turns up and down the deck.

He came to rest beside the rail, so close that he could reach out and touch the girl had he desired.

She had removed her glove, and one bare hand rested white against the white of the rail. Her face was turned from him, and she was looking out across the sound, pretending an interest in one of the winking beacons whose lights she could not see through her tears.

The young musician ended his tune and without pause began to play another, a farewell song that had been familiar to Behman since his childhood.

He knew that it was a favorite of Nell's, and he wondered if the song would make her speak. There was a lift to the fragile shoulders, as though she was holding back her sobs, but she gave no sign of being aware of his presence.

The music paused abruptly in the middle of a strain, as the mother of the player came to call him to bed, and with a shout the little party hurried into the cabin.

Nell paused a moment, then turned as though to go, but a hand rested over her own and held the slender fingers firmly with a grip that pained.

"Don't go, Nell," pleaded Behman. "Stay here and make up."

"I thought that you would not even compromise," she said uncertainly.

"Compromise be hanged!" he cried. "I don't care what you think of me. I'm tired of waiting for you to be the first to speak. Will you be friends, dear?"

He felt the relaxation of her attitude, and he drew her within the circle of his arm.

"Is that the way you treat your friends?" she demanded, with a laugh.

"That's the way I treat bad little girls," he explained. "I've been bad too. If you want to punish me, why"—

He paused suggestively, but Nell only tapped his bronzed cheek with her hand.

"It was punishment enough to have to break your no compromise declaration," she said lightly.

"That was not a punishment," was the fervent assertion. "I enjoyed it. I'm glad I found it out, because now after we're married there'll be no need of compromise."

"There'll be no need for making up," promised Nell as she slipped her arm through his.

Nero as an Art Lover.

One fact redeems to a certain extent the memory of an emperor whose name is held in abhorrence by young students of history. The fact is that, whenever excavations have been made in grounds known to have belonged to Nero, some genuine work of a Greek master has been sure to come to light. In other words, the only chance we have left of discovering lost masterpieces is to follow in the footsteps of Nero and search whatever building or site is known to have been inhabited by him—whether the golden house at Rome or the hunting box at Sublaqueum or the sea cottage at Antium.

Born in the last named place on Dec. 15, A. D. 37, he seems to have been possessed of a double nature, one half of which was kind, generous, poetic, artistic, musical, while the other was unspeakably depraved. Nothing could show better this contrast in his personality than a comparison between two portrait busts, still extant, the first taken soon after his accession to the throne, while still guiltless of dissipation, the other after a few years of shocking decadence and depravity. The account given by Suetonius of the first period of his career is quite charming. The youth appears to have been devoted, body and soul, to sport and art rather than to the ruling of the empire. —Rodolfo Lanciani in Putnam's and the Reader.

Arithmetic Made Easy.

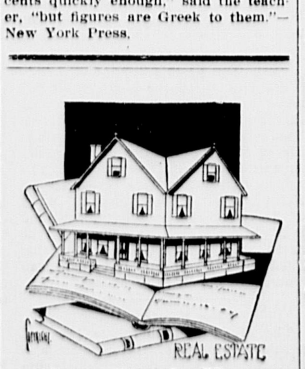
The class in business arithmetic in one of the evening schools is made up wholly of men who wield the pickax and push the shovel during the day. These men are ambitious to improve their minds, and the fact that they give up their evenings to study shows that they appreciate the value of a trained mind. But they are pathetically stupid in some things.

"On the first evening," said the teacher, "I asked the class, 'How much is six times two?' There was no apparent desire to shirk the question, but no amount of head scratching or knitting of brows could bring forth an answer.

"'I'll put the question in another way,' said I. 'Suppose your boss is paying you at the rate of $2 a day, how much do you get at the end of a week's work?'

"Every man had his hand up. 'Twelve dollars,' said one in the first row.

"These men can think in dollars and cents quickly enough," said the teacher, "but figures are Greek to them."—New York Press.



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EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

Saving Uncle Henry.

By Avard Ridgeway.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Colton caught up the desk telephone that stood at his elbow and smiled as he recognized his wife's voice. One of the arguments in favor of the removal to the suburbs had been that the reduction in rent was vastly greater than Colton's commutation and Mrs. Colton's occasional trips to town. They had not counted on the telephone bill, which more than made up the difference.

"What's the matter now?" he asked good humoredly. "The cook left?"

"That's only part," came the answer. "The cook left, and the Nelsons have just had word that his sister is dead, and they can't come."

"That will help some," declared Colton encouragingly. "There won't be so many to cook for."

"But Eleanor will have to get the dinner," wailed Mrs. Colton. "That takes the three Nelsons and you and her away from the table. Don't you see that it leaves just thirteen?"

"Thirteen's lucky," cheered Colton. "You should be glad that Eleanor is there to get the dinner."

"But Uncle Henry is frightfully superstitious," reminded Mrs. Colton. "It's bad enough that you can't come and that my own sister must stay away to get the dinner, and we'll have to tell him that she is out of town, but when we ask him to sit at a table with twelve others—Bob, you must send out some one. Can't that nice looking bookkeeper come?"

"On his vacation—but I'll get some one. Don't worry, Vida."

Colton hung the receiver on the hook, and Mrs. Colton beamed as she turned from the instrument. Bob was dependable, and that worry was off her mind.

It was the first dinner party in the new home, and her uncle was to be the guest of honor. It had seemed hoodooed from the start. First Colton had been compelled to remain in town to attend an important conference of the trade and could not possibly get out.

Her sister, Eleanor Norris, had been called into service to replace the cook, who had left, declaring that she would see her employer and the guests separately and individually condemned before she would cook for eighteen persons, and then at the last moment the Nelsons had sent regrets, cutting the number at table down to the thirteen abhorrent to Uncle Henry, from whom the Coltons had "expectations."

Vida had noticed that her husband's bookkeeper was an extremely good looking young fellow, and she had telephoned Colton to send him out. Probably he would send out the bookkeeper's relief, and Vida gave no more thought to the matter save to offer up a fervent supplication that his table manners should be good.

The others had arrived when there was a ring at the bell, and in her anxiety Mrs. Colton herself rushed to the door. A tall, clean cut young man stood at the entrance, and at his inquiring "Mrs. Colton?" Vida fairly dragged him across the hall and into the dining room, where she carefully closed the door.

"I'm awfully sorry," she began. "Mr. Colton asked you to come out because we wanted to avoid thirteen at the table. But it happens that a Mr. Grimsby could not come either, and so now you would make the thirteenth."

"I see," he said, with a light laugh. "Then I'll head back for town."

"I couldn't let you do that," cried Vida, with a gasp. "There is no train until 9:57. You will not get to town until almost 11. You must stay here and have some dinner. I'm sure you won't mind eating in the laundry."

"I'd rather like it," was the genial response. "If you will indicate the general direction I'll head that way and let you get back to your guests."

Vida pointed to the door to the butler's pantry. "Go through there and tell them who you are," she directed; then she hurried back to the waiting diners. Her uncle was standing by the door.

"Was that another guest?" he demanded uneasily.

"Just a helper that Bob sent out from town," she explained glibly, and Uncle Henry breathed a sigh of relief.

"I'm rather glad that Bob was detained in town," he said. "It will prevent there being thirteen at the table. I'm not superstitious, but I know of two cases where there were thirteen at the table, and each time one died before the year was out. I'm getting to be an old man, Vida, and, while I'm not superstitious about it—well, it's just as well not to tempt fate."

Vida smiled her understanding of the case, and as Norah appeared in the doorway to announce that dinner was served they all filed out.

Vida sustained a shock of surprise when she saw the man her husband had sent out standing ready to serve, but his face was as impassive as though he had been a butler and not a bookkeeper all his life, and it was with a little flutter of pride that Vida realized that the local guests would suppose that they had imported a butler from town for the occasion.

The dinner passed off splendidly. The butler acquitted himself with the greatest credit, and Eleanor did her cooking school training full justice.

Before the coffee was served Uncle Henry was whispering to his niece that he was going to make her a present of the house for Christmas and attend himself to some details of decoration.

Vida had hoped to lead him to the subject of new rugs, and this voluntary promise delighted her. As she led the way back to the parlor she fairly radiated delight.

It was some time before she could manage to slip away from her uncle, and she was just about to go to the kitchen to see how Eleanor was getting along when Norah, the maid, poked her head cautiously between the curtains and made a signal that she wanted to see her mistress.

"I think you'd better come out in the kitchen, ma'am," she whispered. "That strange man and Miss Eleanor do be carrying on something awful. He kissed her when he thought my back was turned, but I saw them in the silver tray. They've been at it ever since he came."

"He is annoying Miss Eleanor?" asked Vida correctingly. It was out of the question that Eleanor should enjoy his attentions.

"Divil a bit she's annoyed," insisted Norah. "She likes it."

With dignified tread Mrs. Colton moved toward the kitchen and threw open the door. Her sister was wiping a huge platter, and the bookkeeper had taken advantage of her plight to steal another kiss. As Vida appeared in the doorway the platter went crashing to the floor.

"I'll buy you a whole set, Vida," cried Eleanor penitently.

"The loss of the china is immaterial," was the austere reply. "What does this—er—flirtation mean?"

The man advanced toward her, with glowing face.

"It means that I've found my little girl again, Mrs. Colton, and this time I've captured her before she could run away, as she did from Newport."

"It's Dick Hempstead," enlightened Eleanor. "Bob sent him out instead of the new bookkeeper, and I just had to say 'Yes' to atone for the cavalier fashion in which you hustled him into the kitchen."

"But he didn't tell me"— began Vida.

"You didn't give me a chance, or perhaps I gave you none. Bob told me that Eleanor was to be the cook, and I was only too glad to come. I have not seen Bob since he was married, and I did not know that he had married Eleanor's sister, or you would have seen me out here before."

"And you want to get married!" exclaimed Mrs. Colton. "What will Uncle Henry say?"

"He'll say 'Yes,'" declared Hempstead, "or at any rate he should. Didn't I save him from the thirteen hoodoo?"

"I suppose that will help some," admitted Vida. "Anyway, I'm glad you two are to be married, for with Eleanor to cook and you to be butler I shan't be afraid of any more dinner parties, only when there are but thirteen at the table."

"To save the day as well as Uncle Henry," completed Hempstead.

Amending a Picture.

An eminent French art collector once bought at the Hotel Drouot a landscape by a noted "impressionist," which he showed, with much pride in his purchase, to an artist friend.

"But I think," quoth he, "that the picture lacks animation; it wants personages. Now, if you would paint for me a man or woman on that road that runs through the middle of the landscape it would greatly improve the picture."

"That is easily done," said the artist. So he carried off the painting and sent it back in a week or two with the figure of an old peasant woman going to market, with her basket and her red umbrella, introduced on the road in question, to the great satisfaction of the picture's proprietor. Meeting shortly after with the "impressionist" who had painted it, the artist remarked:

"I had the audacity to alter a landscape of yours belonging to M. X., the other day. I painted an old peasant woman walking down the road."

"Down the road? I remember no work of mine with a road in it. I should like to see the picture and judge of the effect of your alteration."

So the artist carried him off to M. X.'s, and they speedily stood before the landscape. The "impressionist" turned perfectly green with wrath and horror.

"Miserable man," he shouted, "what have you done? That is not a road that runs through the center of my work. It is a river!"—Exchange.

The Baseball Umpire.

"That gentleman who is to umpire the game today is an old friend of mine," said the mild mannered baseball fan to his neighbor as they sat leaning forward in the grand stand. "He's one of the squarest and finest of men. Yes, sir, he's as nice a fel— Say, watch the graceful attitude of our first batter! He's got his eye with him today, too, for see how he lets this first bad one go. What did the umpire call that?"

"A strike," replied his neighbor.

"Now, what do you think of that? Ball went a mile wide of the plate! Well, umpires will make mistakes. I've seen"—

At this juncture a crack rent the air, and the ball sailed on a line toward the left field fence. The mild mannered man was on his feet in a jiffy.

"Oh, what a swat! Run, run like the dickens! Go on and make it a homer! Look at that cuss go, will you? Make it— What's that?"

"The umpire called it a foul!"

"A foul? He's crazy! Say, Mr. Umpire, put on your glasses. A foul! Say, man, you're the limit! Throw him out! Go lay down somewhere, umpire! You're rotten! Rotten! Rotten!"

And in his disgust the mild mannered fan slapped his derby hat down on the seat and sat on it.—Bohemian.

Few Buried Alive.

"It might be incidentally mentioned for the relief of anxious souls," says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in the American Magazine, "that the risk of any individual passing into a trance and remaining in it long enough to be buried alive is exceedingly slight. There is no authentic instance of this having ever occurred. I took occasion to investigate this question some years ago and communicated with a number of leading undertakers, and they all unanimously denounced it as one of the myths of the times. One of them, at the time president of the National Funeral Directors' association, informed me that he had carefully investigated every instance of 'burial alive' reported in the newspapers for fifteen years past and found every one of them to be, in his own language, 'a pure fake.'"

Legs and the Alps.

In the visitors' book of one of the Swiss hotels an observing traveler has inscribed the following lines:

Some dashing young tourists, I see,
Wear trousers which end at the knee.
'Twere better by half
Just to cover the calf—
At least where the calf ought to be.

Only those who have seen the scrawny legs, incased in mountain climbing costume, of some of those tourists who "do" the Alps can fully appreciate the humor of the "limerick."

Nuts as Food.

One very great advantage which nuts possess over most foods is their absolute freedom from adulteration. When you buy nuts you always know what you are getting. Of course those bought in the shell are also absolutely clean.—Good Health.

Expert Criticism.

"I don't like that judge," said the smooth crook; "his speech is so jerky."

"I would say," remarked the Boston burglar, "that, though they are unrhetorical, I rather like his short sentences."—Baltimore American.

If you intend to do a mean thing wait till tomorrow. If you intend to do a noble thing do it now.

THE CARNAGE OF WAR

Story of a Survivor of the Battle of Gravelotte.

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

An Advance Under Fire From Behind Barricades That Literally Mowed Down the Charging Troops—A Hand to Hand Conflict In the Streets.

William Guldner, a survivor of the battle of Gravelotte, the most hard fought victory of the Franco-Prussian war, tells in Harper's Magazine how he saw the victory as color bearer of his regiment:

"It must have been, I think, about 4 o'clock when Colonel von Boehn rode to the head of the regiment and we all straightened quick, as on parade. And he said sharp a few words, something like, 'Men, the regiment has a good name, and you will give it a still better one.' I was in front and could hear part of what he said.

"The colonel led us to the left, and we crossed a railroad track and went through another little white village, and then we faced a slope—a long slope—with a village on it, which the French had made into a fort, and we, our regiment and others, were to capture it, and there were many Frenchmen and cannon there.

"The colonel rode on a horse, he and the majors and the adjutants. Our captains usually rode, too, but this day the captains sent their horses back and went on foot.

"And soon our first men began to fall, for we came under the fire of the chassepot. It was hard, for we could not see the enemy. These first ones were many sharpshooters in a ditch, and the noise of their firing was like that of a coffee mill—kr-r-r-r-r! They drew off as we went forward. It was only at a walk that we went—a steady walk, just as if there were no bullets there.

"And now we would run forward fifty yards and throw ourselves flat, then another fifty yards and the halt and the falling flat, and each time we could see the village that was a fortress nearer.

"And once when we were lying down and I saw that the officers were standing, just cool and quiet, it came to me that a man has to pay in such ways to be an officer.

"I saw the colonel fall. He was shot from his horse and carried back.

"The first major, he took command, and he galloped to the skirmish line, and he was shot. Then the second major, too, was shot, and he tried to get up, but he could not stand, and he sat on a big stone and shouted: 'Go on! Go on!' And he took a gun from a dead man and fired it.

"We were ordered to fix bayonets, and that made us glad, but even yet the men carried their rifles on their shoulders as they ran. We were not near enough to charge with bayonets.

"I wish I could tell you what it was like as we got near that village of St. Privat—the noise, the smoke, the flashes, the falling men and only one desire in our hearts.

"There were three sergeants in the color section, one at each side of me. And first the one at my right was killed. Then the one at my left was shot—eight big bullets in his body from a mitrailleuse—eight! Yet he afterward got well, while many a man died from only one little bullet.

"And at last we went at a bayonet charge, and for the first time there was a cheer, a wild and savage cheer, and we ran on, eager to plunge the bayonets, and we could see as we came near the village that the French were firing from behind barricades and garden walls and from windows.

"And we looked into the wild faces of the French, and they met us hand to hand. Ah, we climbed over walls and barricades, and we fired and bayoneted, and we fought them in the streets!

"On and on we went. It was a wild time of shooting, bayoneting, wrestling, clubbing, shouting. On and on, but it was slow work and terrible, for the French fought for every step.

"I was at the front, for I had the colors. There were a few officers still left, and they were shouting and waving their swords, and other regiments stormed into the village with us, and after awhile—I can't say how long—the place was ours.

"As I tell it to you it seems perhaps a simple thing. But when the regiment was paraded before the battle began we were more than 2,900 men and more than fifty officers, and we lost in the fight forty officers and more than a thousand men. Yes, that was the loss of just my regiment alone. It was morderisch, but it was necessary.

"Well, it was over. The village was blazing, and many a dead man lay in the ruins. Some sat upright, dead, with their backs against walls."

India's Fame.

They were holding an "exam" in an east London school, and the teacher was explaining the chief products of the Indian empire. One child recited a list of comestibles. "Please, miss, India produces curries and pepper and citron and chillies and chutney and—and"— "Yes, yes, and what comes after that?" "Please, miss, I don't remember." "Yes, but think. What is India so famous for?" "Please, 'm, India-gestion."

The greatest of all human benefits, that, at least, without which no other benefit can be truly enjoyed, is independence.—Parke Godwin.

The Earth's Changes.

The surface of the earth is undergoing steady transformation, largely through the agency of man, but perhaps nowhere is the plant and animal life of the region being more rapidly superseded than in New Zealand. The native Polynesian race, crowded by Europeans, is becoming extinct. Many of the imported animals run wild and multiply rapidly at the expense of the native species, even the streams being filled with European and American trout, which grow to great size.

The Fleur-de-lis.

The origin and therefore the full heraldic meaning of the fleur-de-lis is disputed. By some the emblem is supposed to represent a lily, by others the iron head of some weapon, presumably a lance. From the claims put forth by English sovereigns to certain principalities in France, gained by inheritance or marriage, the French royal coat appeared as a quartering in the English royal arms, but it was abolished by George IV.

SHOES AND STOCKINGS.

A Way by Which Their Lasting Qualities May Be Increased.

While your shoes are new or before the soles are much worn apply with a small brush several coats of linseed oil, letting it dry in well each time before reapplying. The oil acts much the same on the leather as it does on wood, and if the applications of oil are repeated frequently the sole may be preserved intact indefinitely.

It sounds unreasonable to talk of preserving hosiery to any appreciable extent, but it may be done. The oftener hosiery is washed the longer it will last. By washing I do not necessarily mean the ordinary laundry method, which is calculated to fade and rot the fiber. Really, to preserve hosiery it must have personal supervision. Stockings should never be worn longer than one day. They should then be rinsed in lukewarm water with a few drops of ammonia in it, dried and worn without ironing. This repeated wetting of the fiber keeps it so firm and strong that it will not break at the points of greatest distension. This treatment applies to cotton, lisle thread and silk hosiery. If you will treat your new hose this way from the beginning, you need darn but very little. Of course in time all hosiery, however expensive or strong, will succumb to wear, but the above method of treatment will double the lasting qualities.—New York World.

THE LETTER THAT KILLETH.

Trifling Errors That Have Had Big Results In Court.

It is on record that Lord Denman established great reputation at the bar by securing an acquittal in a famous case on the ground that a certain firm described in the indictment as "proprietors of a silk and cotton lace manufactory" should have been described as "proprietors of a silk and of a cotton lace manufactory," it having been ascertained that they made both silk and cotton lace.

In 1827 a judge quashed an inquisition for murder because it was referred to the jurors as "on their oaths" instead of "on their oath."

In yet another case the judge held that the omission of the word "ewe" was sufficient to invalidate a conviction because the word "ewe" as well as "sheep" was used in the statute.

In 1841 Lord Cardigan was indicted for firing on Captain Tucket in a duel. He was acquitted because the captain's Christian names were wrongly entered in the indictment.

In another case about the same period a legal document was invalidated because the letters A. D. were used instead of the words "In the year of our Lord."—Westminster Review.

Bats In a Bedroom.

An army of bats invaded the bedroom of a rectory in Dorsetshire, and from every part of the room they could be heard plunging against mirrors and glasses, knocking against the ceiling, while too often to be pleasant one would hit against the head of the bed. The rector struck a match and lit a candle. This served to attract the creatures nearer to that particular part of the room in which the bed was placed. Then the reverend gentleman placed the candle near an open window, only to find that other bats began to come in, so that it was impossible to count how many there were in the room. Another plan was tried. All the curtains were drawn aside and the east window opened wide. The light was put out, and the visitors gradually dispersed.—London Standard.

Yawning Fish.

The mouth of the turbot is twisted to one side, rather as if it had belonged to a round fish which some one had accidentally trod on and squashed half flat. The yawn begins at the lips, which open as if to suck in water. Then the jaws become distended, and it is seen that this is going to be a real, genuine fish's yawn. But the yawn goes on, works through the back of its head, distending the plates of the skull, and comes out at the gills, which open, show the red inside and are inflated for a moment, and then, with a kind of stretching shiver of its back, the fish flattens out again. — London Mail.

Originality Needed.

To revive an old style of building, no matter how well it may be done, does nothing to advance the art of building. It would at the best be but a copy of an old work. Painters copy old masters for the purpose of study, but copying pictures will never make a painter's reputation. Something new must be achieved, some original work executed, before any advance in art is possible. So it is with architecture.—Country House.

Word Painting.

Jimmy (reading)—"Casey swatted de leather into left garden for a brace of sacks an' den pilfered thold base an' dented de pan on Mullegan's lallipaloosa, dat sailed over Outfielder Shaugnessy's nut." I tell yer, Willie, dat's word paintin', dat is! Shakespeare never could beat dat!—Exchange.

The Costly Brier Pipe.

"People don't understand brier pipe making," said a dealer. "If they did they wouldn't consider a five or six dollar brier extravagant. Did you know, for instance, that a brier pipe after its completion is put away to season for nine or ten years? French brier is the best material for these pipes. It isn't, though, brier, and it doesn't come from France. It comes from—etymologically speaking—the word 'bruyere,' which means 'furze.' French brier is really Italian furze root, a growth of the Tuscan Alps. The plant is as carefully cultivated as tobacco itself. All the sprouts and leaves are kept well pruned; thus all the sap goes to the root's nourishment. The root is cut when fully developed and boiled and dried before shipment. Afterward the pipemaker boils and dries it again. And when the pipe is finished he stores it away for further drying—a matter of eight years or so. The best brier pipe is one cut crosswise of the grain, and the grain should be birdseye. Such a pipe lasts a lifetime—can be handed down from father to son. Of course it's dear."

Ursa Major and Ursa Minor.

A pretty myth is told of Callisto and her son in connection with Ursa Major and Ursa Minor. Juno changed the beautiful Callisto into a bear, who, seeing her son one day, advanced to embrace him, when he, not knowing his mother in the form of a bear, was about to thrust his spear through her, to prevent which Jupiter snatched them both up to heaven and placed them among the stars as the Great and Little Bears.

SERVICE IN THE CABINET.

The Custom of Our Presidents In the Republic's Early Days.

If President John Adams had been a man of different temperament the custom might have been established in the early years of the government of the United States of retaining the cabinet of one administration for service with its successor where that successor succeeded to the political ideas of its predecessor. President Adams sought at first to retain through his administration the members of the cabinet of President Washington. Indeed, at that early period the status of a cabinet officer was not exactly that of the present time, and in the course of President Adams' rows with the members of his official household he resorted to the strange step of removing his secretary of state, Timothy Pickering, and James McHenry, his secretary of war.

President Jefferson of course took a new cabinet. President Madison continued in his administration a number of the cabinet officers of President Jefferson, and President Monroe held some of his predecessor's. John Quincy Adams also continued to meet about his council board some of the advisers of James Monroe, but Andrew Jackson began his administration with an entirely new set of official counselors. He maintained also another set of advisers, unofficial, who became known as the "kitchen cabinet."

For some time the gentlemen who had acted respectively as secretary of the treasury, secretary of war, secretary of the navy, postmaster general and attorney general in the cabinet of President Jackson retained their seats under President Van Buren, but changes only awaited the passage of time.

President William Henry Harrison's cabinet was brand new, and John Tyler sought to keep it together after Harrison's death, but in less than six months all had resigned except Daniel Webster, the secretary of state. Presidents Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan and Lincoln each formed a new cabinet.

President Johnson's difficulties with certain members of the cabinet that existed at the death of President Lincoln are well known. Since that period, when for the second time in American history the question of a cabinet officer's right to retain a seat which the president wishes to have vacated came up for angry controversy, cabinets by mutual but tacit understanding end with the administrations.—Boston Globe.

COMEDY IN CRIME.

The London Urchin With the Bun Down His Back.

It has been a matter so customary to look upon crime as tragedy and criminals as tragedians that to aver that comedy is more frequently to be found in crime than tragedy seems at first view paradoxical. Yet such is the case.

A little London urchin ran into a baker's shop and, placing a halfpenny on the counter, asked nervously and timorously, "Mister, 'ave you a 'alfpenny buster (bun)?"

"Yes, my little man. Here is one quite hot."

"Thanks, mister. Would you mind a-shovin' it down my back?"

"Down your back, my little man! Why down your back?"

"Cos, sir, I'm only a little un, and if those chaps outside know I've a buster they'll take it, and I am so 'ungry, I am."

"Dear me, how wrong of them! Come round here, my little chap. There—there, it is down your back."

The boy ran off. In an instant another entered—a bigger boy.

"I say, mister, 'as a little boy just been in 'ere?"

"Yes."

"And did 'e buy a 'alfpenny buster?"

"Yes."

"And did 'e arsk you to shove it down 'is back, as us big fellows would take it?"

"Yes."

"Yah! Where's your watch and chain? 'E's got 'em. 'E's just round the corner."

Out rushed the baker. In a trice the big boy collared the till and bolted.

The shopman never saw the comic side of it all.—London Strand Magazine.

A Drink of Water.

A glass of cold water slowly sipped will produce a greater acceleration of the pulse for a time than will a glass of wine or spirits taken at a draft. In this connection it may not be out of place to mention that sipping cold water will often allay the craving for alcohol in those who have been in the habit of taking too much of it and may be endeavoring to reform, the effect being probably due to the stimulant action of the sipping.

An Impertinent Question.

A young man hurriedly entered a restaurant and sat down at the table nearest the kitchen. With shuffling feet the waitress advanced.

"Have you frog legs?" the young man anxiously inquired.

"No, indeed. Rheumatism makes me walk like this," the waitress indignantly replied.—Judge's Library.

Evasive.

The Professor—And how did Phocion shamefully evade his duty? The Freshman (who doesn't know)—I have been taught, sir, never to speak ill of the dead.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Goodness Nose!

When the clerk informed the customer that the handkerchiefs were $7.50 each the latter remarked:

"No, sirree! That's too much money to blow in!"—Judge's Library.

Taking Him Down.

"Yes, sir," said the pompous individual, "I always pay cash for everything I get." "Dear me!" exclaimed the matter of fact person. "What's the matter with your credit?"—Chicago News.

Consoling.

Mrs. X.—I must apologize, Mrs. Y., for failing to come to your party Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Y.—Oh, my dear, don't speak of it! You were not missed.—Pathfinder.

We acquire the strength we have overcome.—Emerson.

A Good Guesser.

Aubrey—I say, old chap, I suppose you can't lend me a fiver? Plantagenet—No, my dear boy, but a man with your capacity for guessing the right thing ought to be able to win a fortune on the turf.—London Telegraph.

Don't try to be a mind reader. Think how uncomfortable it would be to know what people are thinking about you.—Atchison Globe.

EDWIN FORREST.

The Great Tragedian's Acting Was Saturated With Realism.

Edwin Forrest, says William Winter in "Other Days," was an uncommonly massive and puissant animal, and all of his impersonations were more physical than intellectual, while no one of them possessed any spiritual element whatever.

From the first and until the last his acting was saturated with "realism," and that was one reason of his extensive popularity. He could at all times be seen, heard and understood. He struck with a sledge hammer. Not even nerves of gutta percha could remain unshaken by his blow. In the manifestation of terror he lolled out his tongue, contorted his visage, made his frame quiver and used the trick sword with the rattling hilt. In scenes of fury he panted, snorted and snarled like a wild beast. In death scenes his gasps and gurgles were protracted and painfully literal. The bellow that he emitted when, as Richelieu, he threatened to launch the ecclesiastical curse almost made the theater walls tremble. The snarling yell of ferocity that burst from him when, as Jack Cade, he recognized and sprang upon Lord Say in the forest fairly frightened his hearers. His utterance of Lear's delirious prayer to nature was like a thunderstorm. Often he produced amazingly consolatory effects, affording ample gratification to the overstrained feeling of his audience, desirous—as in stormy passages of "King Lear" and "Othello," the forum scene of "Virginius," the statue scene of "Brutus" and the scaffold scene of "Damon and Pythias"—that something tempestuous and terrific should be said and done. There are times when it is a comfort to see somebody who can let himself go. Forrest could. His style accordingly had its positive, ample, undeniable merits, but neither he nor his apostles were ever satisfied with acknowledgment of those merits at their actual worth.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

The Powerful Motive That Moved the Commercial Traveler.

"No, I'm not whistling and singing because business is good," replied the hardware drummer. "What ails me is because I have a clear conscience for the first time in three years."

"Have you confessed to murder?" was asked.

"Gentlemen, don't try to be funny. This is a sacred thing. I was in Boston three years ago, and I picked up a package on the street. On opening it I found seventy-five $1,000 bills. The name of the loser was there, but I took that money and got out of town by the first train. My conscience told me that I was as bad as a thief, but I tried to stifle it."

"A drummer with a conscience!" sneered three of the listeners in chorus.

"I went to Chicago with the money," continued the drummer, "and invested it in real estate. I knew it was wrong, but I did it. Six months ago I found myself worth $200,000. Conscience would not down. It got so bad that I couldn't look even a confidence man in the face. At length I started for Boston and hunted up the loser of the wealth. I found him in his office and told my story. When it was finished I laid my all before him and asked his forgiveness."

"And what did he do?"

"I will tell you what he did, and I shall never forget it. He looked at me and saw how I was suffering, and he took me by the hand and said in a fatherly way:

"'My friend, suffer no more. I was going to a poker game when I lost that money, and it would have gone anyhow.'"

"But what in thunder are you doing on the road if you are worth $200,000?" shouted a voice.

"Conscience again, gentlemen—conscience. It won't let me retire and leave you fellows to do all the lying!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Depth at Which Miners Can Work.

Below fifty feet the temperature rises in the proportion of one degree for every sixty-five feet of depth except where currents of water carry the heat away. The result is that at a depth of about 4,000 feet we reach a temperature of 98 degrees, or blood heat. This renders it exceedingly difficult to work coal pits below that depth. This is the reason that Great Britain's coal commission decided that mines are not workable below 4,000 feet.

The thickness of the solid rocks building up the crust of the earth is at least thirty to forty miles. At that depth the heat is such as would reduce everything on the surface of the earth to liquid. But the pressure of the overlying rocks is so great that until the relation of the heat to the pressure is known it cannot be said whether the earth at that depth is fluid or solid.—Chicago Tribune.

Not "Lost In London."

The confession of the provost of the Great St. Bernard hospice that he almost got lost in London and found it more bewildering than his own Alps recalls to the London Chronicle a remarkable feat of the great guide Melchior Anderegg of Meiringen. He had never seen a larger town than Berne when he visited London, and when two famous climbers, Leslie Stephen and T. W. Hinchliff, met him at London Bridge station and walked with him thence to Lincoln's Inn Fields there was a thick London fog. Nevertheless when a day or two later the three were at the same station, returning from a trip to Woolwich, Mr. Hinchliff confidently said, "Now, Melchior, you will lead us back home." And straight to Lincoln's Inn Fields Melchior guided them, pausing only once.

Why Joyner Left Home.

"Are you ready to receive the obligations?" asked the most upright supreme hocus pocus of the Order of Hoot Owls.

"I am," said the candidate firmly.

"Then take a sip of this prussic acid, place your right hand in this pot of boiling lead, rest your left hand upon this revolving buzzsaw, close your eyes and repeat after me"—

Early next morning shreds of Joyner's clothing were found upon the bushes and trees all along the road to Pottsville, thirty miles distant, and at Scrabbletown, sixty miles away, he was reported still headed west.—Judge.

Knew the Symptoms.

The Minister—John, John, I am surprised to see you. What good does it do you getting muddled like this, putting you off your work? When you go to bed you cannot sleep, your tongue is parched, your head is like to split, and you have no appetite. John—Gie us yer hand, sir; ye've been drunk yerself.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m, 10 25 p m to Woburn only RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m, then 11 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

William E. Maloney, Div. Supt.
Albert E. Myer, Div. Supt.
Thomas Lees, Superintendent

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7 07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

Albert E. Myers, Div. Supt.
Thomas Lees, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10. 1908.

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THE COCKET WRITERS.

What Happened When England Abolished Their Offices.

In the long room of the London custom house years ago were twelve officers styled "cocket writers." They wrote certificates that goods had been duly entered and the duties paid. They were also known as patent officers because appointed for life by letters patent from the crown. Their salaries were nominal, £60 a year, but they were permitted to remunerate themselves by extorting fees from the merchants—fees which in some cases amounted to a thousand pounds a year. In 1851 the treasury determined to abolish patent offices and called upon the twelve cocket writers to furnish a statement of their emoluments. The officers, ignorant of the treasury's purpose, imagined that the government intended to impose an income tax. Ten of the writers, therefore, returned a statement which understated their fees by several hundred pounds. The other two furnished an honest statement. In a few days ten clerks were surprised and disgusted and two clerks were astonished, but pleased. The treasury notified the cocket writers that their offices would be abolished and that they would be compensated by pensions rated according to the returns they had themselves furnished. There were gnashing of teeth and broad smiles in the long room. One of the two honest cocket writers enjoyed his pension for fifty-two years, during which time the treasury paid him £52,000.

Where Dollars Originated.

Joachimstahl, near Carlsbad, is historic as the birthplace of the original dollar. This was the silver guldengroschen, coined in 1519 by order of Count Schlick from the metal of a recently opened mine, and it became known as the joachimsthaler, or "thaler" alone for short. Before 1600 the nimble English language had already made "dollar" of this. Therefore this name was loosely used of all manner of coins, varying in value from 75 cents to $1.25 and belonging to all manner of countries, from Sweden to Japan. It was from the prevalence of the Spanish "dollar" in the British-American colonies at the time of their revolt that the modern "almighty dollar" was derived, while in modern English very recent slang has given the name to the crown piece.

What It Was.

She was visiting a Chinese restaurant for the first time and had ordered among other things, an omelet. After sampling the succulent chop suey and the appetizing chow mein she turned her attention to what seemed a dish of pancakes. Puzzling over the combination of ham, onion and other ingredients, she suddenly exclaimed to her companion, "Why, there's egg in this!"

"Sure; it's the omelet," he replied.—New York Press.

Business Cards.

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Leave Woburn for Melrose Highlands at 5 45 A M., then every 30 minutes until 8 15 A. M., then every hour until 2 15 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11 15, P. M.

Leave Melrose Highland for Stoneham and Woburn at 5 00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 7 30 A. M., then every hour until 1 30 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 10 30 P. M.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9 30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Leave Woburn for Melrose Highlands at 8.45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11 15 P. M.

Leave Melrose Highlands for Stoneham and Woburn at 8 00 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10 30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8 30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9 30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq at 6 00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10 00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.
Chelsea, Mass., Sept. 14, 1908

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